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UNCLE TOM AT HOME.

A FEW months ago there appeared, in the city of Berlin, a man of so very remarkable appearance, that even the witty and blasé citizens of that capital could not preserve their sneering indifference, and the question flew from mouth to mouth: Who is this stranger, all worn and weather-beaten, all beard and long hair? It was Dr. Henry Barth—the last of a memorable line of brave men that had ventured boldly, one after another, into the Great Sahara, upon the mighty rivers, and up the sides of the far-famed mountains of Africa, there to suffer, or even to die, martyrs in a cause that rewards not in crowns and in laurels. One by one, they had nobly fought their way into the heart of a land cursed with utter darkness among men, as it is blighted by the incessant glow of a tropical sun. Then had ever come a long pause of painful suspense, of ineffable awe and anguish, and, at last, from unknown waters and nameless hills, a faint, feeble voice had been heard, that sent a tender farewell to the beloved ones at home, and then was silent forever.

Africa had, in times of antiquity, already been called the "enigmatical triangle," and thousands of years had been spent to explore little more than its northern coast. A Kepler and a Newton, a Laplace and a Lagrange, have taught us the place and the weight of countless stars in heaven, and yet we know not that large portion of the sur-

face of our own mother earth. Of late, Africa has once more become the "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." But, undaunted and undismayed, the noble army of martyrs have marched into the land of darkness, now guided by the blazing torch of science, and now by the bright, pure light of the gospel, ready to greet, with warm, brotherly affection, that "Ethiopia that shall soon stretch out her hands to God." "From thence cometh ever news," long since said the Greeks; but, alas! at what price! Every footstep on the newly-traced roads is saturated with the blood of the discoverer; every river has claimed its victim; every nation, made known to its Christian brethren, has taken the life of the first messengers of peace. And so it has ever been, from the time when the ancient world first heard of the fabulous land of the Hesperides—shut off from mankind by deserts and oceans, and guarded by gigantic monsters, grim lions and blood-thirsty cannibals—to the present century, when of thirty-five travelers who, up to 1844, had boldly entered the western coast of the ill-fated land, nine only have ever returned to their native country!

Five long years has fortunate Dr. Barth lived, amid incredible sufferings, in inner Soudan; and Providence has granted him the rare boon of escaping the fatal climate and the fierce brutality of the children of Africa; to

him only—for his two companions, Richardson and Overweg, have both found an early and a lonely grave on the soil of the stranger. Traveling under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society of England, he has seen lands unknown to our maps; he has visited nations of high and refined civilization; he has discovered mountains and rivers, of which all our boasted science had, as yet, possessed no knowledge. The magnificent work, in which the rich treasures he has so painfully gathered will be diffused among the nations of the earth, is now in preparation in Germany, where the distinguished author enjoys the aid and advice of the great masters of his science—of men like Ritter and Petermann. Whilst the public are impatiently waiting for this great work, former accounts of the mysterious land have been revived in Europe; and the great question that now causes our own noble ship of state to rock and reel, as if tossed by a fierce tempest, but enhances, among ourselves, the interest we all must needs feel for the land whose children dwell among us, in sad slavery.

Why is it that we can count the hosts of heavenly stars, and call them each by their name, and yet do not know that land of our brethren? Why has great Africa, where the chosen people of the Lord so long lived in bondage, and where thousands of noble Christians, at a later period, perished in still sadder captivity, remained a mystery still, whilst two new continents have been discovered, and new empires been founded in the west and the south? Even the pathless ocean has been explored; it has been ploughed by countless ships, the lead has revealed to us the secrets of its vast depth, and the cunning hand of a Maury has traced out its paths and its high-roads. But Africa is still a mystery. Science reserves vast kingdoms yet to conquer, for coming Alexanders; and Providence seems to wait, in inscrutable wisdom, for its own time, when it will open the gates of the mystic land, and "princes shall come out of Egypt." Africa is inhospitable, even in form. Whilst Europe opens her arms wide, in all directions, and by numerous bays and bights invites the frail bark and the great ship to her inviting coast, Africa rounds herself jealously off, and remains forever a closed

and compact body. No long arm is stretched out, as in Italy, to grasp the neighboring lands; no deep gulf, like the Baltic or the Adriatic, leads up to the very heart of great countries. "The sea is a common bond," says an old proverb; but this is true only where the ocean does not separate one country from another by thousands of miles, and where men are bold, sea-faring sailors. To the south and the west, as to the east, Africa has no near neighbors; her children have never, like the bold Northmen of Europe, ventured out on the great waters. Isolated and friendless, they have, therefore, ever remained barbarians. How different, where they have been compelled to enter into the great brotherhood of nations! High on the northern coast, and up the valley of the Nile, even to distant Abyssinia, they have ever been in close intercourse with other races; there the Mediterranean and the Arabian seas were the bonds that bound them to the world. Hence the splendor of the Pharaohs, and of the kings that "knew not Joseph;" hence the power of the Prophet's chosen people, all along the coast, to the very Pillars of Hercules.

This geographical monotony strikes us, in like manner, in the interior. Europe has a number of varied and independent districts, watered each by its own fertile river, and fenced by its lofty mountain-ranges; Africa shows, as far as we know, but a vast table-land in the south, and an immense, deep-sunk desert in the north. Three times as large as the Mediterranean, the latter surpasses all other plains upon earth—for even the great valley of the Mississippi, and the fearful steppes of Siberia, can bear no comparison. Hence, Schouw compares Africa to a simple pyramid, rising with stately but graceless proportions into the burning sky, whilst Europe suggests to him the Gothic cathedral, with its countless towers and turrets. Into the Mediterranean there flows, moreover, but a single mighty river—the old, venerable Nile; and as he hides his last days in sand and slime, refusing to bear proud vessels from the great inland ocean to his silent waters above, so the early days, also, and the cradle of that wondrous patriarch of rivers, have remained a mystery, even to this day. The Niger has been known to us only for some twenty years; and here, also, a portion of its course is yet unvisited,

and has, recently, again, it is said, escaped even Dr. Barth's most active researches. Upon the streams of southern Africa, no European flag has ever yet waved. Inhospitable and inhuman, the weird land closes its gates on all sides.

Even the climate of Africa is that of a single zone, and fatal to all but the children of the soil; it knows no snow, but rain in surpassing abundance, and a heat increased by its large share of the tropics. For, of the nine hundred miles which the equator traces upon the firm land, more than one-half falls to the share of the "land of burning fire," whilst our own continent has but a trifling portion, and Asia none at all. And yet, thanks to its vast continental extent, which cuts it off from all beneficial connection with the ocean, except on the coast itself, no tropical country knows such remarkable contrasts: the intolerable heat of the day is followed by severely cold nights—so that, close to the equator, upon gentle hills, the water is frequently frozen. Furious torrents of rain, as destructive as hail-storms, succeed burning droughts, and to violent tempests, a long, unbroken calm. Existence itself would hardly be possible, were it not for the isolated lakes that here and there dot the arid plain; and more of these true sources of life are fortunately found, as the dark veil that hides the heart of the mystic land is slowly lifted, here and there, by the lonely graves of humble pilgrims. Thanks to the lake Tsad, and other waters of the same kind, the lifeless wastes of the desert are found lying alongside of green prairies, covered with grateful verdure, and luxurious shrubs, over which the regal palm-tree waves its lofty crown. Between the two emerald-studded belts, however, there still rises the great sand-ocean of the earth. On its coasts, vast barren cliffs surround the death-bearing realm; the "ship of the desert," which itself came but some two thousand years ago from Asia, ventures alone across the silent land, and grateful wells, scattered in lines, in groups, and sporadically over the vast expanse, mark the few spots where life dwells on green islands, in the shade of lofty trees, and by the side of sweet waters. Thus to the north and the south the accessible coasts are separated from the interior by a vast region of desolation, and all intercourse is

fraught with danger, and paid for with heavy losses. Fearful deserts or mountains, and impassable rivers separate neighbor from neighbor. And as all upon earth is bound by one great law, and, thanks to our Maker on high, by the common ties of love and friendship, so the form of the great continent also stamps its indelible mark upon the children of the soil; the nations, the kingdoms, the very history of that whole part of the globe, are all united, by one and the same common character, into one great, slowly-rising whole, which here seems to be influenced, more than elsewhere, by the nature of the earth itself, and to breathe the very breath of the land which God has given it.

A continent unfit, with but few and scanty exceptions, for all cultivation, a surface uncovered by the gay and grateful carpet of vegetation, unsuited, in parts, even for the support of the marvelously frugal camel, can of course not sustain a large population. The interior alone, blessed with "early and latter rains," and having lakes and mighty rivers, supports some numerous and powerful nations. We comprehend them all under the common name of negroes—from *niger*, the Latin for black—but the work of Dr. Barth will show more than one different race, and reveal to the wondering eye a civilization unthought of and unexpected. Nevertheless, the negro yet remains the representative of Africa. An inferior race he appears in the works of the ancients; an essentially barbarous people he stands forth amidst strange assemblies, depicted on the oldest Egyptian monuments, and inferior and barbarous he has ever since remained, at home or abroad. Whilst individual instances, no doubt, show rare abilities and high powers, the race, as such, still lead a mainly animal life; endowed with great power of imitation, they still show the innate tendency to barbarism, which ever and ever reappears as soon as they are left to themselves. Far be it from us, on that account, to deny their claims upon us as men and as fellow-beings; but all history teaches us, and recent researches have but confirmed the fact, that wherever the negro has come in contact with other races, he has at once and invariably succumbed and assumed a more passive relation. The Egyptian and the Ber-

ber, the Arab and the European, even the red Indian, use him as a slave. Nay, in his own native land, more than one-half of all men are slaves—the slaves of their brethren!

The slave-trade, carried on by many a nation of European descent, ever since the fifteenth century, and, even now, far from being extinct, is a horror and a sin, for which man will yet have to make fearful amends. But, in spite of what is commonly said of the pious but ill-advised *Las Casas*, Europeans neither created nor first carried on the abominable traffic. As late only as 1442, a Portuguese admiral brought the first African negroes to Europe, professedly to teach them Christianity, but, in truth, to make them slaves. Long years afterwards, when the poor Indians of this continent had toiled and died in the service of their cruel master, Sir John Hawkins brought the first cargo of three hundred Jamaica-men to Hayti, which in later days gave birth to a Toussaint L'Ouverture and his bloody revenge. But, long ages before these early transactions, in fact, as long as history speaks and traditions are known, slavery and the trade in slaves had already existed in the land of darkness. Only, when the demand for "black goods" became, of a sudden, much larger on the coast, it increased in proportion. From that time onward, the kings of the interior found it no longer so profitable to murder and eat their captives as they had done heretofore; they preferred now to sell them. A striking evidence of this change in their policy is found in the simple but well authenticated fact, that since the British and American squadrons have prevented the horrible trade in a manner, murder and wholesale butchery have resumed their bloody sway in the more distant regions. Formerly all prisoners of war, even from eastern Soudan, were sent to the coast of Guinea, and there sold for exportation to Brazil or to Cuba. Since both these lands have found a cheaper ware, and a more "moral" trade in Chinese coolies, the captives of Bornu, Cashena, and Cano are no longer seen on the western coasts. Still, there is no more peace, nor more mercy among the wild tribes of the interior; war rages there, now as before, in barbarous fury. What, then, is the fate of the captive of our day? A German traveler, Vogel, now

in Africa, says that, in 1853 he joined an expedition undertaken by the Sheikh of Cuca, in the kingdom of Bornu, against the people of Musgo. The army consisted of 20,000 horsemen and 15,000 drivers of camels and horned cattle. The Musgoes, not able to resist such numbers, fled with their flocks to the opposite side of Lake Tubori, and sought refuge in swamps and morasses. But the horsemen of the German's ally found their way among them, and, when the army returned, they brought with them several thousand captives. They were all women and children! The men had been slain, and a few only were dragged into the camp, there to be murdered in the most brutal and shocking manner. Burning and plundering all in their way, the army then moved to the river Sharee, and here, in a few hours, made 2,500 more captives. With dull, hacked knives, they cut off one knee and one elbow of each prisoner, and then left their ill-fated victims to bleed slowly to death on the field of battle. Others remained lying naked in the water; the nights were bitter cold, and of 4,000 prisoners, made during the whole expedition, not quite 500 reached the home of their new masters!

Thus we learn that human life is, in our day, as much less regarded in Africa as it is less valuable now than in former days, when it could be sold to the highest bidder, in the ever open markets of Guinea. It lacks there that protection of selfish interest which induces even the unfeeling owner to "husband his property," if he does not respect his fellow-being. Dr. Barth also found former slaves, who had returned, from Brazil especially, to the home of their childhood: they shuddered at the sights of barbarism and bloodshed that met their eye everywhere, and actually sighed for the land of their captivity.

If we follow these intrepid travelers into the heart of the negro realms, and visit, with them, the kingdoms of Ashantee, Dahomy, and Yarriba, or the mysterious land called Benin, we shall no longer wonder that even the ill-treated slave should forget his sufferings, and feel horror at the state of his native country. The most minute and the most careful researches have, as yet, failed to discover a history or any knowledge of ancient times among the negro races. They have invented

no writing; not even the rude picture-writing of the lowest tribes. They have no gods and no heroes; no epic poem and no legend, not even simple traditions. There never existed among them an organized government; there never ruled a hierarchy or an established church. Might alone is right. They have never known the arts; they are ignorant even of agriculture. The cities of Africa are vast accumulations of huts and hovels; clay walls or thorny hedges surround them, and pools of blood and rows of skulls adorn their best houses. The few evidences of splendor or civilization are all borrowed from Europe; where there is a religion or creed, it is that of the foreigners; all knowledge, all custom, all progress has come to them from abroad. The negro has no history—he makes no history.

Their kings are tyrants; their only law is the will of the absolute master. Africa alone knows such perfectly unlimited, arbitrary power, and here alone it is wielded with a cruelty unparalleled in the history of the human race. The negro's natural impulses are, of course, not all nor necessarily bad; we believe him, on the contrary, to possess even a certain native good-nature. Almost all travelers speak of some traits, at least, that show a naturally kind disposition, and prove him to be very far from insensible to the good feelings of others. Lander and Duncan, Forbes, Becroft, and Mungo Park, received all, at times, unmistakable proofs of warm sympathy at their hands, and the tribute paid by the first-mentioned traveler to African women is so well known, that the mere allusion, we doubt not, will at once recall it to all our readers. And yet Christianity has made but little progress among them; it has been said, with more sober truth than such paradoxes generally hold, that, in the land of the negro, more missionaries have been slain than natives converted. Thousands have, of course, been baptized with water, but, we doubt not, that the mere impulse of imitation has made more good Christians of slaves in the United States, than have ever been truly won by the whole system of missions in Africa. The negro, abroad, willingly follows good examples; he falls easily in with established customs, and, by mere dint of repetition, he may gain, at last, such ideas, and even con-

victions, as make him a fit member of the Christian church. But, at home, he has no religion, no principles; he follows his instincts alone. He values good eating and drinking above all other goods on earth, and in heaven, and even mostly believes in no future life. Here, also, testimony is not wanting. When the zealous missionary Simon Jonas was sent to king Obo to teach him the arts of civilization, the pagan monarch made him his court tailor, for "he preferred civilizing the body first." Uncle Tom does not feel that he is doing wrong, and is, therefore, slow to believe the white man, whom, besides, he can hardly be expected to think quite disinterested. Duncan, when he returned from his long journey beyond the Congo mountains, even doubted that the negro felt for his own offspring; and nearly all travelers confess that thousands of children are annually sold by their own parents. In Dahomy, we are told, the father has no right whatever to his children; they belong, from their birth, to the monarch. As soon as their age will permit it, they are torn from their home and sent to remote parts of the kingdom, until their lord determines upon their final disposition. They but rarely see, and almost as rarely know, their own father and mother in after life—and all this incredible cruelty because the tyrant fears the effect of family bonds, and thus severs all ties between parents and offspring, lest they should ever be dangerous to his absolute power. Duncan had taken with him a free man from Sierra Leone to Abomy, the capital of Dahomy. One day he sent him to the market to purchase some vegetables, and with him another man to carry them, for the free negro was too proud to trouble himself with the burden. In the market-place he suddenly discovered his own aged mother. More than twenty years before he had been made captive in his native country of Armagu; his captors had carried him down to the coast and sold him to a Brazilian slaver. Providence had led him back from South America to Sierra Leone; his native place, however, he knew not. A few years before Duncan's visit, the king of Dahomy had, however, invaded anew the land of his fathers, and among the booty there taken, was, also, the mother of Duncan's servant. She lived upon one of the king's private domains

and thus, by a chain of most marvelous events, came in contact once more with her long-lost son. The generous Scotchman was all joy and sympathy; the newly united mother and son were as cold and unfeeling as he was excited. He offered, of course, to purchase the freedom of the old woman, and the offer was at first accepted with apparent gratitude. But when the son came to calculate the expense that such a measure would probably devolve upon him—it amounted to half a penny!—he declared himself unable to make such a sacrifice. He thought his aged parent happy enough, and so he left her, a slave, and returned with his master.

Much of the negro's barbarism arises, no doubt, from his innate indolence. Like most southern nations, he will not work as long as he can live without labor. If it comes to the worst, he prefers stealing. But idleness is ever the mother of barbarism, as idle brains are the devil's workshop. Some excuse may be found in the enervating climate, long-established usage and early training. But even the little republic of Liberia begins to show this defect in the national character of the negro. The freed slaves of our southern states have been compelled, as they say, to introduce a kind of slavery, hiring natives at nominal prices to perform their labor. The name is, of course, very carefully avoided, but the fact, we believe, is not denied.

No evidence of the barbarism of Africa speaks louder than the low position assigned to woman. The negro is a polygamist, not by religion nor from principle, but from self-interest. The more wives he has, the more laborers he can command. Hence they are not wooed and won, but bought for a price. Whilst the common man may not have more than twenty, the kings are almost unrestrained, and the fact that the princes of Europe content themselves with a single wife, is in their eyes a degree of modesty and folly which awakens ever anew, as each traveler reports alike, the mirth and the wonderment of negro monarchs. The king of Yarriba told Clapperton that his wives could, by joining hands, encircle his kingdom. The king of Ashantee may marry 3,333 wives, and he chooses them, as he pleases, from among the daughters of his realm. After the fashion of Russian levies, every year sees the re-

cruits arrive in squads in the capital, Cumassi, when they are all paraded before the monarch. He first inspects his present wives, rejects those he wishes to keep no longer, and then replaces them by those he likes best among the newcomers. Their beauty lies in their weight, and thus the dream of Pharaoh is here annually realized. Of the king of Dahomy the German traveler Halleur gives a still more startling account. His range and command are perfectly unlimited, for he owns, by what is facetiously called the law of the land, all females that dwell in his kingdom. To grant one or more of them to a subject is, therefore, an act of special favor. The manner of obtaining this is truly African. The petitioner falls at the feet of the dread monarch, presents his requests and places himself and his earthly possessions at the disposal of the sovereign. His majesty replies, if favorably inclined, by spitting upon him, and the energy with which this is done marks the depth of his gracious affection.

Whilst the wife works, the husband enjoys his unbroken *dolce far niente*. To rid himself of all trouble, even in the distant future, he uses the most energetic means. If the new-born infant looks weakly, he kills it; if it cuts its first tooth below, he kills it, and if nature sends twins, the feebler is sacrificed. Even the manner in which they dispose of the unwelcome guest is peculiar and not to be met with but here: they blow finely-ground pepper into the infant's nose until it is smothered! To compel his wife to work even when she cannot be parted from her tender child, he makes her carry it on her hip; a kind of saddle is firmly fastened to her waist, upon which the child is seated, while a strip of cotton binds its upper part to the body of the mother. Thus the great end is obtained, and she can, unimpeded, carry heavy burdens upon her head for her husband. Not less peculiar are their duels, of which examples are not wanting in our own southern states. The negro does not attempt to knock down or to strike his offender; he runs with lowered head against him, and butts with a precision and force that would shame the hard, horned brow of a sheep or a goat.

Unwilling to hide his dark beauty, except by a small piece of gay cotton, the negro is nevertheless as fond of insignia and paraphernalia as our own secret so-

cieties. But he wears them in a manner not known to other nations. Every office finds its exclusive mark on his head; the royal chair-bearer shaves the right side of his head; the shield-bearer the left. The high dignitary who makes the king's bed, shaves one fourth behind, and one fourth in front, while the still higher official, who occasionally washes his majesty, shaves his head in alternate portions. One of the most important men in the whole kingdom, the executioner, is in front altogether bald; his dignity is lofty and sublime, and so is his forehead. Whatever remains of the hair, is carefully plaited in a thousand braids; slaves, however, can wear but a small brush of about three inches towering above each ear. The German missionary, from whom we quoted above, expresses his tender sympathy at the sight of the barber's proceedings; soap and water were deemed unnecessary luxuries, and a sharp shell or a piece of glass served as razor. Nor are signs wanting to mark the different nations that abound in the interior of Africa. As our Indians show them by paint or by the manner in which they carry their quiver and arrows, so the negroes declare their allegiance by deep cuts on the brow and the cheeks. Their length, direction, and number, reveal to the initiated at a glance the tribe to which each individual belongs. Only in one other spot upon earth is this mode of adornment known: the strict fathers of Fernando Po punish their wicked children by cutting deep gashes into their faces, so that they may ever after remember the sins of their childhood.

To point out high office, a chair is commonly used—though no traveler has, as yet, succeeded in discovering its symbolic meaning. But is not ease the negro's sole aim and end, and an easy chair its fit emblem? No citizen of Dahomy may sit more than six inches above the ground—by special favor alone, a higher elevation is granted. Valuable services are rewarded by additional inches; men literally rise in the world, and some illustrious generals tower as much as four feet above their brethren. When they travel, their chair is solemnly carried before them: it serves, at once, to convey to all men an idea of their high rank; and the unlucky man, who owns no chair, is bound to obey him of more inches, even unto death!

Uncle Tom is a slave, at home. To be

free is the exception, in Africa; to be a slave, the rule. In the state the sovereign disposes, at will, of the property and the life of his subjects; they are his own, and, at his bidding, they live, or they die. In the family, the husband is the master, and the wife is his slave; he is the monarch of the little realm, and his servants are, again, but his slaves. He disposes of wife and child without limit or restraint; he sells even his relatives—for they, also, are his property, and he may sell, or pledge, or give them away as a present. He who sits on the "chair," is lord over all below him; and he himself is again subject to the occupant of the highest chair in the land, the throne. It is true that, ever and anon, furious rebellions break out. Africa overthrows her chairs, as France upturns her thrones; but the right of the master is not changed with the person. The coast of Guinea may be said to know no free man; for, as every tribe is ever arrayed against every other tribe, even the king on his throne may, on the morrow, be the slave of his neighbor. Slaves, therefore, are the great standard by which all wealth is measured, and all value is fixed. Flesh and blood are the only true, current money of Africa; it fluctuates in the market, as the supply is abundant or scanty; but it never fails to supply whatever may be wanted by the happy owner.

It must, however, not be overlooked, that this slavery would be intolerable and fatal to the very existence of these melancholy nations, were it not as mild and gentle as it probably was in the days of the patriarchs. Master and slave are alike ignorant, superstitious, and childish; hence, as long as they live in the same land and the same nation, their common barbarism places them, more or less, upon a footing of equality. But let the unfortunate man fall into the hands of a foreign master, let the miserable prisoner of war be dragged to the home of his conqueror, and Arkansas becomes a paradise, and the monster Legree a man overflowing with the milk of human kindness. Nor are these rare cases. Far from it; they occur every year, every day. Who has forgotten the horrors of those bloody wars which Mehmet Ali waged against the blacks of the upper Nile, and how he captured thousands and tens of thousands! As soon as the supply is exhausted, and the subjects of the monarch

cease to suffice for his wants, he calls to arms and declares war against another tribe. Under the cover of night, or of the dense mists of a river, he approaches a city, and storms it at "murky break of day." These towns are generally well defended by huge ramparts of wickerwork and thorns: but what can resist the valor of female warriors? They rush upon the walls, they tear them down in an instant; they fall, with fire and flame, upon the peaceful slumbering inhabitants—and now begins the bloody butchery, amongst wild wails and the hissing and seething of the conflagration. All who resist are killed on the spot; their heads are cut off and the scalps withdrawn after approved Indian fashion. All others are bound with ropes, of which each army carries large stores, and marked with chalk on their black backs, that the captor may recognize his unlucky victim. Slaves and scalps must both be surrendered to the king, who, as a reward, allows each one of his warriors to fasten a cowry-shell—the small change of these happy lands—on her gun. The soldiers manage to cover the stock with a thick layer of curdled blood, and into this they press the coveted distinction—their Waterloo and Crimean medal. Like the crosses and stars of European governments, these insignia also are in much demand, and as but one is allowed for every skull laid at the foot of the throne, the cruelty and ferocity of the soldiers are thus excited and increased, to satisfy both their desire of booty and their ambition.

Nor need we wonder that the female soldiers of Dahomy are most anxious to obtain these sad ornaments. They form, it is well known, the king's body-guard, and the very pride and strength of his army. All travelers who have, for the last eighty years, visited the court of this barbarous monarch, agree in praising their courage, their skill in arms, and, alas! also their cruel ferocity. They ever lead in the storm and in the attack; they occupy at parade the post of honor. On one of these latter occasions, Duncan saw more than seven thousand of those invincible Amazons, led by their general, one of the wives of the king, and animated by the sound of drums, which were fastened upon the head of one soldier, and played upon by another. Drums and banners were alike adorned with human skulls, and

the executioner of His Majesty acted as Commander-in-Chief. When all have been inspected, regiment after regiment fall upon their knees and cover themselves with dust; then they ran home as fast as they could.

Skulls, however, play a prominent part, also, in Dahomian architecture. The vestibule of the royal palace is paved, not with good intentions, like that of a certain nameless place, but with skulls; the gates of the palace are covered with skulls, the throne rests upon a pile of skulls, and in Abomy, the long approach to the king's house is adorned in like manner. A pleasing variety is, however, introduced here, by the bodies of slain men, preserved in an upright position, and performing, apparently, the duty of Louis Napoleon's hundred guards. When Duncan proposed the health of the Queen of England, a human skull was filled to the brim with champagne, the king's face was veiled—for mortal man may not see the great monarch eat or drink—and amidst the firing of muskets and the clang and clatter of a thousand discordant instruments, the awful goblet was drained.

The king was much surprised that his guest, whom he was anxious to honor, should refuse the gracious offer to behead a few captives. As even a solemn dance, which the kind monarch performed for the Scotchman's edification, and in which he introduced much jugglery with the skulls impaled upon long poles, did not increase his desire, the premier was at last sent for, and enjoyed the signal favor with genuine relish. Other high dignitaries often stand by, and, as the heads fly off, they catch some of the warm blood, and pour it down their delighted throats.

Uncle Tom at home is not without a dash of cannibalism. In some kingdoms, it is true, the habit only appears on rare and solemn occasions; in others, however, intense national enmity finds vent in such customs. Thus we learn that the negroes of Bonny invariably eat the children of Andonny, whenever they make them prisoners, and the compliment is faithfully returned by the opposite party. Even in 1849 Forbes saw men solemnly sacrificed to the gods, such as they are, of Dahomy: prisoners of distinction were exhibited in public, forced to dance in various halting places, and at last, with great ceremony, slain before a rude altar.

Bonny has perhaps more of these sad customs than any other kingdom of Africa. There young maidens even devote themselves from early childhood to a fetish, and thus obtain control over all they desire and rule over all men in the land, the king only excepted. But every year one of their number is chosen; she is bound upon a chair, clothed in costly garments, and thus thrown into the water to feed shark or alligator. Thus the favor of the god of the waters is secured: he sends vessels, protects trade and brings slaves!

English accounts, dating mainly from the time of their long war against the Ashantees, give us frequent details as to the incredible number of victims, murdered in order to accompany a defunct king into the world to come. Without slaves the negro knows no happiness even in paradise. These atrocities are so terrible in their nature, and so gigantic in their proportions, that the recitals literally sicken the heart. Not hundreds, but thousands are thus butchered to curry favor with a dead monarch. *Aceldama*, or field of blood, is the name of a place in Cumassee, the capital of the Ashantees, in which the blood of man must never be dry if the kingdom is to prosper. And if, for a longer time than usual, no such occasion for wholesale murder has offered, the reigning king often has important messages to send to his father in Hades; trifling notices are sent by a single messenger, graver matters by several. The words are whispered into their ears, and then they are "dispatched."

Need we add, that the negro knows no god, but only a fetish? All travelers have so far agreed—but we learn, with much pleasure, that Dr. Barth has a more hopeful view—that the negro has but the vaguest possible conceptions of a Supreme Being. His worship, also, has but a very faint perfume of the spiritual mixed up with incredibly crude and barbarous notions. A block or a stock, a lake, a bundle of rags or a serpent—they worship anything, if they are once led to believe it a fetish. "They see not, nor know," and it is the object itself that is adored, and not the image merely of a higher power.

Their most perfect system of theology knows two grades of gods: a *Suman*, which, in the land of the Tanti, is the fetish of the individual, and a *Bu-*

sam, who rules over whole families and cities. The affairs of common life are governed by the former, but, in cases of emergency, the *Sofu*, the priest of *Bussam*, is appealed to for aid and advice. The latter is, of course, not granted, except in return for ample presents, and we need only read the grossest impositions that were ever practiced by lying miracles and vain imaginations, to see there the types of the sad superstitions of the negro. Strangely enough, however, there can be no doubt that he almost universally believes in the immortality of the soul. The Almighty has not left him, also, without a testimony in his conscience. The spirits of the departed, he believes, hover around the survivors, and never leave the place of interment. Hence, presents are carried there and sacrifices offered, for they never leave this body so entirely as to be quite free from the wants of human existence.

The oracles of the Druids and the madness of the *Maenades* of *Bacchus*, the mummeries of Siberian priests and the juggleries of Australian conjurors, are all here brought to their highest state of perfection. Their priests are true worshipers of the father of lies, and the poor benighted nations are genuine children of perdition. Even in exile they cannot entirely free themselves from the faith of their forefathers. What planter of the south does not ruefully remember the trouble and sorrow that "conjured" servants have caused him from time to time, and the days of king *Obi* are by no means forgotten by Uncle Tom in America. Hayti sees fetishes thrive and prosper as they did in Congo and Guinea; the great *Soulouque* himself has, in his throne, it is said, a box with a holy snake from Congo, and, at the solemn meetings of the secret society, called the *Wodoo*, a fetish serpent displays, in the light of the full moon, her glittering beauty and her lying miracles.

Mahomedanism is gradually making its way from the Mediterranean southward. Dr. Barth, like many of his fellow-travelers, was much struck by the success of Islam in the kingdoms of the interior. Still, African barbarism can, at best, but assume a new form under the false, illusory light of the Crescent. Superstition still nestles in the mantle of the prophet; the Koran itself is little known, and amulets are

worn by all men, hung upon horses and cattle, and affixed even to fields to protect them against the glance of the envious and the fury of the hippopotamus! The gospel is dawning upon the shores of the land of darkness, but its first feeble rays have not yet dispelled the gloom. A beacon is kindled in Liberia, we trust, that may yet spread its steady light far over oasis and desert. When the French shall march under

the banner of the cross, from Algiers to the south, and the English northward from the cape that we would fain, in another sense, also call the cape of Good Hope, they may meet, on a day more glorious than any since our Saviour's death, their dark brother of the western coast.

If such be the condition of Uncle Tom at home, what is the duty of a great Christian nation toward him?

THE MAY FLOWERS.

FROM a fair hand these flowerets came,
In Gloucester woods they grew;
For, snow or sunshine, all the same,
The may flower comes, when due.

June must be ripe to bring the rose,
Nor will the peony spread,
Until the perfect summer glows,
His flag of haughty red.

Some seasons, by your woodland brook,
The rare magnolias fail—
Sometimes in vain the maidens look
For lilies of the vale;

Some years the oriole hardly sings,
The tawny thrush is weak—
Sometimes no thought the midnight brings,
The poet cannot speak;

But, certain as the fated bark
That bore the may flower's name,
Though winds be chill, and days be dark,
The may flower comes the same.

And surely as in Plymouth woods
The may flower thou shalt find,
Though all spring's gaudy multitudes
Lag timidly behind—

So surely in this heart of mine
Remembrance, year by year,
Shall find among its phantoms thine,
Sweet lady, calm and clear.

All are but phantoms! only those
Are dear that last through life:
My heart no dearer image knows
Than this—a loving wife.

THE SPIDER'S EYE.

THERE are whispering galleries, where, if the ear is placed in a certain position, it takes in the sound of the lowest whisper from the opposite side of the room. But, to produce this effect, the architecture of the apartment must be of a peculiar nature, and, especially, the rules and laws of sound must be observed.

I have often thought that, were one wise enough, there might be found, in every room, a centre to which all sound must converge. Nay, that perhaps such a focus had already been discovered by some one who has wished to appear wiser than his neighbors, who has made use of some hitherto unknown scientific fact, and has on any one occasion, or on many occasions, thus made himself the centre of information.

These ideas occurred to my mind when I arrived the other night early at the theatre, and was for a time, literally, the only occupant of the house. I fell to marveling at the skill of the architect who has been so successful in the acoustic arrangements of this theatre. Not a sound, so it is said, is lost from the stage upon any part of the house. The lowest sob of a dying heroine, in her very last agony, is heard as plainly, by the occupant of the back seat of the amphitheatre, as are the thundering denunciations of the tragic actor in the wildest of gladiatorial scenes.

I wondered if this were one of those rules that worked both ways; if the stage performer, in a moment of silent by-play, could hear the sentimental whisper of the belle in the box opposite, as well as the noisy applause of the claqueur in the front seat. If so, the audience might become, to him, the peopled stage, filled with the varied and incongruous characters.

Then if art can produce such effects upon what we call an ethereal substance—if the waves of air can be compelled to carry their message only in the directions in which it is taught to go—what influence would such power have on more spiritual media? In other worlds, where it is not necessary for thoughts to express themselves in words, but where some more subtle power than that of air conveys ideas from one being to another, it is possible that an inquir-

ing being might place himself at some central point where he might gather in all the information that is afloat in such a spiritual existence.

Full of these thoughts, and my head, perhaps, a little bewildered by them, I passed unobserved into the orchestra, and ensconced myself in a little niche under the music-desk of the leader. I was surprised to find myself in a little cavity, from which there were loop-holes of observation into every part of the house, while there was a front view of the stage when the curtain should be raised. Seduced by the comfort of this little nook, and my speculations not being of the liveliest nature, it is not to be wondered at that I fell into a gentle sleep.

I was aroused presently by the baton of the leader, struck with some force upon the desk over my head. I was aware, at the same time, of a whispering all around my ears, and an incessant noise, like that of aspen leaves in a summer breeze, which, in spite of its softness and delicacy, overpowered the sound of the loud orchestra. When I was able to recover myself, I began to find that I had indeed placed myself in the centre of the house; not in the centre of sound, but, if I may so express myself, of sensation. I was not listening to the conversations, but suddenly found myself the confidant of the thoughts of all the occupants of this well-filled house. I was lost in the multiplicity of ideas that were poured in upon me, and endeavored to concentrate myself upon one series of thoughts. I looked through my loop-holes, and presently selected one group towards which I might direct the opera-glass of my mental observation.

There sat the five Misses Seymour. We had always distinguished them as the tall one, the light-haired one, the one who painted in oils, the one who had been south, and the little one whom nobody knew anything about. This individuality had been our only guide after having engaged Miss Seymour for a dance, and this was sufficient. The one who painted in oils always refused to dance; the one who had been south spoke with an accent, and said "*chick'n*" and "*fush*," if the conversation turned upon the bill of fare; and

the others were distinguished by their personal appearance.

Now I felt anxious to discover more certainly which was which. I found, presently, that instead of contenting myself with the superficial layer of thought over my mind, created by the circumstances in which they were placed, I was penetrating into what they really were. A few minutes showed me what had been their occupations for the day, and what were their plans for the next. I saw, at once, all their regrets and ambitions.

It had been the day of Mrs. Jay's famous *matinée*. I had not been at the reception, but Frank Leslie had told me all about it, and that all the Seymours were there; and about Miss Seymour's fainting. I knew Frank was in love with one of the Miss Seymours, but I never had found out which, and I was not sure that Frank himself knew.

How suddenly did these five characters, whom before I had found it difficult to distinguish, stand out now with differing features. I saw Aurelia—that was the tall one—enter the drawing-room very stately in her beauty. No wonder that every one had turned round to look at her; to admire her first, and then criticise her, because she seemed so cold and statue-like. But to-night she was going over the whole scene in her thoughts. I heard the throbbing of her heart as in memory she was bringing back the morning's events. She had refused to dance, because she was sure she should not have the strength to go through a polka. She had preferred to sink into a seat by the conservatory, and upheld by the excitement of the music to await the meeting.

Oh! in this everyday world, where its repeated succession of events is gone through with in composure, how easy it is to control the wildest passions. A conventional smile and a stiff bow are the draperies that veil the intensest unspoken emotions. It was under this disguise that Miss Seymour was to greet Gerald Lawson. He went to Canton three years ago, and before he went she had promised to marry him. She promised one gay evening after "the German." She had been carried away by the moment. Ever since, all through the three years, she had been regretting it. It was a secret engagement. The untold feeling that had prompted it had never been

aired, and died very soon for want of earth and light. To cold indifference for the man to whom she had promised herself, had succeeded an absolute aversion. What was worse, she loved another person. Aurelia Seymour loved Frank! This very morning the news had reached her that the Kumshan was in from Canton. The passengers had arrived last night; she was to meet Gerald at Mrs. Jay's this morning.

Frank Leslie seated himself by her. She was in the midst of a calm, cool conversation with him, when she saw a little commotion in the other corner of the room. Every one was greeting Mr. Lawson on his arriving home. He is making his way through the crowd; he comes to her, he bows; Aurelia smiles.

But this was not all. He asked her if she would come into the conservatory. She had accompanied him there. Half hid by the branches of a *camellia-tree* all covered with white blossoms, she had said coldly, "Gerald, I cannot marry you." But Gerald had not received the word so coolly. He had burst out into passion. First he had exclaimed in wonder, next he could not believe her.

"Would she treat him so ungenerously? Was she a heartless flirt, a mere coquette?"

He told over his love that had been growing warmer all these three years; of his ambition that was to be crowned by her approval; of his lately gained wealth, valued only for her sake. Passionate words they were, and full of intense feeling; but hidden by the *camellia*, restrained and kept under from fear of observers. They were frequently interrupted, too.

"Thank you—ninety-nine days; very quick passage. Yes, I go back next week; no, I stay at home," were, with other sentences, thrown in, as answers to the different questions of those who did not know what they were interrupting.

But, at last, Aurelia broke away. Broke away! No; she accepted Middleton's proposal to go into the coffee-room, and left Gerald beneath the *camellia*.

As I watched her from my loop-holes I could tell that Aurelia was going over all this scene in her mind. While her eyes were fixed upon the stage, she recalled every word and gesture of Ger-

aid's. Yet, his reproaches, his just complaints, hardly weighed upon her now. She was looking on the vacant seat beside her, and wondering when Frank would come to take it.

But "Lilly," the light-haired one, her thoughts were rushing back to the wild, gay polkas of the morning. Now by Aurelia's side, now away again; she had danced continually till the last moment, and when they came to tell her the carriage was ready, and she must come away, she had fainted.

It was as she was going up stairs into the drawing-room, just before she and her sisters made their grand entrée, that Lilly had heard that "cousin Joe" had not come home in the vessel with Gerald Lawson. He had gone to Europe by the over-land route, and wild, mad fellow that he was, had determined to join the Russian troops in the Crimea.

"And be shot there for his pains," Frank Leslie added carelessly.

Cousin Joe hadn't come home! He didn't care to come home! He was going to be shot!

She could think of nothing else. She could not keep still; she could not talk placidly like the rest; she must dance, and dance wildly and passionately.

But a moment of reaction came. When the last strain of music had died away, all power of self-control had died away, too. No wonder that she had fainted! More wonder that she could recover herself; could resist her mother's entreaties, after all that dancing, to spare herself and stay from the opera.

Here she was, outwardly lively and radiant, chatting with Lieutenant Preston, inwardly chafed at all this constraint, and wondering how it was Cousin Joe could stay so long away.

By her side sat Annette. It was the report that she had been sent south last winter to break up a desperate flirtation she was carrying on. However it was, I had always fancied Annette more than either of the other sisters. She had apparently less of our northern reserve, whether for good or evil, than the rest. She said just what she was thinking; danced when she liked; was insolent when she pleased.

To-night, she seemed to me fretful. She was angry with Lilly for talking with Lieutenant Preston; and, indeed, I must not, in honor, reveal all I read in Annette's mind. If I found there her opinion of me; if, on the whole, it

lowered my opinion of myself, I must take refuge in the old proverb, "eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves."

But there was Angelina; she was the one who "painted in oils," and she attracted me more than any of the others. There was about her an atmosphere of pleasure, within her an expression of delight, that accounted for the really sunny gleam upon her face. Something had made all the day happy for her. In the morning she had passed nearly all the time in Mrs. Jay's front drawing-room. The fine master-pieces of art, brought from Europe, make this apartment a true picture-gallery. But Angelina's pleasure, artist though she was, was not taken from the figures upon the walls. She walked up and down the room; she lingered awhile in one of the deep fauteuils; she paused before the paintings, with Frank Leslie by her side. As she turned, at the theatre, now and then to the vacant seat beside her, next Aurelia's, her anticipation was not embittered by anxiety; she knew he would come in time. Oh, Frank! you did not tell me *all* that took place at Mrs. Jay's!

But, from all these observations, my thoughts were turned back to the stage by the influence of the little Sophie Seymour. She—about whom we knew nothing—she was the only one of the party entirely absorbed in the opera. Her eyes fixed upon the stage; her heart wrapt up in the intense story that was being enacted; her musical soul throbbing with the glorious chords that swelled out; her whole being reflected the opera.

So I turned me to the stage. My eyes fell first upon the substitute that the illness of Mademoiselle — required for the night. Just now she was standing on one side, and as she drew her white glove closer, her thoughts were going back to the scenes of the day.

Oh! what a little room she lived in! She was sitting in it when the message came from the manager to summon her to sing to-night! Her brother Frank was copying some music by her side; and now she is smiling at the recollection of the conversation that had followed upon her accepting the manager's unexpected proposal.

She had hastened to get out her last concert dress. It was new once—but

oh! would it answer now for the opera?

Those very white kid gloves! They had cost her her dinner.

"Must I have new ones, Franz?" she had asked. "If there were only time to have an old pair cleaned—if, indeed, I have any left worth cleaning!"

"Never mind," answered Franz, "it is worth twenty dinners to have you hear the opera. I have longed so every night to have you there, and to have you on the stage! my highest wishes are granted. Oh! Marie, when you make a great point, I shall have to take my flute from my mouth and cry bravo!"

"Oh, don't speak of the singing. It takes away my breath to think of myself upon the stage! How I waste my time over dress and gloves! I must practice; I must be ready for the rehearsal."

"My poor Marie! To-day, of all days, to go without dinner."

"Don't think of it! When the manager 'pays up,' oh, then, Franz! we'll have dinners. Only part of the money must go to a new concert dress. When my last was new, I overheard, as I left the stage, a young girl saying, to her sister, I suppose, 'What an elegant dress!' I wanted to stop and ask her if she thought it were worth going without meat for a month."

And as Marie recalled these words to-night to her mind, I saw her look up and smile, as she glanced over the house, and contrasted the showy dress she wore with the poor home she had left behind.

What a poor home it was, indeed! What a contrast did the gay dress, she arranged for the evening, make with her room's poor adorning. The dress she thrust quickly away, and had devoted herself to the study of the music for evening. With her brother's assistance, she had prepared herself for the rehearsal, and had gone there with him.

The rehearsal was more alarming to her than the thought of the evening performance. There were the conductor's criticising eyes glaring at her; the unsympathizing glances of some of her stage companions—though many of them had come to her with words of kindly encouragement; there was the silent, untenanted expanse of the theatre before her—none of the excitement of stage scenery, or the brilliancy of

light and tinsel; and she must force herself to think of her part, as a technical study of music, all the time she felt she was undergoing a severe criticism from Mademoiselle ——'s friends, who were comparing the new comer's voice with that of their own ally.

But her thoughts were not sad. There was in her a gayety and strength of spirit that bore her up. The brilliant scene gave her an excitement that helped her to bear the thought of her everyday trials. It been hard to work all day, preparing for the evening—hard for the mind and body—and she had lately lived on poor fare, and wanted the exercise upon which her physical constitution should support itself. At once these troubles were forgotten. Now was to come the duet with the prima donna.

No timidity restrained her now. She felt, at the moment, that her own voice was of worth only as it harmonized with the leading one. She forgot herself when she thought of that wonderful voice, when once she found her own mingled in its wonderful tones. Now she was supported by it through the whole piece; her own was subdued by it, and at last she felt herself inspired by it; it was no longer herself singing; she was carried away by the power of another, and lifted above herself.

All applauded the magnificent music and harmony; the *bravo* of Franz was for Marie alone.

At this time my interest was absorbed in my observation of the prima donna. I had perceived at first how indifferently she had entered upon the spirit of the music. Her companion had filled her mind with the meaning of its composer, and was striving to infuse into herself the interpretation that the prima donna would give to its glorious strains.

But the soul of the prima donna was away. It was in a heavily-curtained room, where there were luxury and elegance. Here she had all day been watching by the bedside of her sick child. She had collected round it everything that money could bring to soothe its sufferings. There were flowers in the greatest profusion; these were trophies of her last night's success; and on the table, by the bedside, she had heaped up her brilliant, gorgeous jewels, for their varied and glowing colors had served to amuse the

child for a few minutes. She had sung to him music, that crowds would have collected to hear, had they been allowed. Only to soothe him, all the golden tones of her voice had poured out—now dropping in thrilling, sad melody, now in glad, happy, childish strains.

Nothing through the day could put to rest that one appeal, which now was echoing in her ears: "Will nothing cool my throat!—my head burns!—only a few drops of water!" Over all the tones of the orchestra these words sounded and thrilled so in her ears, that only mechanically could the prima donna repeat the tones that were thrilling all the hearts to which they came.

At last the power of her own voice conquered herself, too. In the closing cadences—in those chords, triumphant and faith-bringing—for the moment her own sorrows melted away, and the thought of herself was lost in the inspiration of the grand, majestic intonations to which she was giving utterance. She was no longer a suffering woman; but her soul and her voice were sounding beneath the touch of a great master-spirit, and giving out a glowing music, compelled by its master-power.

What an enthusiasm! what an excitement. As with the opera-singer on the stage, so with all the audience; all separate joy and grief, all individual passions were swallowed up, and carried away by this all-absorbing inspiration, and lost in its mighty whirl.

For me, now, there was but one character to follow. How grandly the stage-heroine went through her part! As if to crush all other emotion, she flung herself into the character she was portraying, and went through it wildly and passionately.

She overshadowed her little rival—for Marie was her rival, according to the plot of the opera—now threatening, now protecting her, as she was led on by the spirit of the play. Marie shrunk before her, or was inspired by her; and her delicate, entreating figure helped the pathos of her voice. Marie, by this time, had utterly lost herself in her admiration of the great genius who was so impressing her. She gave out her own voice as an offering to this great power. For its sake, she would have found it impossible to make any mistake in her own singing, or do anything with her own voice, but just place it at the service of

her companion, as a foil to her grand and glorious one.

When in the play the heroine gave up—as she does in the play—her own life for the sake of her rival, the act became more magnanimous and wondrous as being performed for this little delicate Marie, who shrank from so great a sacrifice.

The prima donna gained all the applause. Indeed, it was right—for it was her power that had called out all that was great in her delicate rival. It was she who had inspired her, and made her forget herself and everything but the notes she must give out, true and pure.

They were both called before the stage after the grand closing scene; or rather the prima donna drew forward the retiring Marie. Shouts and peals of enthusiasm greeted the queen of song. But her moment of exaltation had passed away. Over and over again she was repeating to herself, "Will they never let me go home? Perhaps he is dying now—he wants me—I am too late!"

She was at the summit of her greatness; but oh! it was painful to see her there—to see how she would have hushed all those wild, enthusiastic shouts for the sake of one fresh childish tone; how she would have exchanged all those bursts of passion to make sure of a healthy throb in that child's pulse. All this enthusiasm was not new to her. It was part of her existence. It was a restraint upon her now, but she could not have done without it. It was the excitement which would serve to sustain her through another night of watching.

Marie, too, was giving her meed of praise, as she followed her across the stage. She did not think of taking to herself one shout of the enthusiasm, any more than she would have thought of appropriating one flower from the bouquets which were showered before her. There was, indeed, one share of the plaudits which belonged to her entirely. This came from Franz—for I recognized him by his unruly stamping, and unrestrained applause. His thoughts were only for Marie; he was filled with pride at the manner in which she bore herself—at her simple carriage, and modest demeanor. His praise was all for Marie. The famous opera-singer, whom he had heard night after night,

was forgotten, in his pride for his little sister.

I sank back into my niche. Varied figures floated before me, and bewildered me.

I have often looked at spiders with deep interest. It is said that their eyes are made up of many faces. What a bewildering world, then, is presented to their view! It is no wonder that, as I have seen them, they have appeared so irresolute in their motions, darting here and there. A world of so many faces stand around the spider, towards which shall he turn his attention? He lives, as it were, in the middle of a kaleidoscope, where many figures are repeated, and form one great figure, and each separate section is like its neighbor. Which of these varied yet too similar pictures shall he choose?

At least this is my idea of the sensations of a spider; but I am not enough of a naturalist to say that it is correct. How is it? When a fly enters that web, which is divided into a symmetry similar to that of the faces of a spider's eye, does mine host, the spider, see twenty-five thousand similar flies approaching, his organ of vision standing as the centre? What a cosmorama there is before him! What a luxurious repast might not his imagination offer him, if his memory did not recall the plain truth that dull reality has so often disclosed to him! We cannot wonder that the spider should lead, apparently, so solitary a life, since his eyes have the power of producing a whole ball-room from the form of one lady visitor. Not one, but twenty-five thousand Robert Bruces inspired the Scottish spider to that homely instance of perseverance, which served for an example for a king. As he hangs his drapery from one cornice to another, the prismatic scenes that come before him, serve to lengthen that life which might seem to be cut off before its time. It is not one, but twenty-five thousand brooms which advance to destroy his airy home; to invade his household gods, and bring to the ground that row of bluebottles which his magnifying power of vision has transformed from one to twenty-five thousand! nay, more, perhaps!

Out in the air, as he swings his delicate cordage from one tree to another, he does not need to wear a gorgeous plumage; this old dusty coat and uncemely figure, that make

a child shrink and cry out, these may well be forgotten by him who looks into life through prismatic glasses. Every drop of rain wears for him its Iris drapery; the dew on the flowers becomes a jeweled circlet; and the dazzling pictures brought by the sunbeams outshine and transform for him his own dusky garment.

I thought of my friend, the spider, as into my web of thought came such numerous images. They were not alike in form—and so were more distracting. More than I can mention or number, had visited me there; had excited my interest for a moment, and been crowded out by another new image. Yes, it was like looking into a kaleidoscope where there were infinite repetitions. In all were the same master-colors and forms. All were swayed by passions that made an under-current beneath a great outward calm. All were wearing an outward form that strove each to resemble the other; not to appear strange or odd. So they flitted before me, coming into shape, and departing from it as they came within and left my reach.

I only roused myself to see the various characters, that had presented themselves on the stage of my mind, return again into their everyday costumes. They passed out of the focus of my observation into their several forms in which they walk through common life. Putting on their opera-cloaks, their paletots, they put on, for me, that mark that hides the inner life, and the veil that conceals all hidden passions.

It is said that there is, no longer, romance in real life. But the truth is that we live the romance that former ages told and sang. The magic carpet of the Arabian tales, the mirror that brought to view most distant objects, have come out of poetry, and present themselves in the prosaic form of steam locomotive and the electric telegraph.

Now-a-days, everybody has traveled to some distant land, has seen, with everybody's eyes, the charmed isles and lotos shores that used to be only in books. In this lively, changing age everybody is living his own romance. And this is why the romance of story grows pale and is thrown aside. A domestic sketch of everyday life, of outward calm and simplicity, soothes the unrest of active life, and charms more than three volumes of wild inci-

dent that cannot equal the excitement that every reader is enacting in his own drama.

There were as many romances in life around me, that night, as there were persons in the theatre. I had not merely learned that the cold Aurelia was passionately in love, that the gay Lilly was broken-hearted, that the frank Annette was silly, and Angelina and Frank engaged before it was out. Beside all this, I had learned the trials and joys of many others whom I know only in this way; and I left the theatre the last, as I had come in the first.

The next morning I returned to business affairs again. It was a particularly pressing morning. The steamer was in. I had not even time to think of my last night's experiences. Only at the corner of a street I met an acquaintance, whose smiling face amazed me. I knew that all last evening his mind had been preoccupied with the truly critical state of his affairs, and I was at a loss how to greet him. He hurried away from my embarrassment. I had more than one of these encounters; but it was not till the labors of the day were over that I understood how my knowledge of mankind had been lately increased. I went, in the evening, to a small party where I knew I should meet the Seymours. I fell in there with Aurelia first. She was as cold and as stately as ever. I entered into conversation with her, feeling that I could touch the key note of her life. But no; she was as chilling to me as ever; nothing warmed her—nothing elicited from her the slightest spark. Sometimes she looked at me a little wonderingly, as if I were talking in some style unusual to me; as if my remarks were, in a manner, impertinent; but, in the end, I left her to her icy coldness.

As for Lilly, she appeared to the world, in general, as gay as ever. I fancied I detected a slight listlessness as she accompanied her partner into the dancing-room for the sixth polka. It was no great help with me in talking to Annette, that I knew she was a fool. I won no thanks from Frank or Angelina when I maneuvered that they should have a little flirtation in the library. For some reason they were determined that their engagement should not be apparent, and I was reproached afterwards by Frank for my clumsiness, and

received, in return, no confidences to make up for the reproach.

On the whole, I passed a disagreeable evening. I had a feeling all the time that I was in the presence of smothered volcanoes, and a consciousness that I had the advantage of the rest of the world in knowing all its secret history. This became, at last, almost insupportable.

There was no opera this night. The next day it was announced that Made-moiselle — would take her accustomed place in the performance. I went early to the theatre, and found, to my amazement, there had been some changes made in the orchestra; the prompter's box had been enlarged, and my newly-discovered niche had been rendered inaccessible and almost entirely filled in. In vain did I attempt to find some other position that might correspond to it. I only attracted the attention of the early comers to the theatre. I was obliged to return to my old position of an outside observer of life, and see, quite unoccupied, that centre of all observation which I had enjoyed myself so much two nights before; over which the leader of the orchestra was unconsciously waving his baton.

I made some inquiries for Marie. One day I went down the quiet, secluded street, where they told me she lived. I walked up and down before the house. It was very tantalizing to feel that I had no excuse for approaching her. Of all the figures that had assembled around me that night, hers had remained the most distinct upon my memory. For, through the whole, she had retained an outward bearing which had corresponded with what I could see of her inward self. Even when she threw herself most earnestly into her part, she had scarcely seemed to lose herself. She had always remained a simple, self-devoted girl.

I longed to see more of her. I wanted to see her in that quiet home. While I was wandering up and down, I abused the forms of society which would make my beginning and acquaintance with her so difficult. I saw Franz, brother Franz, the flute-player, leave the house. Scarcely conscious of what I was doing, I went, as soon as he had left the street, to the door which was open to all comers; to the house which contained more than one family. I made my way up stairs and knocked at

a door to which Franz's card was attached.

It was opened by Marie. She stood before me with a handkerchief tied over her head, and a broom in her hand, but she looked, to me, as beautiful as she had done behind the glare of the foot-lights. Her simplicity was here even more fascinating.

She held the door partly open, while I, to recover myself, asked for Franz. She told me he was gone out, but would return soon, if I would wait for him. I was never less anxious to see any person than then to see Franz, but I could not resist entering the room, and this, in spite of the apologetic air of Marie. The room looked as neat as I had imagined it, seeing it from the mirror of Marie's mind. I should say it scarcely needed that broom which still remained expectantly in Marie's hand. A piano, spider-legged, in the number and thinness of these supports, stood at one side of the room, weighed down with classic-looking music. A bouquet, that had been given by the hand of the prima donna to Marie, stood upon the piano.

Otherwise it was a common enough looking room. Some remark being necessary, I inquired of Franz's health, and hoped he was not wearing himself out with hard work; I had seen him regularly at the opera. Marie encouraged me with regard to her brother's health, and still, the opera even did not serve to open a conversation with Marie.

Then, indeed, did I wish that I was the hero of a novel. I might have told her I was writing an opera, and have asked her to study for its heroine. I might have retired, and sent her, directly and mysteriously, a grand piano of the very grandest scale. Or, I might have asked her to sit down to that old-

fashioned instrument, and have asked her to let me hear her sing, for my nieces were in need of a new teacher. I might have engaged Franz, with promise of a high salary, to write me the music of songs, or a new sonata. But I had neither the salary nor the nieces. I had not even an excuse for standing there. It was very foolish of me, but I could not help feeling that it was exceedingly impertinent of me to be there.

Instead of informing Marie that I was intimately acquainted with her, that I had shared every emotion of her soul, on the exciting opera night, I stated that I would call again upon brother Franz. I regretted, at the same time, that I had not my card, and left the room with a courteous bow of dismissal from Marie.

I have walked that way very often. Once or twice I have seen Marie at the window, when she has not seen me. But I have not attempted to visit her again. Of what use is it for me, then, to have such a knowledge of her, when she does not have a similar one sympathetic with me? She has not sung in public of late, and I do not know the reason why she has not.

My friends are fond of asking me why I, every night, sit in a different place at the theatre; and why I have such a fancy for a seat in the midst of the trumpets of the orchestra, and directly under the leader. I am striving to make new acoustic discoveries.

But I dare not state in what theatre it is that my point of observation can be found, nor ask of the management to make an alteration in the position of the orchestra, lest some night I should be observed, and expose all the secrets of my breast to a less confidential observer.

NEW POETRY.*

OF all the dainty booklings of the year, certainly, "The Angel in the House" is the daintiest. It is dainty in conception, in execution, in print, and in paper. It has had a large sale on this side of the water, and has been very much more popular with us than at home in England. Indeed, it seems to have been scarcely distinguished there from the great mass of poetry published during the year. It is not intended to be a funny poem; on the contrary, it has a very grave scope and treatment. But it is certainly the most genuine pastoral-comical effusion we have ever read. We do not mean this unkindly. There are very sweet things in the volume, very prettily said. But the author so soberly treats a conceit as a thought, and so seriously elaborates the purest prose, apparently supposing that the rhyme makes it poetry, and with such solemn pomp conducts the reader to each part or canto of the poem through little passages of verse, sonorously labeled "The Accompaniments," "The Sentences," that the impression, at last, is entirely ludicrous, when the same thing is so carefully observed in the affected quaintness of the typography in the English edition. The typography, indeed, seems to be an essential part of the poem.

"The Angel in the House" has been extravagantly praised, and extensively read. It demands some attention, for these reasons, from a magazine which comments upon current literature.

The story is perfectly simple. Vaughan, a young English country clergyman, of the present day, has won laurels at college, and is anxious to do some literary labor worthy his powers. He resolves to write a poem upon wedded love, with his wife for the central figure, and present it, book by book, to his wife, as it is written, upon the anniversary of their wedding-day. The present poem, of some two hundred pages, is, therefore, only the commencement of the great work, and is entitled "The

Betrothal." The publishers promise us, in due season, "The Espousal," and the other great events of connubial love will doubtless follow, with proper "Sentences" and "Accompaniments," even, perhaps, unto the baptism of the great grand-children, and the inauguration of the coral rattle of the ultimate generations of the house of Vaughan.

Having settled the plan of his great work, Vaughan begins and tells the story of his wooing, with many hitches and pauses, by way of "accompaniments." Thus we have, first, the "Prologue," in which the plan is unfolded; then the first division of the first part of the whole great work, "The Cathedral Close;" then comes "The Accompaniments," No. 1, 2, 3, 4; then "The Sentences," in three stanzas; then we emerge upon the story, headed, "The Betrothal, Idyl I., The Cathedral Close," and the tale commences. The Dean of Sarum (the poet's name for Salisbury) has three daughters, Mary, Mildred, and Honoria, whom Vaughan has formerly known, and now returns to see as old companions. He finds them charming English girls; falls in love with Honoria, and is engaged to her at the end of the book.

The interest of the poem lies in the fidelity of its pictures, and the simple narration of the little daily events of English country life. The secret of its success is, undoubtedly, its simplicity; the commonplace incidents of familiar experience quietly treated. It is a perfectly well-bred book, saving its affectations. It behaves as a well regulated English poem ought to behave, without any attempt at scenes. The public has been so weary of what it considers poets in the fine frenzy, that it hails with relief this guest, who enters like a smugly-shaved, placid dean or curate, in respectable black coat and white cravat, and with no kind of extravagance of mind or conduct. The poor public mind pleads that the evanescent and corruscating Tennyson, the vague

The Angel in the House. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Marie Master, a Love Story, etc. By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. London and New York: Routledge.

The House by the Sea. A Poem. By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan.

The Panorama, and other Poems. By JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Browning, with his ground and lofty tumbling, Philip James Bailey, and Dobell, and a host more of mere mystics, and Kingsley, with his very disagreeable trumpet call, have so bewildered it, that this purling poetry, these mild pictures of a port-drinking dean, of middle age, and the wooing of a calm country curate, are entirely refreshing.

And we, too, should belie our own feelings, if we denied to this little poem a great deal of tenderness and probability. The picture of an amiable English country life, of a well-read young clergyman and three lovely daughters, of a well-to-do dean, living in a charming home, overgrown with vines and sweet-smelling flowers, and with green lanes winding about, and with all the accessories of the characteristic English landscape—this is surely a pleasant picture. And the feelings of a sensitive gentleman in love with a refined young lady, courteously courting her, and calmly arranging little ceremonial details with her worthy parent, the dean, over the after dinner glass of wine—this is all thoroughly English, and very well done. But, we cannot help it, it is all thoroughly droll, and we cannot speak seriously of the poem for five minutes.

The poet, who is understood to be Mr. Coventry Patmore, the author of other volumes of verse, has a cardinal defect in his philosophy of poetry, and that vitiates the whole work. It is very true that art deals with actual nature, but very untrue that every detail of actual nature is poetic. The "common things that round us lie," are only poetic when they are seen by a poet. Vaughan is not a poet. He feels the beauty of the tranquil life in which his lot is cast; but to perceive that a morning call on a summer morning is poetic, and so to describe it that it shall become poetry, are two very different things.

This is the Pre-Raphaelite mistake developed in poetry. You do not necessarily make a tree a work of art, because you carefully imitate it to the least reticulation of the leaf; and you have not written a poem merely because you have set the breakfast, and the drive, and the going to church, into rhyme and measure. Nor is this done with melody in "The Angel in the House." It is hard, unfluent, and unmusical. It is a deliberate perpetration of verse, yet, always with the

local English truth, and gentle purity of sentiment. Our first quotation shall be the very opening lines of the poem, in which Vaughan speaks as modestly of his own genius as poets are wont to speak upon commencing their great works.

"Mine is no winged horse to gain
The region of the spherul chime:
'He does but drag a rumbling wain,
'Cheer'd by the silver bells of rhyme:
'And if, at Fame's bewitching note,
'My homely Pegasus pricks an ear,
'The world's cart-collar hugs his throat,
'And he's too wise to kick or rear."

Nothing could be worse than the lines that follow. They are both awkward and obscure. Vaughan has just told his wife that he has found a subject for his poem:

"Then she: 'What is it, Dear? The Life
'Of Arthur, or Jerusalem's Fall?'
'Neither: your gentle self, my wife,
'Yourself, and love that's all in all.
'And if I faithfully proclaim
'Of these the exceeding worthiness,
'Surely, the sweetest wreath of Fame
'Shall, to your hope, my brows caress."

This is *forced* into rhyme: and what follows is surely pure prose, and none the less so because it rhymes.

"The Dean talk'd little, but look'd on,
Of three such daughters justly vain:
What letters they had had from Bonn!
Said Mildred: and I told again
How the Bonn boys besieged the house,
In fury metaphysical,
Because I'd proved their Doctor Strauss
A myth, and not a man at all.
By Honor I was kindly task'd
To explain my never coming down,
'Twixt terms, from Cambridge; Mary ask'd
Were Kant and Goethe yet outgrown?
And, pleased, we talk'd the old days o'er;
And, parting, I for pleasure sigh'd.
To be there as a friend, (since more,)
Seem'd then, seems still, excuse for pride."

"Restless and sick of long exile
From those sweet friends, I rode to see
The church-repairs; and, after awhile,
Waylaying the Dean, was ask'd to tea.
They introduced the cousin Fred
I'd heard of, Honor's favorite; grave,
Dark, handsome, bluff, but gently bred,
And with an air of the salt wave.
He stared, and gave his hand, and I
Stared too: then down'd we smiles, the
shrouds
Of ire, best hid while she was by,
A sweet moon 'twixt her lighted clouds."

"Whether this Cousin was the cause
I know not, but I seem'd to see,
The first time then, how fair she was,
How much the fairest of the three.
Each stopp'd to let the other go;
But he, being time-bound, rose the first."

Stay'd he in Sarum long? If so
 I hoped to see him at the Harst.
 No: he had call'd here, on his way
 To Portsmouth, where the Arrogant.
 His ship, was; and should leave next day,
 For two years' cruise in the Levant.
 I watch'd her face, suspecting germs
 Of love: her farewell show'd me plain
 She loved, on the majestic terms
 That she should not be loved again."

"A voice, the sweeter for the grace
 Of suddenness, while thus I dream'd,
 'Good-morning!' said or sang. Her face
 The mirror of the morning seem'd.
 Her sisters in the garden walk'd.
 And would I come? Across the Hall
 She took me; and we laugh'd and talk'd
 About the Flower-show, and the ball.
 Their pinks had won a spade for prize;
 But that was gallantly withdrawn
 For 'Jones on Wiltshire Butterflies.'
 How rude! And so we paced the lawn,
 Close-cut, and, with geranium-plots,
 A rival glow of green and red;
 Then counted sixty apricots
 On one small tree. The sweet hour sped;
 And I rode slow 'tward home, my breast
 A load of joy and tender care:
 And this delight, which life oppress'd,
 To fixed aims grew, that ask'd for pray'r:
 And I reach'd home, where, whip in hand
 And soil'd bank-notes all ready, stood
 The Farmer who farm'd all my land,
 Except the little Park and Wood.
 And, with the accustomed compliment
 Of talk, and beef, and frothing beer,
 I, my own steward, took my rent.
 Three hundred pounds for half the year:
 Our witnesses the Maid and Groom,
 We sign'd the lease for seven years more,
 And bade Good-day. Then to my room
 I went, and closed and lock'd the door.
 And cast myself down on my bed,
 And there, with many a blissful tear,
 I vow'd to love and pray'd to wed
 The Maiden who had grown so dear;"

"The Ladies rose. I held the door,
 And sigh'd, as her departing grace
 Assured me that she always wore
 A heart as happy as her face;
 And, jealous of the winds that blew,
 I dreaded, o'er the tasteless wine,
 What fortune momentarily might do
 To hurt the hope that she'd be mine.
 Towards my mark the Dean's talk set;
 He praised my 'Notes on Abury.'
 Read when the Association met
 At Sarum; he was glad to see
 I had not stopp'd, as some men had,
 At Wrangler and Prize Poet; last,
 He hoped the business was not bad.
 I came about: then the wine pass'd.
 A full glass prefaced my reply:
 I loved his daughter, Honor: he knew
 My estate and prospects: might I try
 To win her? In his eyes tears grew.
 He thought 'twas that. I might: he gave
 His true consent, if I could get
 Her love. A dear, good Girl! she'd have
 Only three thousand pounds as yet:
 More by-and-by. Yes, his goodwill
 Should go with me; he would not stir:

He and my father in old time still.
 Wish'd I should one day marry her;
 But God so seldom lets us take
 The road we think our best, when it lies
 In steps that either mar or make
 Or alter others' destinies.
 That, though his blessing and his prayer
 Had help'd, should help, my suit, yet he
 Left all to me, his passive share
 Consent and opportunity.
 My chance, he hoped, was good: I'd won
 Some name already; friends and place
 Appear'd within my reach; but none
 Her mind and manners would not grace.
 Girls love to see the men in whom
 They invest their vanities admired:
 Besides, where goodness is, there room
 For good to work will be desired."

Is there anything in Hood more comic-
 al than all this? It is rhyme; but it
 is not fluent rhyme. Is it poetry? It
 certainly is not spasmodic, nor obscure;
 but is it any more poetry than such as
 this?

"I'm sleepy now," he yawned, and said,
 And yawning ever more and more,
 He said, 'tis time to go to bed,
 Put out the light, and lock the door."

But the after dinner interview with the
 dean is the best. It is undoubtedly from
 nature. It is redolent of the dining-
 room. It is the "old particular" and
 the crusted port view of the passion of
 love. The tender young Vaughan, by
 the most crafty and subtle stroke of in-
 troducing his farmer with soiled bank-
 notes, to pay his half yearly rent of
 three hundred pounds, had already let
 us into the secret that he had an income
 of six hundred a year, unincumbered, we
 may be sure, for this voracious bard
 would surely have given us a strophe or
 two, to recount the details of mortgages,
 and other liabilities, had any such been
 in the case. He is a sly fox, young
 Vaughan, with his three college honors,
 and his "Notes on Abury." Is he not
 a man as well as a poet, and can poets,
 even, cut the butcher with impunity?
 He falls in love with Honoria, counts up
 his bills receivable, makes a note of
 them in our hearing, and then goes to
 dine at the Close. He knows what the
 dean's question will-be. He is fully
 prepared to answer—"Young man!
 what are your prospects?" "Here,
 reverend and dear sir, this lease for
 seven years, in semi-annual payments
 of three hundred pounds, witness my
 maid and groom." No poetry was ever
 closer to fact than this. Is this the
 kind of fact, or treatment, that makes
 poetry? The author of "Notes on

Abury" might have shortened the whole matter thus :

"Six hundred pounds a year I had :
I told the dean : he sipped, nor sighed,
But said, "Dear sir, I'm very glad,
The dear, good girl shall be your bride."

We are strictly following Vaughan's advice, given in the fourth part of the "Accompaniments" to the first part of the first division of the poem. It is headed, aptly, "The Poet's Humility:"

"Nor verse, nor art, nor plot, nor plan,
Nor aught of mine here's worth a toy :
Quit praise and blame, and, if you can,
Do, Critic, for the nonce, enjoy.
Moving but as the feelings move,
I run, or loiter with delight,
Or stop to mark where gentle Love
Persuades the soul from height to height.
Yet, know, that, though my words are gay
As David's dance, which Michal scorn'd,
If rightly you peruse the Lay,
You shall be sweetly help'd and warn'd."

We are enjoying, and we are certainly warned; but the humility we do not discern, either in these lines, or in all the others. It is clear enough that the Reverend Mr. Vaughan thought he had made a very pretty poem—and so he had; "The Angel in the House" is a very pretty poem, indeed; and we have no doubt that hundreds of cultivated country curates could make a similar present to their wives, on each happy nuptial anniversary. The only mistake is in presenting it to the public. The description of private incidents, as such, is of no public interest. It is only when they are illuminated by universal feelings and thoughts, that their history becomes literature. Has Mr. Vaughan, in all his reading, never read Dante's "Vita Nuova," or "Petrarch," or Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," or "In Memoriam"? That is the way in which the master-passion of an individual becomes literature, and a precious treasure to the world. His grocery bill and his wife's income are unimportant and impertinent; nor does the incessant mention of trivial details make the story more real.

It would, however, be very unjust to the reader, who has not seen the poem, to leave him to suppose that there are no better things in it than we have quoted. It is all affected; but it has a great deal of a kind of pretty innocence and gentle emotion. Here is, perhaps, the truest poetry in the book.

1.

"When ripen'd time and chasten'd will
Have stretch'd and tuned for love's ac-
cords
The five-stringed lyre of life, until
It vibrates with the wind of words;
And 'Woman,' 'Lady,' 'She,' and 'Her'
Are names for perfect Good and Fair,
And unknown maidens, talk'd of, stir
His thoughts with reverential care;
He meets, by heavenly chance express,
His destined wife: some hidden hand
Unveils to him that loveliness
Which others cannot understand.
No songs of love, no summer dreams
Did e'er his longing fancy fire
With vision like to this: she seems
In all things better than desire.
His merits in her presence grow,
To match the promise in her eyes.
And round her happy footsteps blow
The authentic airs of Paradise.
For love of her he cannot sleep;
Her beauty haunts him all the night:
It melts his heart, it makes him weep
For wonder, worship, and delight."

But this is only a swallow flight of verse. It skims along the ground, and never soars. Here, too, is one of those inscrutable performances,

"THE SENTENCES.

1.

"Fractions indefinitely small
Of interests infinitely great,
Count in Love's learned wit for all,
And have the dignity of fate."

2.

"Not to unveil before the gaze
Of an imperfect sympathy,
In aught we are, is the sweet praise
And the main sum of modesty."

3.

"Love blabb'd of is a great decline;
A careless word unsanctions sense;
But he who casts heaven's truth to swine
Consummates all incontinence."

This is an unnecessary mouthing of a very simple fact, and, with a seeming smoothness, is entirely destitute of melody.

The opening of the story is sweet, and brings the modern English country home pleasantly to mind:

1.

"Once more I came to Sarum Close,
With joy half memory half desire,
And breathed the sunny wind that rose,
And blew the shadows o'er the Spire,
And toss'd the lilac's scented plumes,
And away'd the chestnut's thousand cones,
And fill'd my nostrils with perfumes,
And shaped the clouds in waifs and zones,
And wafted down the serious strain
Of Sarum bells, when, true to time,
I reach'd the Dean's with heart and brain
That trembled to the trembling chime."

2

" 'Twas half my home six years ago:
 The six years had not alter'd it:
 Red-brick and ashlar, long and low,
 With dormers and with oriels lit;
 Geranium, lychnis, rose array'd
 The windows, all wide open thrown;
 And some one in the Study play'd
 The Wedding-March of Mendelssohn.
 And there it was I last took leave:
 'Twas Christmas: I remember'd now
 The cruel girls, who feign'd to grieve,
 Took all the Christmas down; and how
 The laurel into blazes woke
 The fire, lighting the large, low room,
 A dim, rich lustre of old oak
 And crimson velvet's glowing gloom."

These extracts fairly present the claims of "The Angel in the House." It, certainly, has none of the faults of obscurity and turgidity that are urged against most recent poems; but then, it has none of their virtues, none of their subtle thought, rich imagination, and stately or tender music. While, on the one hand, it never sinks below prose, yet, on the other, it never rises into poetry. It wants entirely the poetic aura, that indescribable quality, which no praise enhances and no blame destroys. We call that quality genius, or inspiration; but these words explain nothing. The poetry of a poem always remains as indescribable as the tone of a picture. It is the singing quality in it. It is that which makes the bald facts poetic. It is that which makes Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray" a poem, and refuses the name to Dr. Darwin's "Botanic Garden." Since Wordsworth, Tennyson deals more with common life than any other famous English poet, and we quote, from his last volume, a passage, which shows how true poets treat the familiar facts of to-day. It is from "The Brook, an Idyl," and one of the most exquisite idyls in literature. Mark how plain the fact, and how pure the poetry:

"My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps
 Not by the well-known stream and rustic
 spire,
 But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
 Of Brunelleschi: sleeps in peace; and he,
 Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
 Remains the bare P. W. on his tomb:
 I scraped the lichen from it: Katie walks
 By the long wash of Australasian seas,
 Far-off, and holds her head to other stars,
 And breathes in converse seasons. All are
 gone."

William Allingham is a name that we have been wont to associate with that of Coventry Patmore and a certain Mr. Edmund Reade, who stately publishes

poems in England, which rarely survive to reach this country. There is no reason for this association of names, except the fact that all of the gentlemen have published various volumes, which seem to be better than "the poetry of the million," and yet not good enough to give the authors rank as acknowledged poets.

Mr. Allingham's present volume consists partly of revised and partly of new poems. In the beginning of his preface, he alludes to a volume "now withdrawn," and, at the close, speaks of "future pages that may better deserve" the perusal of his friends. This volume may, therefore, not improperly be regarded as a finger thrust in the world's button-hole, to hold its attention, until that attention shall be commanded by a greater interest. Mr. Allingham is an Irishman, and we learn from his preface that five of the songs have had an Irish circulation, "as ha'penny ballads," and they are so good that we are sure the world will willingly wait while he sings, and easily believe that he who sings so well now, will sing no worse, by-and-by. There is so much genuine music in this volume, so much pathos, such a sparkling fancy, flowing to such a dancing rhythm, a poetic sensitiveness so true and tender, that, although we cannot suppose Mr. Allingham will ever be a great poet, he will, certainly, always be a very pleasant minstrel, so long as he confines himself to the themes that especially suit his talent. His fancy is very affluent. His ear is very true. He is essentially a song or ballad writer, as we hope our readers will be convinced by what we shall quote:

"THE FAIRIES."

"A NURSERY SONG."

"Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather."

"Down along the rocky shore
 Some make their home,
 They live on crispy pancakes
 Of yellow tide-foam;
 Some in the reeds
 Of the black mountain lake,
 With frogs for their watch-dogs,
 All night awake."

"High on the hill-top
The old king sits:
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

"They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

"By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
To dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

"Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather."

"LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

"Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!
If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest.
Be what it may the time of day, the place
be where it will,
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom
before me still.

"Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing
on a rock,
How clear they are, how dark they are! and
they give me many a shock.
Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted
with a show'r,
Could ne'er express the charming lip that
has me in its pow'r.

"Her nose is straight and handsome, her eye-
brows lifted up,
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth
like a china cup,
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty
and so fine;
It's rolling down upon her neck, and ga-
thered in a twine.

"The dance o' last Whit-Monday night ex-
ceeded all before,
No pretty girl for miles about was missing
from the floor;

But Mary kept the belt of love, and O but
she was gay!
She danced a jig, she sang a song, that took
my heart away.

"When she stood up for dancing, her steps
were so complete,
The music nearly kill'd itself, to listen to
her feet;
The fiddler moan'd his blindness, he heard
her so much praised,
But bless'd himself he wasn't deaf when once
her voice she raised.

"And evermore I'm whistling or lifting what
you sung,
Your smile is always in my heart, your name
beside my tongue;
But you've as many sweethearts as you'd
count on both your hands,
And for myself there's not a thumb or little
finger stands.

"Oh, you're the flower o' womankind in
country or in town:
The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast
down.
If some great lord should come this way,
and see your beauty bright,
And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but
right.

"O might we live together in lofty palace
hall,
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet
curtains fall!
O might we live together in a cottage mean
and small;
With sods of grass the only roof, and mud
the only wall!

"O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my
distress;
It's far too beautiful to be mine, but I'll
never wish it less.
The proudest place would fit your face, and
I am poor and low;
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever
you may go!

"The Girl's Lamentation," "The
Maids of Elden Mere," and others we
would gladly quote. Such fancies as
these are not uncommon in the book:

"Wild Rose! delicately flushing
All the border of the dale;
Art thou like a pale cheek blushing,
Or a red cheek turning pale?"

and again:

"Shadows which are not of sadness,
Touch her eyes and brow above,
As pale wild roses dream of redness,
Dreams her innocent heart of love."

"The Music-Master" is an old story,
not very well told.

Hereafter, we shall not associate Mr.
Allingham's name with Mr. Edmund
Reade's, but with the sparkling raciness
and variety of a true Irish nature, quick
in poetic sympathy, and melodious in
its expression.

Thomas Buchanan Read is one of the younger band of American poets, to which Bayard Taylor, George H. Baker, and Richard H. Stoddard belong. Mr. Coventry Patmore, whose last poem we have just been considering, said, two or three years ago, in the *North British Review*, that he considered Mr. Read the most promising of the transatlantic poets. Since that time, Mr. Read has proceeded to fulfill the promise, by two works, "*The New Pastoral*" and "*The House by the Sea*," recently published. Of the "*New Pastoral*," we expressed our opinion at the time of its appearance. It was a truthful description, in blank verse, of life in Western Pennsylvania, quietly and simply written. That is all. It cannot, in any sense, be called a poem, except in form. It was read by all, whose duty or pleasure it is to keep themselves conversant with American literature and its progress; but it cannot be justly said to have made any impression upon the public mind. Beyond the class of readers we have named, and a clique of personal friends and admirers, and the critics by profession, Mr. Read's name is probably very little known. The reading American public is not familiar with it. When Mr. Patmore's article was read in this country, people asked, "Who is Mr. Read?" and, although "*The New Pastoral*" was published not long afterward, it has not been easier to answer the question. Neither "*The Pastoral*" nor "*The House by the Sea*" has made their author at all extensively known. Mr. Read is still among the least conspicuous of our younger authors. It is only the truth to say, that neither of his long poems has yet redeemed any earlier promise, by a real addition to literature.

It is a long step from a Pennsylvania Pastoral to a supernatural tale of fiends and ghosts, and a "pale Roland." But we do not think it a step in advance. The reality of the Pastoral is better than the lurid fireworks of the *House by the Sea*. This is the plot of the poem: Roland, a hero of the Manfred type, has an early love, which "ended in woe;" and he retires to a house built upon a cliff over the sea, where he forms the acquaintance of a fisherman's daughter, who, at the opening of the poem, has known him since a "moon of dawns," which we suppose to be a very mistakenly poetic way of saying "a

month." One day, as Roland looks from his window, and sees the fisher-girl kneeling in all her charms at her evening devotions, a fiend whispers to him—

"The hawk looks down on the ring-dove's nest;
He loves her meek voice and her smooth,
meek breast;
And the beautiful bird shall still be as meek,
When her red heart quivers in the falcon's beak."

Startled to find that he has such weakness left, Roland calls aloud upon his early, dead Ida, to befriend him. She comes as a spirit, and is taunted by the fiend, who vanishes; and she warns Roland that a dark hour is nigh. He swears that nothing shall sever his heart from her; and she then reveals to him that she poisoned herself from fear that he did not love her enough, and now roams forlorn in a Purgatory of suicides, but that she is allowed to hope to regain her lost happiness, by stepping into the body of some similar suicide, while it is yet warm with recent life. She vanishes, in turn, and Roland sees a wreck upon the rocks at the base of his cliff. He hurries out, and finds a lovely lady drowned, and bears her into his house, assisted by the fisher-girl. The lady revives, and he feels a kind of awe, as if Ida had returned to life. She assures him that she is Ida, and that she had only feigned to kill herself, and had been searching for him everywhere, until she was thus thrown by a good fate into his very arms. She was accompanied by a worthy Capuchin, she says, upon the vessel; and just before she was wrecked, saw that her Roland was being tempted by a fiend, who had assumed her own shape. This is the dark day. The rescued lady is really the fiend, the Capuchin is a fellow-devil, and they try in every way to make sure of Roland. The fisher-girl goes mad for love of him; and as they are all sailing away upon the enchanted vessel, the girl leaps into the sea, and Roland plunges in to save her. There is a wild hurricane of demoniac influences against him, but he draws her safe to land. They love, and gradually the lost Ida reappears in the fisher-girl:

"Until, when the first few years ad flown,
He forgot that his early love had died;
And walking at his lady's side,
He called her 'Ida,' and she replied
To the name as it had been her own."

The emotion of the reader at the end of the poem is sorrow for the fisher-girl, who loved as sincerely as *Ida*, and who undergoes the fearful sacrifice of identity in favor of the earlier mistress. This seems to us unnecessary, and fatal to the intention of satisfaction with the denouement of the story. We quote the only lines that seem to us to have much merit of poetic conception and treatment:

"A moment surveying the sacred place,
Her blue eyes turned, then, with modest
grace,
Gazing up into *Roland's* face,
Her sweet tongue said, in its first release,
With words which seemed breathed from
the lips of peace,
'The spell is past! oh! hour divine!
Thou, thou art mine! and I am thine!'"

"And the listening shadows cool and gray,
In the gallery, like a responding choir,
Where the organ glowed like an altar-fire,
Seemed to the echoing vault to say,
Softly as at a nuptial shrine—
'Thou art mine! and I am thine!'"

"And still through the breathless moments
after,
Like doves beneath the sheltering rafter,
Along the roof in faint decline,
The echoes whispered with voices fine—
'Mine and thine! mine and thine!'"

"And now, like a golden trumpet blown
To make a glorious victory known,
The organ with its roll divine,
Poured aloud from its thrilling tongue
Words the sweetest ever sung—
'Mine and thine! mine and thine!'"

"And up in the tower the iron-bell
Suddenly felt the joyous spell,
And flung its accents clear and gay
As if it were rung on a wedding day;
And like a singer swaying his head,
To mark the time
Of some happy rhyme,
Breathing his heart in every line,
Thus swayed the bell, and swaying, said—
'Mine and thine! mine and thine!'"

We do not think that Mr. Read's reputation will be increased by this production. He belongs to a very large class of men who unite to great purity and delicacy of sentiment a ready ear and hand, but who have no other dowry as poets, than poetical sensibility. There is nothing in "The House by the Sea" which any cultivated person of poetic feeling might not write; and that kind of writing may be very pleasing, but it is not poetry. Fine imagination, strength or subtlety of thought, passionate feeling, or intensity, airy fancy, power of verbal-coloring, peculiar melody, or individuality of any kind, are not to be found in Mr. Read's verse.

He has written some fugitive lines of tenderness and beauty; but that is not a rare accomplishment. He has yet to vindicate his claim as poet.

Whittier has not that task before him. He has achieved it. His place is as determined and distinctive as that of any of our acknowledged poets. Our literature well knows his clarion call—a call that sweetens and saddens, too, into most pensive music. His last little volume, recently published, contains his most perfect poem, "Maud Muller." We are disposed, indeed, to regard the whole book as the most uniformly excellent he has yet published.

In none of our poetry is there greater naturalness than in Whittier's. Every tone is equally fresh and earnest, whether it be fiery indignation and scorn at wrong, or the whisper of contemplative sadness over early memories and lovely scenes. His wrath never seems hackneyed and conventional, and his pathos is always as persuasive as a child's sorrow. Thus, "Rendition," in the present volume, is not less stirring and strong than his earliest anti-slavery poems. No finer or more eloquent word was spoken, during all the excitement which convulsed the city of Boston upon the surrender of Anthony Burns, than the last stanza of "Rendition," in which the poet adjures his native state.

"Mother of Freedom, wise and brave,
Rise awful in thy strength,' I said;
Ah, me! I spake but to the dead;
I stood upon her grave!"

That rings like Milton; but it is a tenderer ire.

Whittier, from an early period of his career, so intimately allied his name to the anti-slavery movement, that his general public recognition is much less extensive than it would otherwise have been. He has been considered a fanatic and an abolition rhymist, until even many sensible people have forgotten that he is a poet. Many of his abolition poems are superb specimens of poetic indignation. Probably in all literary history there was never so much good poetry written by a single man in a single cause. Many poets have struck the lyre for freedom in the abstract, but Whittier strikes his for the abolition of slavery in the United States of America. The wisest critic would predicate a failure in such a career. The result has been

a triumph. Instead of losing himself as a partisan poet, he has with such instinctive sternness and singleness clung to the essential and universal humanity of his theme, that, while he has been true to his own inspiration, he does not outrage even literary sympathy.

Thus, "The Panorama," which gives the title to the volume in hand, is a poem written to be read at the opening of the annual course of anti-slavery lectures in Boston. But, although so strictly occasional, it is a true poem. We believe it had little success when read, and can easily believe it. It is not a poem to be heard in a crowd. The eye must linger upon the lines fully to perceive their excellence. It is a "Panorama" of the possible West;—if given to Freedom, then to peace and prosperity; if to Slavery, then to anarchy. It sparkles with sarcasm and burns with earnest appeals. But through all its fire the softness of a gentle humanity is easily perceived. Whittier's is a humane, not a cynical, protest. It is impossible to read many of his pages without feeling how near the tears are to the eyes that flash, and how much more willingly that singing mouth would bless than ban. But he cannot do otherwise than he does. His genius is more controlled by conscience than that of any poet of equal gifts. Could he have consented to listen less to that monitor, he might have had a wider reputation—he could not have had so noble an influence.

Of later years, although still in middle life, Whittier's poetry, without losing any of its verse, has a more uniform repose and tenderness. Certainly the most resolute sneerer at the rhyming fanatic, as they may choose to call him, cannot but feel the peculiar charm of the lines upon Burns. Halleck, at an earlier date, had already paid his tribute, which has become a part of our literature. This later homage is not less worthy and sympathetic.

"BURNS.

"ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF HEATHER IN BLOSSOM.

"No more these simple flowers belong
To Scottish maid and lover;
Soon in the common soil of song,
They bloom the wide world over.

"In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,
The minstrel and the heather,
The deathless singer and the flowers
He sang of live together.

"Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns!
The moorland flower and peasant!
How, at their mention, memory turns
Her pages old and pleasant!

"The gray sky wears again its gold
And purple of adorning,
And manhood's noonday shadows hold
The dews of boyhood's morning.

"The dews that washed the dust and soil
From off the wings of pleasure,
The sky that flecked the ground of toil
With golden threads of leisure.

"I call to mind the summer day,
The early harvest mowing,
The sky with sun and clouds at play,
And flowers with breezes blowing.

"I hear the blackbird in the corn,
The locust in the haying;
And, like the fabled hunter's horn,
Old tunes my heart is playing.

"How oft that day, with fond delay,
I sought the maple's shadow,
And sang with Burns the hours away,
Forgetful of the meadow!

"Bees hummed, birds twittered, over head
I heard the squirrels leaping,
The good dog listened while I read,
And wagged his tail in keeping.

"I watched him while in sportive mood
I read 'The Two Dogs' story,
And half believed he understood
The poet's allegory.

"Sweet day, sweet songs!—The golden hours
Grew brighter for that singing,
From brook, and bird, and meadow flowers
A dearer welcome bringing.

"New light on home-seen nature beamed,
New glory over woman;
And daily life and duty seemed
No longer poor and common.

"I woke to find the simple truth
Of fact and feeling better
Than all the dreams that held my youth
A still repining debtor.

"That nature gives her handmaid, art,
The themes of sweet discouraging;
The tender idols of the heart
In every tongue rehearsing.

"Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,
Of loving knight and lady,
When farmer boy and barefoot girl
Were wandering there already?

"I saw through all familiar things
The romance underlying;
The joys and griefs that plume the wings
Of fancy skyward flying.

"I saw the same blithe day return,
The same sweet fall of even,
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn,
And sank on crystal Devon.

"I matched with Scotland's heathery hills
The sweet-brier and the clover:
With Ay and Doon, my native rills,
Their wood-hymns chanting over.

"O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,
I saw the man uprising;
No longer common or unclean,
The child of God's baptizing!

"With clearer-eyes I saw the worth
Of life among the lowly;
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth
Had made my own mere holy.

"And, if at times an evil strain,
To lawless love appealing,
Broke in upon the sweet refrain
Of pure and healthful feeling,

"It died upon the eye and ear,
No inward answer gaining;
No heart had I to see or hear
The discord and the staining.

"Let those who never erred forget
His worth, in vain bewailings;
Sweet soul of song!—I own my debt
Uncancelled by his fallings!

"Lament who will the ribald line
Which tells his lapse from duty,
How kissed the maddening lips of wine
Or wanton ones of beauty.

"But think, while falls that shade between
The erring one and heaven.
That he who loved like Magdalen,
Like her, may be forgiven.

"Not his the song whose thunderous chime
Eternal echoes render—
The mournful-Tuscan's haunted rhyme,
And Milton's starry splendor!

"But who his human heart has laid
To nature's bosom nearer?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer?

"Through all his tuncful art, how strong
The human feeling gushes!
The very moonlight of his song
Is warm with smiles and blushes!

"Give lettered pomp to teeth of time,
So 'Bonnie Doon' but tarry;
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his Highland Mary!"

Nor can we refrain from enriching
our pages with the poem which is suf-
ficient evidence of the quality and re-
ality of Whittier's poetic genius.

"MAUD MULLER.

"Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

"Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

"Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

"But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

"The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

"A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

"The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothering his horse's chestnut mane.

"He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

"And ask a draught from the spring that
flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

"She stooped where the cool spring bubbled
up,
And filled for him her small tin-cup.

"And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter
draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

"He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and
trees,
Of the singing-birds and the humming-bees;

"Then talked of the haying, and wondered
whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul
weather.

"And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown:

"And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

"At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

"Maud Muller looked and sighed: 'Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each
day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the
poor.
And all should bless me who left our door."

"The Judge looked back as he climbed the
hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I, to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues.

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

"But he thought of his sisters, proud and
cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

"So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

"But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune.

- "And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unranked clover fell.
- "He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.
- "Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go.
- "And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes,
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
- "Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;
- "And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.
- "And the proud man sighed, with a secret
pain:
'Ah, that I were free again!
- "Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay.'
- "She wedded a man-unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.
- "But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.
- "And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
- "And she heard the little spring brook fall,
Over the roadside, through the wall,
- "In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.
- "And, gazing down with timid grace,
See felt his pleased eyes read her face.
- "Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
- "The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,
- "And for him who sat by the chimney-lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
- "A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.
- "Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, 'It might have been.'
- "Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!
- "God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
- "For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have
been!'
- "Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
- "And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!"

Except that "been" is made to rhyme with "again" and "pen," and that a New England country girl would hardly think of being toasted at the wine, this is a perfect poem. The New England

character is given to it by the fewest, but most characteristic, touches, and it no more occurs to the mind that the scene is out of New England, than that Claude's landscapes are in it. The poem treats one of the grand tragic facts of life, without the least straining, but with a simplicity which is the highest reach of art, and the surest sign of genius.

It is not difficult to believe that such a poet speaks truly, when he says, as in the conclusion of "The Panorama"—

"O, not of choice, for themes of public wrong,
I leave the green and pleasant paths of
song—
The mild, sweet words, which soften and
adorn,
For grinding taunt and bitter laugh of scorn.
More dear to me some song of private
worth,
Some homely idyl of my native North,
Some summer pastoral of her inland vales
And sea-brown hamlets, through whose
misty gales
Flit the dim ghosts of unreturning sails—
Lost barks at parting hung from stern to
helm
With prayers of love like dreams on Virgil's
clay;
Nor private grief nor malice hold my pen;
I owe but kindness to my fellow-men.
And, South or North, wherever hearts of
prayer
Their woes and weakness to our Father bear,
Wherever fruits of Christian love are found
In holy lives, to me is holy ground."

We shall say no more of the poets this month; nor do we ever say anything of them, especially to censure, without remembering, with humility, the contemporary judgments of the earlier part of the century upon men who are now as much beyond discussion as Milton or Pope. Whenever, in the course of our critical duty, we find ourselves saying of a poem, that it is not good, or of its author, that he is not a poet, we long, in the same sentence, to say to that author, "Dear sir, it is not of the slightest consequence. It is only our opinion, not the opinion of the world, nor the judgment of posterity. Remember Wordsworth, dear sir, and Keats. Remember how prophets are always stoned at home. Remember how proverbially dull the critics are. Remember, above all, that the dullest of those critics, when he says that a poem or a picture is not good, is not blind to the occasional sweet color and music; but cannot, with any conscience, call a bit of bright color a picture, nor a line of sweet music a poem."

THE TRUE STORY OF THE CRUISE OF THE PORTLAND.

IN the year 1798, being then twenty-two years of age, I sailed from New York in the good ship *Portland*, bound to Genoa, and thence to Barcelona, with an assorted cargo. I was part owner, and commanded her. Before sailing, I had heard that the French republic had issued a decree, subjecting to capture all vessels having on board any article of British origin; and I took pains to remove from the ship all such articles.

The commencement of the voyage was prosperous; but on arriving near the coast of Europe, we perceived a suspicious sail hovering about us, approaching us gradually, and in a short time she hoisted French colors, and fired. Perceiving no hope of escape, I directed the flag to be lowered, and an officer came on board and took possession of the *Portland* as a prize. Our course was changed, and the ship taken into the port of Naples. The next day she was left in the care of a French officer and crew, and I was conducted to the office of the French consul, on shore.

I ascertained that I had been captured by a French privateer, the owner of which was on board, and that it was the duty of the consul to decide whether the *Portland* was or was not a lawful prize. There were many people in the office; but shortly after noon, the captain of the privateer brought his case before the consul; and I gained what knowledge I could, being but little conversant with the French language, of what was done, and intended. The consul took my papers, which had been delivered to the captain, looked them over, put them into a box, placed them on a shelf, and the captain and owner left the office.

The consul then said to me, that it would be his duty to send commissioners on board the vessel to examine the crew, and asked me if I would send directions to my subordinate officers to facilitate their inquiries.

I replied in the affirmative, and did so. I knew the crew could give no information, as they were enlisted in Boston, and did not go to New York until all the cargo had been put on board. I then asked the consul how soon my case would be decided.

"O, I can't tell," said he, "you will be heard in time."

"But how many cases must be decided before mine?"

"A great many," said he, and looked up to the shelf; "there are one, two, three, (and he counted on to twenty-seven) cases, and yours is the twenty-eighth; perhaps two months."

"But can't you decide mine first? you will find no difficulty, not an article on board is of British origin."

"I must decide your case in its turn; have patience. There is a guard at the door who will conduct you to your place of confinement."

"I do not leave your office till my case is decided."

The consul looked at me like a man bereft of his senses. He evidently thought me a fool, or insane.

"I shall stay in your office till my case is decided."

The consul stared at me a moment, then turned to his desk, and busied himself in writing. At the end of an hour or so, he gave some directions to his clerk, and left the office.

The clerk continued writing at his table until late in the evening, casting, now and then, furtive glances at me. At about two o'clock he laid his head on the table and fell asleep. I sat sleepless until the morning.

At nine o'clock, the consul entered his office, and, on seeing me, started with surprise. He had an earnest conversation with his clerk, of which, I had no doubt, I was the subject, but said nothing, at that time, to me.

In the course of the forenoon, the commissioners returned from the vessel, and reported that the whole cargo was of British origin. The consul showed me the report, and asked me what I had to say.

I replied, that the report was false, referred to the invoice, and told him from what countries each article originated. I remember I pointed to the article *cassia*, which he knew, as well as I, did not grow in any of the possessions of Great Britain; and I remarked, that if the report was false in one particular, it should be discredited in all. Shortly after, the French captain, and the owner of the privateer, came in, and they and the consul had a long

and earnest conversation. In an hour or two they departed.

In the mean time, there I sat, with dogged resolution. In the afternoon, the captain and owner came in again, they talked as fast and earnestly as Frenchmen usually do. The consul appeared to be trying to persuade them to do something, which they were apparently very reluctant to do. At length, I saw the former draw up a paper, and the latter sign it. The owner of the privateer brought it to me, and said, "there, sir, is your discharge. By signing it I have surrendered \$100,000. Yesterday it was mine, as I thought, and were it now mine, it would not replace what I have lost by this war. I was once a merchant, in extensive business, but lost all, except the ship in which I am now cruising, and by which I was resolved to make a desperate effort to recover a part of what I had lost. If I have surrendered what I could have held, it may do you and your owners good."

I thanked him, perhaps too coldly; took the discharge, left the office, and called on our consul, Mr. Humphrey. I omitted to say, that when I was first taken to the French consul's office, I obtained permission to go to a notary and make a protest. I asked Mr. H. if he had any commands for Genoa. He seemed surprised, and asked when I should set sail.

"As soon as the wind permits."

"But you are here as a prize."

"I have obtained my discharge."

"It is not possible—how?"

"I cannot tell how, but I have it."

"Let me see it."

I showed him the paper; he read it attentively, and returned it.

"This is unexampled—mysterious. They are playing you a trick. Have you been on board your vessel?"

"I have not."

"I will go there with you, if it can be found; and if we find it, we will see what those on board will say to us."

"You are an old man, and I will not trouble you to go. I will go alone, and return to you immediately."

I proceeded to the vessel, and there found the Frenchmen regaling themselves upon my wine and dainties. I showed them the discharge, which they read with diamay, but left the ship to my control. I gave the necessary directions to the crew; and set out on

my return. At the wharf I met Mr. Humphrey. He was too impatient to await my return and came to meet me there. I told him all was well, and he then told me that he had called on the French consul and asked him how it happened that he had discharged the Yankee so quickly.

"Why," said he, "I found I must either dismiss him or bury him, and I preferred the former."

I took supper with the consul, requested him to forward my protest to Boston, and the next day, the wind being favorable, set sail for Genoa.

On my way thither, I was in constant dread of again falling into the power of a French privateer.

When in sight of Genoa, I perceived a strange ship approaching. I unfurled every sail, and my pursuer did the same, both ships flying with unwonted speed, directly into the harbor. As I came near to a crowd of vessels at anchor, I perceived them in trepidation; but my enemy being at my heels, I thought not of shortening sail, until my ship was driven, by the impetus which fright had given her, into the midst of them, as a hen is driven by a hawk into the house.

Fortunately, very little damage was done. I made my vessel fast, and went to visit the consignee on shore. He told me that the van of a French army, bound on a distant expedition, had just arrived, the commander of which seized everything he wanted, for which he paid his own price; and that he was particularly anxious to procure salted provisions.

I had eighty barrels of salt beef on board; and preferring to sell my own property at my own price, I landed it in the night, and concealed it in an old barn, in the suburbs of the city, where no mortal would be apt to look for salt beef.

This done, I proceeded to unload my vessel and sell my cargo. While doing this, a French general and suite came on board. Having examined the ship, he said to me, very politely, that the French Republic was much in want of a vessel to carry the commander and staff of a military expedition to its place of destination; that my vessel was precisely such as was wanted, and he had selected her for that purpose. The republic would pay a reasonable freight and all charges, and I must be ready in a fortnight.

"It is out of my power," said I, "to

comply with your wishes. The vessel is not mine, and my orders are to proceed from this place to Barcelona."

"Oh! ce n'est rien. The Republic wants your vessel, and must have it. You were mistaken in supposing they were wishes that I expressed. You must be ready in a fortnight." Then making an imperative bow, he departed.

This visit disturbed and vexed me. I had sold my cargo at a very great profit, and hoped soon to be at home enjoying an increase of wealth and reputation.

But the General had spoken in a tone of decision, and I had witnessed, every day, striking and distressing proofs that it was useless to resist his resolute will.

I consulted my friend, but he could give me no hope. I inquired whether it would be safe or expedient to offer money for my ship. He thought it could do no harm.

I found the General busy with his secretaries, and expressed a wish that he would receive a sum of money instead of my ship.

"You are mistaken, my dear sir," said he, smiling, "the Republic does not want money, it is willing to pay money. My young friend, your reluctance to go surprises me. I should think you would eagerly covet the glory of transporting, in your ship, the conqueror of Italy and his staff to Egypt. Such good fortune does not often fall to the lot of so young a man. You will visit a celebrated country, and connect your name in history with the hero of the age." And he turned to dictate to his secretaries with an air that said, it must be so.

Visions of glory and delight passed before me, but they vanished when I thought of duty and of home. Reflection suggested to me another expedient to get free. All the salt provisions known to be in the city had been seized, and I knew that more was wanted. I again called on the General, and asked him if he wished to purchase salt beef.

"Yes, yes," said he quickly. "Have you got any? I will give you your own price for it. Where is it?"

"I have eighty barrels, but you must excuse me for not telling where it is. You will give me my own price?"

"Yes."

"It is understood, then, is it, that if I will let you have eighty barrels of salt beef, you will give me my own price for it?"

"Certainly."

"I will, then, deliver you the salt beef, if you will give me a written permission to depart with my vessel."

"Oh; that is not *paying a price*. Your vessel I must have. You will hereafter thank me for giving you an opportunity of laying up for yourself recollections which will always give you pleasure. I must have your *beef*, too, and be assured I shall have it, if it is in the city. General Bonaparte will soon be here, and you must be prepared to receive him on board." A decisive bow put an end to the interview.

For several days I felt much anxiety. I had no doubt that he had ordered his subordinates to search for the beef, and feared it would be found. At length an officer came to me, and told me that the beef was so essential to the army that the General had concluded to accept my proposal. Without any more words, an order for the beef was exchanged for a written permission to depart. I took a cargo of wheat on board and sailed, in a few days, for Barcelona.

On my arrival at the port of Barcelona, several men, ragged and filthy, came on board and inquired what cargo we had brought. We answered, wheat, and they left us. Not long afterwards, several others, genteelly dressed, and having the manners of gentlemen, came on board, and asked me if I had any wheat for sale. I told them that I had brought a cargo for their market. They then proposed to purchase it, and, after some talk, offered me more than I expected to obtain on shore. During the conversation, my suspicions were awakened, and I wished to ascertain if all was right. I drew from them, without much difficulty, that they intended to land the wheat secretly without paying the duties, and could, therefore, afford to give me more for it than I could realize in any other way. I discovered, in short, they were professed smugglers. I told them, if they would give me their names, I would consider their offer, and let them know my determination. They thereupon gave me their names, fairly written, and departed.

Now, I have you, thought I, I will complain of you to the Intendant, have you punished as you deserve, and sustain the reputation of the Yankees for honesty.

Early the next morning, I hastened to the Intendant, made my complaint,

and exhibited my proofs. He paused awhile, and said: "I know these men; I know they are smugglers; I can issue my warrant, arrest, and punish them; but if I do you will be murdered in twenty-four hours."

"Is this," I exclaimed, "the state of society in Barcelona?"

"I am sorry to say it is," said he; "but if you say so, I will do my duty. I will have these men arrested and punished. I advise you, however, to stop where you are, and say nothing about it."

I thought well of his advice, hastened back to my ship, and held my tongue. Possibly this magistrate, who appeared so very friendly to me, was a confederate of the smugglers. I did not think so at the time.

I disposed of my wheat, and in the mean time ascertained that the wine which had been purchased, and which was to have been ready for me at the port, had not been brought down from the vineyard, which was about thirty miles distant in the country. To wait for it would not bring it, and I determined to go to the vineyard and hasten its transmission to the port. I procured a horse of an innkeeper, and inquired the way. Not understanding Spanish, I derived but little benefit from his directions, but understood him when he said the horse knew the road. I started in the right direction, but the road soon divided, and when I inquired of a footman, who was near, which road I should take, *quien sabe?* (who knows?) was the reply. I threw down the reins and gave the horse liberty to choose. He chose readily, and guided as well as carried by him, I arrived in the afternoon in sight of a city, which I knew was near the end of my journey. I still trusted to the horse, sat upright on the saddle, and thus rode zigzag, turning from street to street, and nearly through the city, when the horse, suddenly turning short, sprang under an arch into a court, and stopped at the bottom of a flight of stairs, which led up into a large hotel. A man came to the door, and addressing, not me but the horse, welcomed him home. I dismounted, obtained lodgings for the night, and a conveyance to the vineyard in the morning.

The wine was not ready, and I staid at a cottage near the vineyard two or three weeks. I would here describe the mode of making wine; but, as you do

not drink it, I will pass it over. I was shocked to see them tread out luscious grapes with their dirty feet, but they assured me that all the filth worked out when the juice fermented.

I at length finished loading my vessel and set sail for Boston. I had a rich cargo under my care, besides good bills in my pocket, and I had become nervous from excessive anxiety and overstrained efforts. To me every speck in the horizon looked like a French privateer, and I often set my sails for a race, but was never pursued. In a few weeks I arrived safe in Boston harbor.

My ship was telegraphed, and the owners came on board to see me. They had received my protest from Naples, and had heard nothing farther from me. They welcomed me cordially, and inquired the news; I told them I was too weary to tell them news, but they would find what most interested them in my accounts, which, on my way home, I had prepared for their examination. Then, leaving the ship in their care, I hastened to seek rest at home.

A few days afterwards I returned to Boston, and met my owners; and a more joyful party I never saw together. The amount of profit much surpassed their expectations, and they immediately began to plan another voyage. But I told them that I needed repose, and should not leave home again in haste. One of them followed me out and took me aside. "I observe," said he, "that you have not charged, in your accounts, the money you paid to get out of that scrape at Naples. You probably promised secrecy; but you ought not to lose it, and we are willing to pay it. Just set down a good round sum for contingencies, we will allow it, and never betray you."

"But I paid nothing," said I.

"Oh, don't be too delicate," said he, "we will never say a word. You must have paid something."

"I paid nothing, and shall take nothing," said I, and left him. I doubt whether, to this day, they felt certain that I told the truth.

Several ships were offered me, but I declined them all, and remained at home, and idle for a year. And it was the most unhappy year of my life. I am now much richer than in my youth I ever hoped to be; but I assure you, that next to a good conscience, occupation contributes most to human happiness.

NEWS FROM GRASSLAND.

A MOUNTAIN LETTER FROM JOHN ST. JOHN, ESQ., TO HIS FRIEND IN TOWN.

GRASSLAND, June, 1856.

BURIED here in Grassland, with the mountain winds around me, and the wealth of golden sunsets and magnificent dawns, which appertain especially to this demesne before my eyes, what better can I do, O Dominic, unhappy denizen of the dusty town, than jot down a few particulars about myself and my domain for your amusement.

Something like this I said to myself the other evening, as I was sitting in my favorite wicker arm-chair under the flowering tulip stretching its broad arms above: and as my thoughts flew far away, in smiling reverie, to the absent, I indulged in something resembling that weakness of great men—soliloquy. There is Dominic, most agreeable of ancient friends—I said, musing, as I gazed at the blue mountains, and bruised carelessly a wheat straw between my teeth—there is Dominic, perhaps one of the greatest lovers of nature that ever pined in unwholesome cities—Dominic, who mistook his vocation, and, laboring under a deplorable delusion, went and made a lawyer of himself; a professor of Black Letter lore, and a horrible jabberer of legal terms, which I never listen to without a shudder. He is in town—I continued—all this weather, and at this moment, he is no doubt “breaking his head,” as Rabelaisian friend Panurge says, over records, declarations, writs, or other inventions of the Evil One, while I am lounging here in happy idleness, beholding the blue waves of noble mountains. He has a dusty street within a few feet of him, and the rattle of the omnibusses, with their “one more” passengers, are incessant. I have the beautiful uplands, trending far away in emerald slopes, decorated by May sunsets from the olden poets! Poor Dominic!—happy St. John!—and the worst of it is, that Dominic knows the sunsets come off every evening, and the dawns every morning, punctually, here in my mountains—and knowing it, he groans to think of it, and beats his breast, and goes and gets a mildly-intoxicating beverage of sherry wine, and sucks it through an oaten straw, and mourns. He can't leave

Dust-street, No. 13, however, and there's an end of it: I can't relieve his desperate condition, or persuade him to emigrate hither. Still, why not write him a few lines—I went on “in conclusion”—why not make my mountain breezes blow in the hot city for a moment, as his eye runs over my epistle, and his imagination fills up all my careless outline? Why not tell my unfortunate legal friend—my ancient crony, Dominic—a few things about Grassland?

This, my dear fellow, was the muttered soliloquy which I indulged in, as the bright June sunset went away beyond the hills, and died in splendid purple, like some old barbaric emperor—Tamerlane or Genghis Khan, or other magnificent individual of the dreamy Orient. And this is what I am going to write you—something about Grassland.

You know I live here in the very heart of the hills, with the freshest air and the finest scenery in the world; and Providence having surrounded me with many pleasant objects, I do not despair of making you sufficiently country-sick, to induce you to burn your manuscripts—figuratively speaking—devote old Coke, that wretched torment and delusion, to congenial dust and obscure corners, and come up to Grassland, and live for a time with me, as a philosopher should live.

Why not? The library is in order now, thanks to a morning's devotion to its claims, and I rather pride myself upon the strictly Gothic character of my book-cases. It is true, my cottage is in the English style;—that the pillars of the portico are Corinthian, with Ionic capitals; and that the observatory upon the top is in the Oriental minaret style: but this does not clash with my Gothic book-case; and I think you will admire the decorations. I have a statue of Minerva, cold and pale, upon the corner book-case, and opposite a bust of Franklin. On the one near the window are busts of Pindar and Euripides, which are very handsome. The works of these great writers, it is scarcely necessary to say, I never read, my taste being entirely modern, and never reaching fur-

ther back than Don Quixote, the peerless La Mancha knight, whom, with Colonel Newcome, I love and reverence as the model of a gentleman. Kate has fixed everything admirably in the library, and I think the arm-chair and walnut Louis XIV. table would tempt the laziest man of letters that ever lived to write out his great thoughts and feelings. I am sorry to say, however, that I seldom yield to the temptation myself. My great work, which some of these days I will tell you all about, is still behind hand, and I rather think will remain so, if the present delightful weather continues. On my said table, of the Louis Quatorze period, you will find all the magazines and periodicals which I read; and I fancy sometimes that the elder and pagan writers, in their sheep and embossed Russia, look down upon these modern and pea-green representatives of the bibliocracy, with a sort of supercilious pride, a stare of hauteur and superiority, as though they would like to annihilate them all with a look, and bring the reading public back to themselves, and the studies they pursued before their tastes were vitiated. In vain! for O, most respected of philosophers, even immortal Plato!—the child in pinafores knows more of life, and science, and death and immortality, than you ever knew. O Aristotle, Zeno, Pyrrhus, Epicurus, and even Socrates, you have had your day, and speak but faintly now in the world's hurly-burly—that inconsiderate world which long since passed beyond you, and discarded your philosophies. So, my friends of ancient times, your rule comes back no more for ever: like the worn-out beauty who wanes before the fresh loveliness of the new generation, your influence is dead: a few years will see even your prestige fade and die, and when you go, O charming pagans, whether of Greek or Rome, one friend of yours, who has listened to you often, will say—Joy go with you!

There is my library, my dear Dominic: and now enough has been said of books, which are secondary topics of interest when the glories of the mountains call away the thoughts to the imperial splendor of nature, so much more magnificent than the grandest pictures of the fancy.

Stand with me at the door, my dear Dominic, or, as you were always shockingly indolent, come out and take the

wicker arm-chair under the large talip-tree, opposite to my own. Yonder, in the west, you see the mountains, surging like a blue wave, against the golden shore of evening. Southward, where the sunflashes, an edging of white cloud shows that the wave has broken into foam; but in the west, directly before your eyes, the heavens are one great crimson sea, which flows far away beyond the azure horizon, fading, as it goes, into rosy mist. Against this dreamy back-ground, changing every moment and becoming of a paler golden hue, a flock of birds circle and soar, and at last sink away in the dim distance. Some day I will open Spenser and make an excursion into the undiscovered land of Faery; at present let us look at its cis-montane district. Green hills, you see, roll from the eminence which we occupy, towards the mountain headlands; but the foreground to them is my beautiful river.

Did you never try to find out why the Spaniards and the Moors were so enamored of those golden rivers of Andalusia and the South? I am convinced that their names had much to do with it. Guadalquivir is ready shaped for poets, and must flow, like Pactolus, over golden sands towards an enchanted sea. Well, my own river, near which my boyhood passed, and which I love for ever, because it lies for me bathed in the rosy hues of memory—my river has just such a name as this, as you know. It is beautiful, too, with its limpid waves, its foliage swaying in the stream—the said foliage being the boughs of gigantic sycamores and elms, under whose broad arms the mastodon doubtless browsed, startling the great forest, and making the stream shiver with its terrible roar. In our own day no such sounds are heard—silence and shadow reign with divided sovereignty in that demesne, and almost nothing but the murmur of waves and fitful gleams of sunlight dispute their power.

I am mistaken—very much mistaken. Kate's little songs echo often there, and she seems to love the stream. Indeed, it has a thousand aspects of attraction, my Dominic, whether it glides tranquilly under azure skies in silence; or glitters like newly shed blood, as the sun leaps, a wounded champion, before he dies; or flows away like a golden ribbon into the dim forest, beneath the foliage of the immemorial woods. In

my river, Dominic, you will find much to like. Foud, as you are, of fishing, and those indolent rambles which we used to indulge in along the banks, gathering wild flowers, and listening to the murmur of the water-flags, and listening, too, unhappy lawyer and worldly man, to sweeter murmurs under rosier skies than any that now droop above for us—foud, as you are, of those scenes and occupations, you can scarcely fail to find my western Guadualquiver to your taste, even though it cannot be the enchanted river of our youth. Ah! Postumus, do not the flying years glide away? Listen to the rustling of the wings as they "ruffle their pure cold plumes," and dive into the undiscovered realms where none—not even time—but the Almighty has yet been. That river of youth! Yes, it rises for me, as for you, a fairy stream, and those were fairy days. We dreamed then, my dear fellow, and life was not yet open—that glorious life, whose greatest glory and supreme excitement is the race for cash. Let us be thankful, O, Dominic, most fortunate of philosophers, that we have at last realized the true view of life, the veritable spirit; that one's eyes are open to the actual splendor, and value, and glory of life—the aforesaid sweepstakes on the mundane course.

On my beautiful river, which is rapidly growing dim now, we have a boat—I mean Kate and myself. It lies upon the water like a dream, and seems fit only for some moonlight expedition to the realms of Fairyland—so airily does its slender prow run up—so delicate the shadow cutting the bright waters, and broken into a mere phantasmagoric form by the ripples, as the slim bark sways backward and forward—gently and dreamily as does the chalice of the water-lily, agitated by the breath of evening. Thus, as I have said, our bark partakes of the character of a flower or a dream,—it is frail, delicate, and highly poetical. Kate seems to have been impressed with this idea. Kate, who, with me, often spends the long pleasant hours of evening in the light boat, gliding over the pure waters, through the shadows of drooping foliage. She has forced me to call it the "Illusion"—for which elegant and striking word she explored the dictionary—(Webster's quarto, which she supported on two chairs, as she knelt

on her cricket before its awful pages); and, inasmuch as this name has been painted on the stern, in capital letters, surrounded with numerous and very handsome flower wreaths, the thing really does begin to look somewhat poetical. I have suggested, therefore, the following improvement or addition. Just a little way up the stream from the bark's usual mooring, an opening in the forest permits you to catch sight of the blue battlements of distant mountains, and over these the splendid palaces of sunset rise with myriads of golden domes and flaming window-panes. This is really Fairyland for Kate, and to me a veritable Espagne, in which rise numerous castles—to wit, those of the clouds—analogous to those designed and reared by that immortal architect, Titbottom. Titbottom! Let me recommend to you, O, Dominic, the pages in which this gentleman, and the husband of Prue, discovered the most delightful prose poetry, upon the most delightful themes. If Fandango is admirable, Titbottom is wonderful—but wonderful only to the initiated, even as the castles to which the "Illusion" sails with dripping paddles, making tinkling noise, are castles really to none but Kate and me, only mere clouds. In the "Illusion," therefore, slender prowed, and built with timber from the bower of Armida, Kate and I sail often through the sunset; and I think the songs she sings, in her pure, touching voice, are such as Edmund Spenser would have listened to with joy, and saluted as the very echo of his delicatest fancies.

Now that the river and the boat have been discoursed upon, deign, my dear Dominic, to cast your eyes towards the mountain spurs yonder—and, peeping from the tufted trees of June, you will discern the houses of my neighbors—Ramshorn, the hunter, who thinks the chief end of man is to slay deer; Voegel, the mystic, who fills his brains with Hegelian and Kantish dust; lastly, 'Squire Higlington, who is so unhappy as to be a great landed proprietor. Unfortunate fellow! I pity him sincerely. The fact is, the poor fellow is deplorably rich—has an amount of property, the very thought of which is dreadful and appalling. It depresses me to think of it, and I sometimes ask myself, what mortal sin he has committed, that he should be thus compelled, by an adverse fate, to suffer one of the most

trying illa that flesh is heir to. Poor fellow! But let us return to more cheerful subjects.

You know something about Grassland now, my Dominic; why not come? You know what Horace says—but I forget myself. Kate says she does not understand Latin, and wishes I would not use it. Do you ask how she is connected with my letter? Simply thus—that she is looking over my shoulder as I write these lines, brighter than the sunset streaming upon my paper—brighter, because youth, and innocence, and joy, the smiles of tender lips, and the kind light of gentle eyes, have more in them than many sunsets. Admire the beautiful and elevated sentiment, my dear Dominic, and lament the bad fortune which does not permit you to reap the reward I have just received.

Now that Miss Kate has run away laughing and singing, I will continue my rambling talk with you, my Dominic: I who talk with the pen as I do orally, who use indifferently the goose-quill, or the gold, the voice, or the post. Is it not always so with those to whom Providence has given the happy or unhappy gift of the literary spirit? It seems to me at times that human nature should be divided into men, women, and *literati*—that is to say, individuals who flourish the goose-quill or the gold, as did the knights of old the lance and battle-axe; who are never so much at their ease as when in the saddle of their prosaic or poetic Pegasus; who possess the fortunate or unfortunate, the dangerous or harmless faculty of creation. Do not pause here to make the mental remark, that Mr. John St. John, however much his character may have changed, in the long lapse of years, has, nevertheless, retained his old leaven of vanity. By no means, my dear friend—that would be rank injustice. Why will the world commit eternally the same injustice, blunder on in the old confusion of the things so radically dissimilar? To claim for one's self whatever one possesses, is surely a commendable and proper act in the most modest; and, as I have the good or bad fortune, as aforesaid, to be literary, beyond any sort of doubt, why am I vain in this, that I declare I handle my peaceful brand with ease? I shall never slay any giants therewith, and, I very much fear, never rescue a single unfor-

tunate damsel—the real war of letters is not for the indolent and contented. St. John, who lounged in his mountain castle, quite disconnected from the world, in his condition, and, if assuming the literary spear, bent only upon leveling it in some peaceful tournament with brave Sir Dominic, or other valiant chevalier.

The mood into which I have fallen scarcely befits, or would befit, a red-cross knight on hostile thoughts intent, instinct with "beauteous battle," or other striking old chivalric habitudes. In a word, my dear Dominic, I have been dreaming, as is my wont, over the past—that beautiful past which lies for both of us a delicate fairy land of sun and shadow; where the trees are all clad in tender green, and agitated by enchanted winds; where the blue sky droops down upon a marvelous horizon of such ancient woods; where, in a word, everything speaks of that beneficent, beautiful time, which men call youth. Youth—ah! youth! Do you know what it means, O friend of my heart—good Dominic, whose careless, laughing face shines on me as I write, and makes the past more clear? Is your memory still green and tender? Do you know what the magical word youth really signifies? To me it indicates everything that is rosy, hopeful, and alluring—the illusions and romance of that dead day rise up with it; and again I live over those scenes of joy and laughter, of gaiety, and splendor, and delight! Scenes they were, on which the unforgotten glory rests still for me, which I look back upon with smiles and tender regret, it may be, but with such joy as nothing on the real earth, perhaps, can give me; which I make a part of the life of my heart, as once they were the actual life of my being, and which nothing shall or can deprive me of, unless it be a fiat from that Power which rules and guards us, before which we kneel with love and thanksgiving and submission.

Of my youth, then, have I been dreaming, O friendly Dominic; and the occasion of my dream was a visit to Penuel, where I was born and grew to manhood. Penuel! I was there again, where my family once dwelt; where love and happiness, and mother's tenderness, had hallowed every spot; where the very winds, which blew against the gables and the lofty oaks,

seemed not the real winds of time, but those of other years, not silent yet, and never to be, until mingled with, and drowned in, those immortal winds that blow upon us from eternity. Standing in the old hall, where everything was familiar, and dear, and soothing, it seemed to me that the dead time assumed an actual voice; that my boyhood grew incarnate, and spoke to me of itself; that all the merry maidens and bright cousins of the past laughed for me once more with the dear old laughter. The large room echoed once with it, and the gay piano, with its rippling flood of music inaugurated many merry dances—dances trodden by feet which have lost, alas! all their spring, which step now solemnly and slowly under the weight of life, or whose owners have quite passed away into the gulf of other years.

To me, however, those merry faces are illuminated with perennial youth; the joy and glory of my boyhood is not gone; and this was why, standing in the old mansion of my fathers, I heard my childhood speak to me again, and felt the old, old breeze upon my musing forehead. I heard the laughter of the far past, and how it sounded Dominic! Coming away, I hear it still, and for many days will I listen to it ringing in the noble halls of memory.

Beautiful laughter! Before its joyous music, all the present faints and falls—all the real world sinks into mist, and smiling with dreamy eyes like poor Alceste, gazing on the glories she has lost, I pass away from what is actually around me, and go back to the old time, as I said, and live therein, a king with brave musicians, such as never before did service before monarch! From that brilliant past a thousand splendid phantoms rise up and salute me; a crowd of faces beam on me, and will forever. I walk along these corridors of memory, this beauteous picture-gallery; and I see what I would fain speak of to you, O legal Dominic, smiling as is my wont, but with a quiet happiness, possibly a sad regret, too deep for laughter or for tears.

Would you see my pictures; hear me discourse upon them; draw the dim curtains, and gaze on the sweet visions shining on me from my fairy boyhood? If you would not, close my poor rambling epistle; if you would, look!

In that dim recess, see the face of a child; a child with golden hair and rosy cheeks, sweet eyes "as azure as the heavens," and coral lips. I should not go far wrong, were I to declare that the canvas still shows those eyes as they were, "with a charming archness in them"—a joy and laughter such as youth and innocence alone possess. From the round, white shoulders, upon which the golden hair lies, nestling and fond, a cloud of snowy lace, as diaphanous as the morning mists of May, falls down and floats in delicate flakes, leaving the white neck engrossed, and the soft slopes of those shoulders I have pointed to, on which my poor, weary cheek leans often, or, at least, strives to lean, in dreams. See now the innocent lips—lips on which nature's, or rather God's, love, and purity, and goodness, are reflected as the light of the fair moon is from the surface of some tranquil stream. That love, and purity, and goodness beam, too, in the liquid blue of eyes that never held a tear. In her hand a bunch of flowers—a nosegay—for let us go back to the good old Saxon English, and discard *bouquet*—rains down a delicate perfume, as of the freshness and loveliness of May; and from the pure, white brows, bent toward the flowers, the rippling curls wave back like golden clouds blown by the merry winds of May, around the white forehead of the dawn. Observe how I linger before this fair and tender picture; how loth I am to leave it; how I prose on, at the risk of wearying you, my Dominic. But how can I dismiss from memory this pure ray of the morning? this child who dowered my life with so much quiet happiness, and whose counterpart I have never met, nor shall meet on this earth? She had the most delightful simplicity and tenderness; and, when her countenance was illuminated with that smile which still shines in my mind, "she stood a sight to make an old man young."

Oblivion never for thee, then, fairest of the earthly angels of an all-holy and lovely Being, who will not leave our lives uncheered by something emanating as it were from heaven. Speak to me from the long gone time, O child of my memory and my heart!—lead me again with soft hands into the bright domain of youth. Youth! youth! I have left it so long! It is so far from me, swallowed in the insatiate maw of years,

the rustle of whose mighty wings seems to my musing heart, at times, to shape itself into words, and say, "No, none! no, none!" Speak to me in the fresh, sweet voice of the old happy day, and tell me that I have not lost completely the illusion and romance of life—that I am not yet old!

Speak to me also, O beautiful maiden, of my dreams—whose hand, as white and gentle as the lily moving delicately on the surface of the stream, once lay in mine—when, still a boy, I thought myself in love with you, and wandered by moonlight thinking of you, and in fond chivalric fancies did numerous heroic things in honor of you. Speak to me, and tell me of the past whose roseate days fled by like happy visions, illustrated and adorned by figures such as shine no more for me on earth. In the picture gallery of memory, you, too, hang, beauteous and breathing, brilliant youth, with dewy eyes and lips and taper fingers, pointing—whither? To the happy household which you rule as fair young mother? Ah! is the word *wife*? So pass, then, beautiful damsel, to thy other world, but hang, still, an immortal maiden in my gallery of memory.

Many are the pictures which thus rise before me, and, mingling themselves with the actual loveliness around me, grow more beautiful and dear. I do not repine. I hold it good, good things should pass, as says my poet, and I will not strive and fight against time. To Him who led the wanderers with his glorious arm to make himself an everlasting name, the gratitude for leading thus my wandering and lost thoughts into the promised land of love and beauty—even the land of memory! Happy is the man who lives in memory, O my friend; and, therefore, I am happy. There are those who consider themselves called upon to moan and groan when the past and its bright scenes are recalled to them. Rather, far rather, smile, my Dominic, and make the golden glories of the joyous prime, like autumn sunlight, flood the boughs of thought—those boughs which may not be clad in such tender green, but are still beautiful and lovely.

Am I wandering from Grassland, which I promised you news concerning? If so, I carry you into a country where the flowers ever bloom, and the winds sweep over fairy harps. But those

flowers have not for every one the same perfume—those harps sound not so delicately to all. Let me, then, come back to my mountain home before I close up my poor rambling epistle—rambling and very laughable, because it tries in vain to catch, and so embody something like an image of my noble hall of memory. Let me, then, leave that haunted land—that domain of the past, which I alone am sovereign of, and so, with musing eyes fixed on the sunset, sitting on my wicker throne beneath the tulip whither I am gone, endeavor to point out a few more of the lovely points in my fair landscape.

Yonder you see—but what is that I hear? Kate is at the piano, and the day is destined to die here in Grassland to some carol such as Kate alone can give me. As the joyous ripple floats and eddies on the crimson air, I think how very unfortunate we citizens of this century are. We have little real music. In the old days there were Scottish airs of such a tender and affecting pathos that they seem to have been wafted to us from the land of Faery. Where are they gone, and why has the inexorable nineteenth century deposed them? Was there nothing in that golden lyric ringing still in many noble hearts, the "Flowers of the Forest?" Were the cadences of "Jock o' Hazeldean" unworthy of the present generation, that the adventures of one "Mr. Brown" and "Dandy Jim" and "Old Dan Tucker" should take precedence, indeed, quite banish, and so silence them? There are many beautiful airs, I grant you, in the *repertoire* of Mr. Christy and his confrères—and I often listen with delight to some peripatetic organ-grinder, playing that sad and melancholy, but most touching air, the good "Old Folks at Home." But all are not like this; and when the "Camptown Races," "Nelly Bly," and "Susy Brown" jostle and push aside and silence "Logan Water," "Lochaber" and "Roslyn Castle," I am filled with scorn for those loud upstarts, and would willingly throttle even the fairest belle of Ethiopia. Let me rejoice that my little Kate is unaffected by this new and preposterous fashion—that she prefers those sweet ditties of the Scottish and the English muse, which all our good forefathers and foremothers took so much delight in. Let me be thankful that my little fairy places Caledo-

nia before Ethiopia. I often listen to her carol in the lovely evenings, when, in a voice inexpressibly soft and sympathetic, she delivers, as they said in olden days, some one of the dear lyrics of the past. I listen and am glad that I have near me this young disciple of the dead minstrelsy; and now as she finishes her prelude on the piano, which is not familiar to me, however, I lean back and close my eyes, and, with my senses steeped in a delicious, languid pleasure of anticipation, wait to hear the first notes of good "Lochaber," or something else, from one of the old brown-backed music books, on the stool beneath the instrument.

What do I hear! "Lochaber?" It is not "Lochaber!"—it is something

with which I am not familiar! There! Kate's voice rises, and instead of floating, rattles!—instead of sighing, laughs! It is an abominable, detestable, modern, Vandalic and Gothic chant, with the wretched and miserable burden, "Sebastopol is taken!—hoop de doo, hoop de doo!—Sebastopol is taken! hoop de doodle doo!"

My dear Dominic, there are things which even the stoutest nerves cannot withstand. I have no longer the power to continue my letter—that abominable chant has unnerved me. There, again! "Sebastopol is ta——!" I close my ears; I sink back; I have scarcely strength to sign myself what I am always, yours, faithfully,

ST. JOHN.

THE BOY OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

I.

ACROSS a league of angry breakers
And three of waste and drifting sand,
With curlews wading in the shallows
And white gulls fishing off the land;

II.

A beacon on the far horizon,
Nearer, a tower all worn and white,
A light-house half, and half a prison,
With rusted gratings round the light.

III.

Barren the shore and unfrequented,
And fretted ever by the sea:
And such as these were his surroundings,
A hero, and the last of three.

IV.

On the long swell from the Bermudas
While great Orion climbs the sky,
Remote at sea, in night and silence,
Like ghosts the unseen fleets go by;

V.

Or tossing in the wide Atlantic
Impetuous dash upon the lee,
When the low coast with mists is hidden,
And white with foam is all the sea.

VI.

Ah what endurance and endeavor
Were his who watched between these bars,
Through those drear nights when wildest tempest
Shut out the earth, the sea, the stars!

VII.

Serene the early autumn morning,
Fair skies, light breezes off the shore;
When the two keepers of the beacon
Sailed from it to return no more.

VIII.

Up through the gates of the Antilles
Coastwise the driving fog was piled,
By the fierce gusts of the tornado,
And the great waves raged white and wild.

IX.

Shoreward from sea and sedgy marshes
The sea-birds toiled to reach the main,
Drifting aslant before the tempest,
Bewildered by the hissing rain;

X.

Around the tower with cries discordant
Wheeling in oft repeated flight,
They caught on wet and glancing pinions
The gleam of the revolving light.

XI.

Through the rain-blurred and beaten casement
Each following each in endless chase,
Flashed bars of light pursued by shadows,
In wider circles round the place;

XII.

Flashed over sands and sound and inlet,
And leagues of sea lashed by the gale,
And past the shoal and dangerous headland
In safety guided many a sail.

XIII.

And direful wreck had been, and drowning
Where wreck had never been before,
Had it but faltered in revolving
And seemed some casual light ashore.

XIV.

Three nights of storm, on the horizon
A star by turns to sea and sound—
Did mortal hand light up the beacon
And trail the glittering lamps around?

XV.

For in the whirlwind's sudden fury,
Just where the seas and currents crossed,
Whelmed in the merciless Atlantic
Both keepers of the light were lost.

XVI.

It was a child of years yet tender
Kept lonely vigil in their stead,
Nor knew that in the hollow surges
Rolled sire and grandsire stark and dead.

XVII.

He thought of tales of shipwreck dreadful
On coasts sea-girt and lying low,
Of wretches lost in the Atlantic,—
And set the glimmering lamps a-row.

XVIII.

Poised in its well within the tower,
A ponderous weight controls by night,
Through multiplying wheels and pinions,
The revolutions of the light.

XIX.

How long he toiled—a child's endeavor—
At the stiff crank to raise this weight,
While darker rolled the ocean ever,
And wind and rain assailed the grate;

XX.

How his brave soul remained undaunted
When all his childish strength was vain,
While deeper night involved the ocean,
And wilder beat the wind and rain;

XXI.

Until disjoined from wheel and pinion,
Studded with lights, a sparkling reel,
Round and around in bright gyrations
He drew at last the cumbrous wheel.

XXII.

'Twas when the furious tornado
On the fourth day had ceased to blow.
And there were wrecks from Corrientes
To the pine shores of Pamlico;

XXIII.

They came in boats across the surges,
In which the keepers twain were drowned,
And found him by the wheel still kneeling—
A poor dead child was all they found.

XXIV.

If 'twas of hunger that he perished,
Or thirst, or streats of long fatigue,
Or all conjoined,—who e'er can tell us?
Witness was none for many a league.

XXV.

Give, O blind world, your loud applauses
To men renowned through blood and tears;
Not thus that nobler hero triumphed,
And these are not among his peers.

ELEPHANT-BACK IN BURMAH.

SHORTLY after our arrival at Moulmein, an excursion to "The Caves," some twelve miles to the north of the town, was planned by several English officers and resident merchants, and an invitation extended to our gun-room mess. Accordingly, garrees were bespoken, boats engaged to await us at the ferry, and elephants on the other side, to roll us to our destination; kit-mudgars and bearers were sent on before with hampers, teeming with tongues, anchovies, sardines, chutney, eggs, and curry, together with the table furniture, and all the machinery of a pic-nic; and so, with the cheroots, and the "brandy-pawnee," and the soda-water, and the beer, we set out, after an early breakfast of fruit and coffee, in our low, square garrees, drawn by brown, bob-maned, opinionated ponies, each with his proper gorawallah—nude and sweaty, and shiny accordingly, and long-winded and varicose—running at his head.

After an hour of rattling through straight and narrow streets, between green ditches and smoky bamboo huts—the latter extremely ramshackle, and redolent of petroleum, ghee, and putrid fish—running over pariah dogs, and throwing naked brown brats into convulsions of glee, while their fathers and mothers squatted, and giggled, and smoked great green cigars, in their cane porches—we came, at last, to the river. Here, alighting from the garrees, we transferred ourselves and the "plunder" to ticklish canoes, and were paddled across the sluggish stream, thinking of crocodiles and hippopotami, to a bunch of tumble-down sheds in a bower of urchin banians, where some Burmese loafers, who were squatting as we approached, in knots of three or four, rising to the perpendicular when our boats stuck, a score of yards from the bank, ran down, to tote us over the black mud on their backs.

A few rods up the road, stood five elephants, substantial monsters, flapping their cape-like ears, and pendulating their short, ridiculous tails—which, by-the-by, the greenest of us regarded as very superfluous appendages, as useless as unornamental, until, fording a stream in the course of our excursion, we perceived the very gentlemanly use to which the gutta-percha philosopher

in front of us put his. They twinkled their bright, little, black eyes, that were like polished horn buttons on an india-rubber over-coat, and fly-brushed themselves with whisks of paddy straw, featly flourished with their trunks.

Seeing an elephant in a menagerie, may naturally be attended with sensations more or less flattering to the spectator. In view of the "admittance, 25 cts.," he is conscious of patronizing Behemoth. But to stand under a roadside precipice of animated india-rubber, having already (being a green tourist in that region) foolishly made grand flourishes of your intention to ascend without assistance, is to look up at Peter Botte, and suddenly recollect that you have left your windlass and rope ladder at home; you are reduced, with ridiculous abruptness, to a sense of your situation—a confession of your own insignificance, and the magnitude of the Almighty's works.

When my kitmudgar, pointing to Behemoth's Jehu, perched on his neck with a boat-hook contrivance for a whip, said: "S'pose Sahib likee, Sahib can *goup*," that somewhat saturnine heathen had no intention to be funny. Most of our party had been "up" before, and, with slight assistance—by pushing from below, by Jehu's pulling from above—were soon to be seen leaning over the rails of the howdahs, surveying the surrounding country from their commanding eminence.

"Our Yankee friend," being neither active nor light, of course came last. The mountain had partly come down to the other Mahomets, and Behemoth was kneeling. Our company was uncomfortably masculine, so there were no steps provided; the livery-stable keepers from whom we hired our nags would not insult the Sahibs, forsooth—"the Sahibs were birds, the Sahibs were serpents, the Sahibs were monkeys." (Thank you!) "Must birds, must serpents, must monkeys have ladders?" So they boosted their Yankee friend from below, and they hoisted their Yankee friend from above; but they were weak with laughter, and they let go, and the sides of the mountain were no less slippery than steep, and the feet of their Yankee friend were false to him,

his temper impatient, his wonted philosophy forgotten: so he slid down.

Thrice he slid down discomfited, and, the third time, he carried with him the bamboo front of the howdah. Then Behemoth rose to his feet, contemptuous, indignant, with "too bad" in his eye, impatience in his uplifted trunk, and offended dignity in his short, huffish grunt. But Jehu, patient and busy, picked away at his organ of amative-ness with the boat-hook; there was another small land-slide—and then, with unanimity of extraordinary boosting and hoisting, joined to a great feat of agility on the part of the acrobat, silently apprehensive of the mood of Behemoth, "our Yankee friend" reached the top, amid loud cheers, and "Yankee Doodle" from the band. Whereupon, Behemoth, with great upheavings, arose from his knees, and rolled forward.

If you have never doubled the Cape, if your stomach is treacherous and your sea-legs uncertain, if sea-sickness is your idiosyncrasy, don't take passage on an elephant, for a voyage of twenty-five miles; go by water, or try a palkee.

First, you are down by the stern, then bows under; now a lurch to leeward pitches you into the scuppers, and next you are in the trough of the sea, wallowing to windward. Like a Dutch galliot under bare poles in a cross-sea—how she rolls! Like a whale in the wake of a steamer—how she blows! You ascend a slight irregularity in the road—how she labors up the slope! You pause on the ridge—for an instant she sways and surges, then

"Down topples to the gulf below."

You hold on by the howdah; you commend yourself to your usual good-luck; you comfort your fears with observing how little Jehu minds it; you throw away your cheroot—it's too hot to smoke; you stop wishing for tiffin; you try to think it interesting, and commence instituting naturalistic researches into the sagacity of "old Injin Rubber," as that funny Smith of the Company's service nicknames the soft subject of your studies.

Thus you get through six miles of monotonous jungle, relieved only by its sequel of six miles of paddy-field. However often you may wish inside that you were dead, you never say so once—"You rather like it." At last you come to your "Caves," and with a "By Jove,

boys—this is capital!" you swing yourself off by the hands and drop to the ground, as fearlessly as though you had never told a lie in your life.

Shortly after emerging from the jungle into the paddy, our liveliest curiosity was aroused by the eccentric movements of our elephant, and the sudden excitement of his *mahout*, who, leaning over the head of his beast, explored the ground before him and on each side with curious, anxious scrutiny, conversing all the while with his huge philosopher and friend in quick, sharp ejaculations, sometimes shrill, sometimes subdued, sometimes almost whispered in his ear.

"Old Injin Rubber" crept forward cautiously (imagine an elephant on tip-toe), hesitating, suspicious, vigilant, defensive, holding his precious proboscis high in air. Presently he stops short, stares straight before him with evident agitation, for we feel the mass vibrating beneath us, as when a heavily-laden wagon crosses a suspension bridge. Then hark! with trumpet pointed to the sky, he blows a sharp and brazen blast, and trots forward. At the same moment an exultant exclamation from the *mahout* tells the story in a word—"the boa! the boa!"

Right in the path, where the sun was hottest, lay a serpent, such as he who charmed the first vanity, his vast length of splendid ugliness gorged, torpid, motionless, not coiled nor vermicular, but outstretched, prostrate and limp—subject, abject to the great gluttony of his instinct.

"Old Injin Rubber" paused as if for instructions; he received them on his organ of philoprogenitiveness from the boat-hook. Half a dozen more rolls and lurches, and he plants his mountainous fore-foot on the head of the drunken horror—eyes, brains, blood burst out together. Like an earth-worm on the pin-hook of an angling urchin, the monster wriggles and squirms—now twisting his great girth in seemingly everlasting knots—now erecting all his length, without a kink, in air—now, in a tempest of dust, thrashing the ground with resounding stripes; till at last, beaten out, his crushing strength all spent, even his tail subdued, he lies and only shivers. Then, again and again, Behemoth tosses him aloft, again and again dashes him to earth; till, torn and

spoiled, his gold and black all tarnished with slime and blood and dust, the Enemy is brought to shame, and the heel of a babe might bruise the head of the serpent.

A small prairie of wild rice gradually and very uniformly sloped from a range of low, wooded hills to the stream we had already crossed, and which, after a great circuit, shone before us again; on the south a fringe of jungle; on the north and west the river, with here and there a knot of talipot trees; on the east, far off, the low hills timbered with young teak; and between, a multitudinous banian with its tabooed grove, haunted and whispering.

In the midst of this landscape, and rising suddenly from the plain, towered an imposing pile of consecrated rock, green to the top with slimy, slippery damps, oozing forever, and in their slowness finding time to vegetate; plump cushions of bright moss, creepers creeping curiously, the glancing leaves and abundant red flowers of strange, poisonous-looking parasites,—green, green, green from base to peak, a mountain of soft and fragrant couches under curtains of dewy shade, whereon, in his everlasting round, the Wandering Jew might come to rest himself; topmost of all a solitary talipot, an hundred feet of uninterrupted trunk, supporting on high its giant umbrella, as though Guadma stood beneath and looked abroad over all the land; and everywhere the proud and ruthless beauty of the ruin-making peepul, the missionary tree, displacing foundations, overthrowing pinnacles upreared to Baal, bearing aloft in her beautiful arms fragments from the havoc she has made, picking at pyramids with her delicate but expert and busy fingers, sapping the palace of Alompra and the temple of Guadma in the name of Jehovah!

Some dozen or so of Burmese ragamuffins, who did a small business in torches for such excursion parties to the Caves, had accompanied us from the ferry, bearing baskets of bamboo fagots armed at one end with swabs of tow and dipped in petroleum. Lighting these, and each man taking one, we mounted the steep, tortuous and slippery foot-path of damp green stones, through the thorny shrubs that beset it, to the low entrance of the outer cavern. Stooping uncomfortably, we passed into

a small, vacant ante-chamber, having a low, dripping roof, perpendicular walls, clammy and green, and a rocky floor, sloping inward through a narrow arch to a long, double, transverse gallery, divided in the direction of its length, partly by a face of rock, partly by a row of pillars.

Here were innumerable images of Guadma, the counterfeit presentment of the fourth Boodh, whose successor is to see the end of all things. Innumerable and of every stature, from Hop-o'-my-thumb's to Hurllothrombo's, but all of the identical orthodox pattern, with pendulous ears, one hand planted squarely on the knee, the other sleeping in the lap, an eternity of front-face, and a smooth stagnancy of expression, typical of an unfathomable calm—the Guadma of a span as grim as he of ten cubits, and he of ten cubits as vacant as the Guadma of a span; of stone, of lead, of wood, of clay, of earthenware and alabaster—on their bottoms, on their heads, on their backs, on their sides, on their faces—black, white, red, yellow—an eye gone, a nose gone, an ear gone, a head gone—an arm off at the shoulder, a leg at the knee—a back split, a belly burst—Guadma, imperturbable, eternal, calm, in the midst of time, timeless!

It is not annihilation which the Boodh has promised as the blessed crown of a myriad of progressive transmigrations; it is not death—it is not sleep—it is this.

Between colossal stalactites at either end of this gallery, we passed into two spacious and lofty chambers, nearly symmetrical in conformation and dimensions, separated, like the twin galleries, by alternate pillars and piles of rock. Our entrance awoke a Pandemonium. Myriads of bats and owls, and all manner of fowls of darkness and bad omen, crazed by the glare of twenty torches, startled the echoes with infernal clangor. Screaming and huddling together, some fled under the wide skirts of sable which darkness, climbing to the roof in fear, drew up after her; some hid with lesser shadows between columns of great girth, or in the remotest murky niches, or down in the black profound of resounding chasms; some, bewildered, or quite blinded by the flashes of the "co-eternal beam," dashed themselves against the stony walls, and fell crippled, gasping, staring, at our feet. And when, at last, our guides and servants,

mounting to pinnacles and jutting points, and many a frieze and coigne of vantage, placed blue-lights on them all, and at the word illuminated all together, there was redoubled bedlam in the abode of Hecate and the eternal calm of the Boodh became awful. For what deeds of outer darkness, done long ago in that black hole of superstition, so many damned souls shrieked from their night-fowl transmigrations, it were vain to question: there were no disclosures in that trance of stone.

Back of all, an hundred feet from the true floor and hopelessly inaccessible, was a small irregular sky-light in an angle of the rock, through which we plainly discerned a cluster of bright stars, and a stream of silver-white radiance pouring through this upon the swarthy forms of our guides and the white turbans of our servants, dimming the torches in their hands, made a picture for Vernet. Ah, could we but have mounted thither, what a never-to-be-forgotten view of river and mountain and forest, and rice-field and banian grove, that window had for us!

We stopped to drink from a curious fountain. The peak over the caves was scooped out for a small lake, from the bottom of which the purest water, crystalline and cool, percolated through the roof of the cavern, and through a wondrous central stalactite that descended to within four feet of our heads, and falling, drop by drop, into its own little basin, hollowed in the rocky floor by cycles of monotonous dripping, flowed away in a slender thread to be lost in some Tophet of a chasm.

On emerging from the caves we found

a magic structure waiting to receive us—an agreeable shed reared, even so quickly and expertly, of canes and tail-pot leaves brought hither for the purpose on the "commissariat" elephant. There were store of camp-stools, and an extemporaneous table of rough planks, covered with a snowy cloth, and laden with the viands and beverages aforesaid.

Our "animals" had been turned out in the paddy to amuse themselves—all except old "Injin Rubber," who stood near by playing with the low branches of a crooked sissoo. I took occasion, while our laggards were bathing, to fraternize with him and make sociable overtures. He was condescending, and exerted himself to entertain me—picking up two-anna pieces with his nimble finger and thumb and handing them to his partner on top—crooking his knee for me to mount, and gently lifting me, standing erect, to a level with his ears, so that I could clamber into the howdah—permitting me to sit astride on one of his tusks, and playfully riding me a-cock-horse, somewhat to the damage of my dignity—making me a grand salaam by elevating his trunk above his head, then gracefully waving it up and down, at the same time blowing his horn.

Our repast over, we mounted and rolled homeward, reaching Moulmein at dusk. At the ferry, with many regrets, we parted from our mountainous friends. I embraced old "Injin Rubber's" trunk, making him sensible, I doubt not, of the affection I had conceived for him, and which I retain unaltered to this day.

THE SONG OF THE SEA-SHELL.

YOU stooped and picked a wreathèd shell,
Beside the shining sea:

"This little shell, when I am gone,
Will whisper still of me."

I kissed your hands upon the sands,
For you were kind to me!

I hold the shell against my ear,
And hear its hollow roar:

It speaks to me about the sea,
But speaks of you no more!

I pace the sands and wring my hands,
For you are kind no more!

A DEAD WALL IN PARIS.

SUNNING myself lately upon my balcony in Paris, I thought I could comfortably pass the time of a pipe or two in pleasant meditation on the dead wall opposite. Its strangely varied, particolored surface offers a sort of index-epitome of Paris life. Accordingly its literary contents often change, presenting at each change something of new interest. Thus there are bills, notices, and advertisements peculiar to winter—the season of suffering and charitable activity in Paris—which I have looked at with painful and pleased attention. I have transferred my pen views of them to paper. They will appear in the course of my paper, and, though perhaps very erroneous and certainly very imperfect, they may be worth a glance, if only for their novelty's sake. Not that the misery and charity of Paris are novelties. But the first being high out of sight, mainly by the police, and partly by a becoming pride or an invincible cheerfulness of the sufferers, and charity being of a modest, retiring nature—one hiding away in garrets and back courts and by-streets, and the other quietly performing its holy offices in such places—the two make little show to the eyes of strangers, which are taken up with the external brilliance, wealth and elegance, and the fine public monuments of what passes for one of the most beautiful, one of the gayest, and with many, one of the most frivolous, cities of the world.

But just at present, my eye rests upon an *affiche* so different from any yet spoken of, and so curious withal, that it seems to be worth transcribing. Here it is. "*Quinti Horatii Flacci, Opera, cum novo commentario ad modum Joannis Bond. Parisiis, ex Typographia Firminorum Didot. MDCCCLV.*" Something like this, announcing, by the way, much less elegant copies than the Didots' exquisite little *Elzevir*, would have been in place on the doors of the *argiletanas tabernas*, or on a pillar in the *Vicus Sandalarius* of old Rome. I doubt whether the dead walls of any modern city can show a similar classic libellus. An advertisement in Latin of a Latin author's works—*ad usum populi*. It reflects some honor on the passers by for whose reading it is posted. As I look at it, I fancy that I catch

glimpses of French literary taste, and of French character.

The French are not remarkable for erudition—at least not for philological erudition. The Germans commit the Latin irregular verbs to much more faithful memories, and grope much more patiently and profoundly in the dark passages of ancient authors. But it is doubtful whether all the trans-Rhenan university towns together could furnish so many appreciative readers of Horace as Paris alone. Your German scholar makes a distant, respectful acquaintance with him, through lexicons and scholia, and Latin remains to him a dead, dried tongue preserved in the books he studiously smokes over. A Frenchman knows Horace by community of tastes and wit.

In general, there are marked resemblances between Latin and French literature—as, in general, Teutonic literature, in its richness and boldness of invention, offers striking analogies to the Greek literature. Like the Romans, and after the Romans, the French have been inclined to imitate foreign modes and to obey in their own the rules borrowed from a foreign literature; while we of barbarian descent, writing freely from our own thought, in spite of rules, against rules, in happy ignorance of rules, gradually worked out by experience a legislation adapted to our minds and language—the free constitution of our republic of letters.

French romanticism did finally break away from the despotism of classical rhetoric—and with a violence proportioned to the severity of the past restraint. Some of the red-republicans of letters have been guilty of such excesses as might be expected from slaves in insurrection. They have not only mocked the sacred unities of Aristotle—they have violated the first proprieties of nature. Their muses are *lorettes*.

To return to the wall.

The French relish of Horace is as natural as it is noticeable. To educated Frenchmen he is hardly a foreigner. His works are almost as familiar as the best of their native authors. He thinks and writes like a Frenchman. His themes are of passing social life. He is critical rather than inventive; he has

a rare faculty of acute observation; much taste and little imagination. His philosophy is of the practical, convenient sort in vogue in a highly artificial, cultivated state of society—a refined epicurism, a polished selfishness, free from cant and cheerful withal, a negligent tolerance, that, in the lack of deep self-convictions, lightly sneers or smiles rather than frowns at the earnest convictions of others. The editing brother Didot, in a preface to this edition, the perusal of which should make every scholar love and respect the good and learned old bookseller, says: "To reproduce, in the nineteenth century, the charming edition of Horace, issued by the Elzevirs in 1676, at the same time ameliorating the text and commentaries by the aid of critical labors posterior to those of John Bond, was one of the projects of my childhood. To this end, I began, with my father's assistance, to make the types more than half a century ago; but the revolutions, in the course of which I have seen six generations of kings and emperors, have interrupted the work." What more natural than that the Frenchman who can write that, and the Frenchmen, his contemporaries, who can read it, should also read with pleasure, and accept as maxims of a wise practical philosophy—

*"Carpe diem, quàm minimum credula post-
terno.
Quid sit futurum cras, fuge querere: et
Quem sors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
Appone.*

" * * Ille potens sui
Latus quæ deget, cui licet in diem
Dizisse, Vixi.*

" * * Vivas in amore jocisque.
Vive, vale."*

All this, and abundant good sense generally, is set off with vivacious wit, clearness of expression, grace of form, and—occasional lubricity. Veiled lubricity, says one of his latest critics. "Horace a su élever la volupté jusqu'à l'idéal. Tout est distingué chez Horace, et dans son jardin, la statue du plaisir est voilée sous des fleurs." This calls to mind Burke's famous commendatory sentence on the gilded corruptions of the *ancien régime*; which would have been a sentence of condemnation instead, had it not been dictated by his roused imagination, when, heated by its own exercise, it had broken clean away from the laws of truth and morality, of

which the great orator's calmer judgment was ordinarily so regardful:—"Vice itself lost half its evil in losing all its grossness." The sentiment of the first part of the sentence is as difficult to maintain in ethics as the statement of the last part is difficult to maintain in history.

Louis XVIII. consoled himself, amid the sorrows of exile and the vexations of kingship, with frequent study of Horace. He turned some odes of his favorite author into French verse, which, it is not improbable, were intended for publication. For, with his literary tastes, he had a touch of ambition, which he gratified more than once, of seeing himself in print. In a letter dated at Hartwell, 1811, addressed to his friend Count d'Avray, who had sent from Malta for a translation of Horace, he writes:—"I lately bought a translation by M. Daru—the tribune Daru—the Count Daru. It is in verse, here and there happily enough done, but often very poor, and sometimes not giving the meaning at all. This, again, is not what you want. I have accordingly fallen back on the old version of Father Sanadou, which is, on the whole, the least imperfect. Now I fear that the good father [Sanadou was a member of the Society of Jesus], may have rendered only the *opera expurgata*. * * * There are many delicious passages cut out which I should be sorry to have you lose. I see but one remedy. Send me a list of the odes you have with their numbers and first few words. I shall then see what you lack, and will try to supply the deficiency by an humble attempt of my own." The number of translations has considerably increased since 1811; and as for editions in the original, almost every year sees a new one. Speaking of their multiplication the other day, a laughing Parisian said to me, "Why, there is not a clerk in the ministries who has passed the age of forty, who is not meditating a new edition of Horace. You find fresh, clean copies on the booksellers' shelves, and more or less soiled ones in all the stalls and on the quais where dealers in literature display their second-hand wares—where poor scholars may buy at marvelously low prices, or if their emptiness of pocket forbids purchase, may stand and snatch a page or two of pleasure gratis. Another one of time's jests, which, we trust, gives no offense to the Horatian *manes*; al-

though in his lifetime he boasted, with a little aristocratic affectation:—

“Nulla taberna meos habeat, neque pila libellos
Quæ manus insudet vulgi, Hermogenisque Tigelli.

They say that king Louis was interrupted, while making annotations on the margin of his Horace, to hear the first news of the landing of Napoleon at Cannes.

The “lank-haired Corsican” was no lover of our poet. The classic rules and verses, nine years pressed, pruned, and polished, chimed not with the ardent nature of the great revolutionist and practical romanticist. He “walked through” the rules with “an astonishing disregard” of the traditional proprieties and unities. He preferred Ossian. Was not that characteristic? And that it should be an imitation, Macpherson’s Ossian, too! A something grand, dimly sublime, vast and vague, real high poetic qualities mingled with melodramatic bombast. The book has great poetic elements floating chaotically in a nimbus of puffy words—like, with a difference, the truthful elements in Macpherson Abbott’s history of Napoleon.

Seeking an explanation of his admiration for Ossian, one is persuaded that Napoleon’s Ossian might be something quite different from yours or mine. Those crude poems, passing through that creative mind, may have changed “into something rich and strange,” not conceived by our barren common natures. Falconer’s Shipwreck was to Walter Scott a far higher order of poem than the Falconer’s Shipwreck that Jenkins reads. The high alchemy by which dull pages, submitted to “such seething brains, such shaping fantasies,” are transmuted to golden legends, commands our respect, however occult the process may be to our lower reason.

After all, so much depends upon how you look at things—poems, men, or dead-walls. You see “sermons in stones and books in the running brooks,” where, accordingly as his views are geological or industrial, Jenkins sees only “specimens” and “privileges.” It is quite possible, withal, that Ossian appears better in French than in Macpherson’s English. If pines and oaks nowhere flourish so well as in their native soil, some of the less noble growths gain

strength and symmetry by transplanting.

And here as well as anywhere, let me say a word of French translations. A minority report on the subject is much needed. Having no competence to draw it up, yet, pending the services of a fitter pen, I beg the attention of the “general reader,” especially of him who tells me that he reads French as well as he does English, though he does not speak it, to one or two observations. And the first observation is, dear General, that you do not read French as well as you do English—unless you read English very badly. One large part of the pleasure you find in the perusal of Burns, or Bushe, or Jeremy Taylor, lies in the music of their language. A large part of this pleasure lies undeveloped for you and me in Beranger, or Berryer, or Bossuet. My dear General, you do not know, and, consequently, do not read, French like a native, just because your ear, and eye, and intelligence are not wonted, from birth upward, to its words and phrases. In fine, if you will permit me, you do not read French. What you really read is, at best, a current mental translation. And this on the supposition that you can translate currently. You have gone through *Charles XII.*, and *Telemaque*, and *Gil Blas*—admirable works all—and have done a book full of exercises, and have run through the story of some of Dumas’ or Geo. Sand’s novels. It does not follow that you know your French, even in the first dictionary sense of knowledge. I will lay you a wager—of ten to one—that you cannot, without preparation, render into intelligible English, word for word, ten entire pages of any one of the first three volumes I will take from the shelf. Here is one by Gauthier, one by Hugo, another by Balzac.

We are apt to say, we constantly hear it said, that the French cannot understand our authors—that their tongue cannot reproduce the richness, the grandeur, the depth, and the delicacy of English thought and sentiment. Agreed, if you insist upon it. Now let us look at the other side. Pray show me there, a complete transfer of Molière, of Hugo, of Beranger, of Barbier. I have seen none. Their grace becomes awkwardness, their wit is blunted, their music is lost, their fire is quenched, in large part. They fall as far behind their originals

as a French Burns or Shakespeare fall behind their originals. Whether Burns and Shakespeare are not originally far in advance of and higher than any French poets, is another question, which I do not presume to discuss. I will only venture to say, aside and in a parenthetical way, that Madame Desbordes Valmore seems to me a sweeter, profounder poet than Mrs. Hemans, and that Barbier would vainly seek his equal for vigor, conciseness, and imagery at once bold and apt, among contemporary English satirists.

It will be well worth the while of the minority reporters to notice, "in this connection," that the French do have a Byron, Milton, Burns, Pope, Young, Shakespeare, in their own tongue—several translations of some of them. The minority can make something of this fact, as an argument in favor of the capacity of the French mind and language to take in and render English thought and sentiment. It is noticeable that these authors in this shape are popularly appreciated. There are, for example, two complete translations of Shakespeare's dramatic works:—Lettourneur's and Benjamin Laroche's. Both have passed through many editions. Of the former, one has been annotated by Guizot. Of the latter, there is now in course of publication a cheap illustrated edition, issued in numbers, for sale at all the stalls for a franc and a half a number. Here is a copy of Hamlet—by still another hand—that cost me but four sous. To say that all the philosophy, and all the sentiment, and all the melody of that rare product of the divinest of human minds is rendered here, would not be true. Of the thousands who read it in its primitive form, how many of us sound all its depths, soar with the author to all its heights, catch all its harmonies? Without venturing to answer that question—which is also aside—I go on to state that this translation is imperfect—very imperfect if you will:—but mind you, General, not so absurd as, by a very natural mistake, we are at first sight inclined to think. Take these lines at hazard:

"*Hélas! si cette chair voulait, décomposée,
Se dissoudre en vapeur, ou se fondre en rosée!
Et si l'accord pouvait se rétablir un peu
Entre la suicide et la fondre de Dieu!*"

Although the example is not as marked

as one as I might, with five minutes, searching, have found, you are ready to exclaim, that this is a sad falling off from the original, which, if your memory serve you [Act I., Scene 2], you directly quote to show the contrast, with a complacency as if you had written it yourself. General, did it ever strike you that the translation you find so ridiculous is—your own! The French may have wandered from the original, but what *you* read, really read and are thinking of, is *your* English translation of the French—Shakespeare diluted to the third degree—a *double* disadvantage.

A propos of Shakespeare, and still further aside, if possible, from the central point of my general view, if I may be considered clearly to have one, I want to introduce here a striking proof—though we do not need it—of the thoroughness of Shakespeare's study, I had better said, of his intuitive or inspired surety of glance, the truthfulness of his analysis of human nature. You may read it in Augustin Thierry's *Essai sur l'Histoire du Tiers Etat*, first edition, page 204. Colbert, the great statesman who contributed so largely to make a *Grande Monarque* of Louis XIV., loved and served his master with a sort of a canine affection, believing in him as the personification of the public good. Towards the close of his life, his patriotic counsels rudely rejected by the ungrateful object of his worship, he discovered the illusion. The painful disenchantment hastened and embittered his last hours. On his death-bed, he said, speaking of the king, "If I had done for God what I have done for that man, I should have been twice saved, and now I know not what is to become of me." Louis, who was ill himself at the time, sent him a letter containing friendly phrases. When those about him asked him to dictate a response, he at first seemed not to hear, then said: "I do not want to hear any more of the king; at least, let him leave me now in quiet; it is to the King of kings that I must now think of answering." See Henry VIII., Act III., Scene 2. Colbert had never read Shakespeare. But Shakespeare had read Colbert, and all souls of all times and nations.

One more contribution to the minority report. It will hardly be denied, that the difficulty of transfer from German

to one of the Latin-derived tongues is as great as from English. It will hardly be disputed that, of all the German writings, Goethe's *Faust* is among the most difficult of transfer. Poor Gerard de Nerval brought the first part of the poem into French, when he was eighteen years old. Of the remarkable excellence of this translation, Goethe wrote in terms of high approval. It will hardly be discussed whether Goethe knew his French as well as the general reader or most Quarterly Reviews. It will hardly be suspected that he would have written or said as much in praise of any one of the half-dozen or more English translations of his immortal drama. Do the best of them—Hayward's conscientious, drudging prose, or Anster's ingenious, varied verse—give you more of *Faust* than Laroche does of *Hamlet*, or Wailley of *Tom o' Shanter*? I trow not, O, general reader.

But I cannot keep my eyes off that Horatian poster. It is disfigured; worn and torn by a whole winter's exposure to wind and weather, and to the hooks and fingers of rapacious chiffoniers. It is encroached upon on all sides, by Gallic advertisements of dry goods, furniture sales, concerts, and patent perfumery. I make it out rather by the help of the first clean copy, long ago transferred to my memory's retina, than from what of its original fair proportions now remains visible to the bodily eye. To me it is still impressive in its ruins, like some mutilated antique statue amid the grossnesses and prettinesses of a modern gallery. On the classical side, however, I have nothing more to say. It has one feature of another kind, not brought into my last view, which is worth looking at, if I am right in fancying that it indicates a marked trait of French character.

Of all the sins of commission, by which poor human nature is beset, we are more persistently tempted by none than by the sins of presumption. They are the devil's favorites; of this kind was Lucifer's own. And of all sins of presumption, I know of none into which we more readily, unconsciously fall—I had better said, slip—than that of confounding our views of things with the nature and essence of things themselves; but of this class of sins of presumption, there is none which wears such an air of innocence, and which, by consequence, is more difficult of avoidance,

as the confounding of one's little loop-hole view of the sayings or doings of one or more foreigners with the manners and customs of their whole nation. Against falling into this cunningest, most temptingly baited of Satan's sins, I constantly pray. When he goes about like a roaring lion, he is not nearly so dangerous. I have known divers wrestlers with him in this form, in the arena of controversy—veritable theological Van Amburghs; and at the very moment of victory, when the applause of the ring was loudest, and they were bowing their thanks, plump went both feet into one of his presumption traps.

So I never step out on the balcony, or wheel round my chair to face the window, that I do not ejaculate, "Get thee behind me!" But with all this painstaking, as I have not the vanity to forget that I belong to that order of beings of whom the courteously timid *curé*, preaching before Louis XIV., said, "the most are mortal," and remembering that the adversary is the devil himself, I never wheel my chair back to my table, to sketch down a pen and ink view, that I am not afraid, not only of being unwittingly caught myself at the very moment of writing, but of drawing my readers (if I have any) into the snare after me. This is a great matter.

It is not a jest, or it ought not to be, to think or speak falsely of our neighbor. You know how a misapprehension of what you catch at a glance, in passing by Jenkins's window, if put into words, may harm Jenkins for life. You thought he was kissing the maid, not discovering in that cursory glance that the osculated person was Mrs. J. in the morning gingham.

Now let Jenkins, instead of being a neighbor over the way, in our native village, be the individual of a nation, and you a shrewd observer from abroad, taking notes; you print and multiply your injustice by twenty-four, sixteen, thirty-six, sixty, or any other number of millions, accordingly. Your book or letter treats of the manners and customs of the Americans, the English, French, Germans, *vel ceteri*.

I remember once guiding a fellow passenger from the steamboat that had brought us to Havre up to Wheeler's Hotel. On the way an unsavory little accident befell his foot, whereat he directly broke out into comparison between the cleanliness of Americans and

the Europeans, most inodorous to the latter. He did not except a soul of them from the sweeping comparison, although what might be called the fundamental base on which the comparison rested, was laid down by one individual of the 264,209,000 souls that populate Europe. When my friend had relieved himself of his tirade, and was grown calmer, I, being in a philosophical mood, for no ill had befallen myself, sought to draw some sweet use from the adversity. If we were superstitious, my dear Green, said I, (it was a newly traveling brother of Green's, who was here last year,) might we not consider this as a warning, that as one European, by an improper act, has given a bad odor, in your senses, to all Europeans, so should we take nice heed to our ways among strangers, least a chance bad word or act, let slip from us, be taken by them as a sample from which they are to judge all Americans?

For our own judgment, let it remind us of the complaint of the wise man: "Hardly do we guess aright at the things upon the earth, and with labor do we find the things that are before us." I owed the quotation to Sterne, whom I brought with me on my last voyage, not to original biblical reading, and increased my indebtedness by this other loan, that seemed pat enough to the emergency. "I think it wrong, merely because a man's hat has been blown off his head by chance, the first night he comes to Avignon, that he should, therefore, say, Avignon is more subject to high winds than any other town in France."

To get back to the neighborhood of my starting-point, I beg to say, once for all, that, while I cannot help giving my views in definite lines, I should be sorry to have any one suppose that I insisted on their absolute correctness in detail or in spirit. It is quite possible they are not daguerreotypes; it is quite certain they have not the merit of artistic pictures; it is quite important to bear in mind, if you can once get it into your mind, that the daguerreotype or painting of an entire nation, by any foreign artist or artisan, is a work of such difficulty, that it has never yet been truthfully done. If, as we have rather boisterously affirmed, it has not been done by Trollope, or Hall or Dickens, or d'Alembert, and the rest, why imagine that it is done for the English

or French, by A. B. C., or D. E. F., or any other American or Englishman. Not but what each of them has here and there drawn a truthful line. And with this for a general caveat to stand at the head of all views that have been, or may hereafter may be published, I return to the Horatian poster.

You can still decipher, at the bottom of it, these ciphers, 12, 20, 30 francs. These are the prices, varying according to the elegance of the copies of Didot's Elzevirian edition of Horace—a little gem, not only of typography, but of photography—to say nothing of the scholarship. When you consider that the French are an eminently economical and, in many matters, an eminently calculating folk, this price of 30 francs, demanded and paid for a little 32mo. volume, the literary contents of which may be had in other and becoming forms for a few francs, seems to me a striking sign of their appreciation of art—of material beauty, of form and color. And that appreciation is one of the most marked general characteristics of this people. No doubt that among the purchasers of this volume, in its most expensive form, are men who deliberate long before dining at a forty-sous restaurant.

A dinner at a forty-sous restaurant has, by the way, its attractive qualities, quite apart from those contained in the body of the work—the mere victual and drink consumed. For, when a Parisian dines at forty sous, he being not more sensual in degree, but being sensual—or, let us say, sensuary, as a delicate word—in more kinds than an Anglo-Saxon, he wants a feast spread for his eyes, for his sense of beauty, as well as for his palate.

We may count ten of his forty sous laid out for mirrors and gilding, etc., for appearances, in fine. These yield to his completer nature just as real, solid pleasure, and are as just as well worth his ten sous as the most practical, hardest boiled eggs are worth the ten cents of an American, whose uncultured eyes are but inspectors of provisions, watchful waiters on the mouth, not its boon companions.

Going into a two-franc restaurant one evening, with my friend Green, receiving a graceful bow from the tastefully-draped *dame du comptoir*, noting the brilliant lights, the snowy napkins, the pretty style of ornamentation on walls

and ceilings, the forks so finely silvered, the names of the dishes, so grandly compounded—if one could feed with one's eyes, said Green, the meal would be a banquet. The French do. And I hold that what is taken in by that organ, is not the worst part of their repast.

Look at that party—a family party, it would seem—at the next table but one, the father and mother, the children and uncle, and a cousin. What an event they are making of it. It has been arranged through the week—a reward to the pretty children and a treat to the elders—this Sunday repast. A cheerful celebration of the holiday, as acceptable, let us trust, as the grave observance of our less social habit. They are not here barely to gobble and go. True, they observe and make the most of all the forms of a fine dinner, permitted by the *carte*—the potage, and the three courses, and the dessert—not one of them lacking a fine name, with an *à la* something in it. And here is victual for a third sense, the ear—a pabulum, by the way, that we Americans have a relish for otherwheres than at meals—witness Judge Jenkins, editor of the *Alabama Herald of Freedom*, or Colonel Jenkins, of Boston, compounder of *anti-phlogistic pills*, vender of *cholagogue*; witness our national declaration of independence, and our practice of freedom, North or South. They count upon filling an hour or two with the gratification of various senses and sentiments. They are come for the brightness, and gayety, and movement, of a hall, larger, handsomer than their *salle-à-manger*. The women are come to admire or criticise the robes and hats of the women; the men to admire their faces (quite like our churches); they are come to draw their dividend of sympathetic happiness from the happiness of others—to the common stock of which they are in turn willing contributors.

By the time we were through with our dinner, of which, between the mouthfuls, Green spoke in justly disparaging comparison with the fare of the great New York hotels, where he had been a constant diner for several years, all the small tables were taken up, either by family or friendly parties, or by guests who came singly, and fraternized presently after sitting down. There was something grateful, even to a non-contributor, in the spectacle of so much ap-

parent happiness. There was a deal of laughing and talking, so that the hum of it never ceased. But there was no laughing and talking so loud as to prevent a waiter's ear from catching the "*s'st*," or the call of "*garçon*," uttered by any one present.

Yes, it is all entertaining enough, if you will, answered Green, as we walked off to a *café*, but there is a sad side to it, too. It is another proof that these French have no idea of home—none of our domestic family enjoyment.

There has been so much nonsense said and written, and, which is worse, believed, about the French want in that regard, by people who were never in a French private house in their lives, that it is not worth the while for us to add to it by discussing the point. But let me say, that in the only four families where I am sufficiently intimate to speak with knowledge, I find much the same household virtues and joys as rest in my best memories of American homes. And let me further say, that many foreign travelers, French and others, think they observe a peculiar disregard for family ties among us Americans. They observe that a boy of sixteen, a girl of fifteen, seems quite independent of the parents; that two generations rarely live under the same family roof; that Connecticut children leave their parents and go to Ohio; that Ohio children leave theirs and go to Wisconsin; that the number of applications for divorce, and the facility with which divorces are granted, are phenomena unknown in Europe.

But that the French are somewhat more gregarious than we, I will not deny. At least, it is a side of their natures turned out to the observation of strangers like ourselves. And this *café*, which is one of the popular order, is a favorable stand for our observations. It is called the *Café Parisien*. The average consumption of coffee here, on a Sunday, is, the proprietor tells me, 3,400 cups (*demi tassés*); of brandy and other liquors, 5,000 glasses (*petits verres*); of beer, from 500 to 1,000 mugs (*cannettes*); withal, there are, as you may count, twelve billiard tables in the *salle*.

Now observe, that if that player should hit you in the eyes with the butt of his cue, instead of turning round and damning you for making him miss his stroke, he will turn round and apologize,

with a courtesy and sincerity of manner that will take away half your pain and all your anger. Nor would he do so less readily or less handsomely, if you wore his blouse, and he, by chance, wore your broadcloth. Joggle the elbow, or step on the toe of the man at the next table, and the chances are that he will beg your pardon before you do his. Observe that, although we have been gazing at him for the last minute and a half, almost impertinently, I fear, he does not feel it necessary to say a rude word to us, or even to scowl at us. This is not from any want of spirit on his part. I happen to know, though he does not know me, that he has served his seven years, and shown the courage of a French soldier in more than one fight with the Kabyles.

Observe, in general, that, during the hour we have been here, you have not seen a quarrel nor heard a word that threatened a quarrel, among the three or four hundred persons present; even the tipsy man yonder cannot provoke one. Our experience this evening is not extraordinary. It may pass well enough for an example of the general rule. To that rule a wider experience will, indeed, furnish exceptions. Not all Frenchmen are polite; nor are all polite Frenchmen always polite. There are cases, whole classes of cases, where, I believe, we are their superiors in that true politeness which has been defined, "kindness kindly expressed." But I venture the "general observation" that,

if the French make less account than we of home pleasures, they understand better than we, or rather feel better than we—for I apprehend that it is in this case the instinct rather than the science of living wherein they excel us—how to live and let live, when assembled in large companies. By virtue of this social science, or social instinct, this little group of friends or family relations can at once enjoy, undisturbed, an intimate, house-like *causerie*, as you or I may make an agreeable passing acquaintance with some chance table neighbor, entering lonely like ourselves, and yet take share in the humanizing influence of the common enjoyment.

Mark again, in this cheap café, how much is done for the eye, and how well it is done. The architect has accommodated his plans to the awkward shape of the ground so ingeniously, and gilders, and carvers, and painters, have so come to his aid, that I am not sure but the general aspect of the room is finer than that of Taylor's splayndid rectangular saloon in Broadway. The very iconographic commercial advertisements, that decorate rather than disfigure the lower part of the side walls, have some touches of art in them. And so, while these Parisians, artists, or artisans, are sipping their coffee, they are receiving, constantly, through their eyes, an unconscious culture of that taste for which they are distinguished throughout the world.

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

THIS little seed of life and love,
Just lent us for a day,
Came, like a blessing from above—
Passed, like a dream, away.

And when we garnered in the earth
The foison that was ours,
We felt that burial was but birth
To spirits, as to flowers.

And still that benediction stays,
Although its angel passed;
Dear God! thy ways, if bitter ways,
We learn to love, at last.

But for the dream—it broke indeed—
Yet still great comfort gives:
What was a dream is now our creed—
We know our darling lives.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AS A FAMILY MAN.*

[Third and last Article.]

IN two preceding articles we have traced the relations of Napoleon Bonaparte to his family—particularly as developed in his recently published correspondence with his brother Joseph—down to the period when Joseph closed his royal career. Having barely escaped being killed or taken prisoner by the English, in the disastrous rout consequent on the battle of Vittoria, in August, 1813, he retired to his country seat of Mortefontaine, near Paris, where, for the next five months, and more, he resumed the character of a private individual.

While Joseph thus lost the crown of Spain, which never had set very firmly on his head, Napoleon himself was in no little danger of losing that of the Empire. His retreat from Moscow, and the enormous losses with which it was attended, had led to a new alliance against him on the part of England, Russia, Prussia, and Sweden, which alliance, on the recommencement of hostilities, after an armistice which lasted from June to August, was joined by Austria, notwithstanding Napoleon's family connection with its emperor.

Napoleon, who had greatly contributed to the loss of Spain, from the necessity he was under of withdrawing troops to strengthen himself in Germany, still held as far as the Elbe, and all the smaller German princes remained his allies, and furnished contingents to his army. But the terrible battle of Leipsic, fought in the middle of October, and the retreat across the Elbe, scarcely less disastrous than that from Moscow, compelled the French to seek refuge behind the Rhine. In consequence of this retreat, Napoleon's ally, the king of Saxony, to whose aggrandizement he had greatly contributed, became a fugitive from his kingdom. It also swept away Jerome's kingdom of Westphalia. Holland rose in insurrection against the French army of occupation, and Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Baden, and all the other German states hastened to join the new alliance against

Bonaparte. Even Murat, king of Naples, who, like everybody else, had been disgusted by his brother-in-law's insolent and overbearing demeanor, anxious also to make sure of his own throne, entered, before long, into a secret negotiation with Austria—a proceeding full of danger to the viceroy Eugene, compelled by the Austrians to retire behind the Adige, and whom Murat might attack in the rear.

Thus driven back into France, and abandoned by all his allies except the king of Denmark—whose forces Bernadotte kept in check at the same time that he laid siege to Hamburg, which city was held by a strong French garrison—Napoleon returned to Paris, on the 9th of November, 1813, to collect what resources he could against the next campaign, the operations of which now threatened to be carried on within the limits of France itself. Even on the side of Spain, there was danger of invasion. Soult, whom Napoleon had appointed to succeed Joseph as commander-in-chief in that quarter, had been pushed by Wellington across the frontier, though Suchet still continued to hold Catalonia with a considerable French army.

Of any intercourse between the brothers, for the first seven weeks after Napoleon's return to Paris, we have no information. The *Memoires du Roi Joseph* are silent on that point. Napoleon, indeed, had no time for explanations as to the past. The present occupied all his thoughts, and the question was, how to meet it—a doubly difficult question, since, in addition to the great deficit in men, money, and munitions, caused by two such disastrous routs as the retreats from Moscow and that from Germany, he now encountered what he had scarcely met with before since his assumption of the imperial dignity—not merely evidences of public discontent, but symptoms, also, of opposition to his imperial will and pleasure, on the part of some of his high dignitaries.

*The Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte with his Brother Joseph, some time King of Spain. Selected and translated, with explanatory notes, from the "Memoires du Roi Joseph."

Yet there was no time to be lost. Blücher, at the head of one army of some 70,000 men, known as the army of Silesia, was already threatening France on the northeast, while another army of 100,000 men, under Schwartzberg, known as the Grand Army, with which were the emperors of Russia and Austria, disregarding the neutrality of Switzerland, penetrated into France in that direction. Napoleon's grand army, reduced now to 60,000 men, was at Chalons, a hundred miles east of Paris. Angereau was at Lyons, with some ten or fifteen thousand more. The fortresses of Belgium and the German frontier were also held by strong garrisons.

Upon the arrival at Paris of news of the entry of Schwartzberg into Switzerland, Joseph, from his retirement at Mortefontaine, took occasion to address to Napoleon the following letter:

"Dec. 29, 1813. Sire: The violation of the Swiss territory has laid France open to the enemy. In this state of affairs, I am anxious that your majesty should be persuaded that my heart is wholly French. Recalled by circumstances to France, I should be glad to be of some use, and I am ready to undertake anything which may prove to you my devotion.

"I am also aware, Sire, of what I owe to Spain; I see my duties, and wish to fulfill them all. If I make claims, it is only for the purpose of sacrificing them to the general good of mankind, esteeming myself happy, if, by such sacrifices, I can promote the peace of Europe. I hope that your majesty may think fit to commission one of your ministers to come to an understanding on this subject with the Duke of Santa Fé, my minister for foreign affairs."

To this letter Napoleon, who was already negotiating with Ferdinand to release him and restore him to the Spanish throne, thus curtly and sharply replied:

"Dec. —, 1813. My Brother: I have received your letter of the 29th of December. It is far too clever for the state of my affairs, which I will explain in two words. France is invaded, all Europe is in arms against France, and, above all, against me. You are no longer king of Spain. I do not want Spain, either to keep or to give away. I will have nothing more to do with that country, except to live in peace with it, and have the use of my army. What will you do? Will you, as a French prince, come to the support of my throne? You possess my friendship and your apanage, and will be my subject as prince of the blood. In this case, you must act as I have done—announce the part which you are about to play, write to me a letter, in simple terms, which I can print, receive the authorities, and show yourself zealous for me and for the king of Rome, and friendly to the regency of the empress. [During Napoleon's absence from Paris, the empress acted as regent.] Can you under-

take to do this? Have you not good sense enough for it? Then retire to the obscurity of some country-house, forty leagues from Paris. You will live there quietly, if I live; you will be killed or arrested, if I die. You will be useless to me, to our family, to your daughters, and to France [a truly Napoleonic arrangement—"me first, France last"]; but you will do me no harm, and will not be in my way. Choose, quickly, the line you will take."

Joseph immediately replied as follows:

"Mortefontaine, Jan. 1, 1814. Sire: I beg your majesty to accept my best wishes that the year which is commencing may be happy both for you and for your subjects. I hope the year which has just finished has exhausted all your ill-fortunes. Zenaïde [Joseph's eldest daughter], who came in just now, bringing some presents from the empress, was nearly burnt close to the fire in my room; she was saved, and is quite well. This accident prevents my writing as well as usual, as I can use only two fingers. I entreat your majesty not to doubt my complete and affectionate devotion."

Napoleon replied the same day:

"Paris, Jan. 1, 1814. My Brother: I thank you for your good wishes, and for the sentiments which you express on the occasion of the new year. I am also glad that my niece's accident has been followed by no bad effects."

From this time the relations of the brothers became extremely intimate; but, as Napoleon remained at Paris till the 25th, we have only the following letter:

"Paris, Jan. 10, 1814. My Brother: I have inserted in the regulations of the palace that you are in future to be announced under the title of *King Joseph*, and the queen under the title of *Queen Julie*, with the honors due to the French princes of the blood. I authorize you to take the uniform of the grenadiers of my guard, which is what I wear myself. I do not think that you ought to use any foreign decorations; you should wear only the French order. Forward to me a list of the persons of whom you wish to compose your household, as well as that of the queen, and tell me on what day you will receive the court and the authorities."

The advance of the allies into France soon made it necessary for Napoleon to join his army. From the time of his departure, on the 25th of January, he kept up an incessant correspondence with Joseph, who remained behind as his confidential agent, and between whom and Napoleon letters were perpetually passing, many, often, in one day. Conscripts, of whom a new levy, to the number of 300,000, had been decreed, continued to arrive daily in Paris, and to be organized and forwarded to Napoleon, under the superintendence of General Ornano, who commanded the reserve of Napoleon's guard at Paris,

and General Hullin, in command of the seventeenth military division, to which Paris belonged. But the arsenals were nearly bare of arms, of which, in the two last disastrous campaigns, there had been an enormous consumption, while the receipts into the treasury furnished no offset to the outgoes.

Napoleon's chief reliance for money, in this emergency, was a reserved treasure in the charge of M. de la Bouillerie, which he had gradually accumulated out of the contributions imposed on the towns and provinces occupied by his troops, or the spoils of the princes whom he had deposed. It was from this fund, mainly, that the conscripts were equipped, and that fresh horses, of which, as soon as the campaign began, there was an enormous consumption, were provided for the cavalry, the money being paid out of this special treasury million by million, on orders specially issued by Napoleon himself.

Napoleon's first object was, to prevent the junction of Blucher and Schwartzemberg, both of whom were now in France, and marching rapidly on Paris. With that object in view, leaving Macdonald's division at Chalons, Napoleon marched southward, with his three other divisions, commanded by Victor, Marmont, and Ney, and on the 29th of January attacked Blucher at Brienne, drove him from it, and occupied the town. But he failed to prevent the union of the two armies, and on the 1st of February was himself attacked by a superior force, led by Blucher, and was obliged to retreat with loss to Troyes, whence, to favor the junction of reinforcements marching from the Spanish frontier, to join him, he retired to Nogent, still nearer to Paris. Meanwhile, Macdonald, left at Chalons, had been compelled to retire towards Meaux. The effect of these retrograde movements at Paris is thus referred to by Joseph :

"Paris, Feb. 5, 1814. The public mind was depressed to-day, and I had great trouble in keeping up the spirits of many people. I have seen the empress twice, and when I left her she was more composed; she had just received a letter from your majesty, in which you mention the congress. [This was the congress at Chatillon-sur-Seine, which met on Feb. 3d, and negotiated while the armies fought.] If your majesty should meet with serious reverse, what form of government ought to be left here, in order to prevent intriguers from putting themselves at the head of the first movement. Jerome asks me what should be his conduct in such a case? Men are coming

in, but we want money to clothe them. Daru can obtain only 10,000 francs a day from the treasury; this delays terribly the departure of the troops."

Napoleon wrote from Troyes (Feb. 6, 3 P. M.), that he wanted to attack the Emperor Alexander, then at Bar-sur-Seine, but was sacrificing everything to the necessity of covering Paris.

"The plan of placing Paris under king Louis, in any unforeseen event, seems to me good. You remember all I said to you about the princesses. However, the course which I am about to pursue will prevent your coming to that. I am writing to La Bouillerie, to desire him to hold a million of francs at your disposal, to hasten the clothing and equipment of the troops."

The mention of king Louis, in the above letter, makes it proper to say a word or two as to his relations with Napoleon, since his resignation of the crown of Holland. Immediately after his abdication, he had retired, or, rather, fled to Germany, whence he issued a protest against Napoleon's annexation of Holland to France. On the 12th of October, in the same year (1810), he was summoned to return to France before the 1st of December following, "under pain of being considered disobedient to the constitution of the empire, and the head of his family, and treated as such." But this summons he disregarded, and went to reside at Gratz, in Austria. Napoleon then sought to win him back by granting a splendid apauement to himself and his family, as an indemnification for the loss of Holland; but, so far as he was concerned, Louis refused to accept it, and lived at Gratz on his private resources, principally jewels which he had sold, and some Prussian bonds which he held. When Austria declared war against France, he retired into Switzerland, on which occasion he addressed a letter to his brother, stating that he was ready to serve him and France, so far as he could do it consistently with the duty which he owed first to Holland, and the right of his family to be established there on a general peace. Holland, however, shortly after recalled the Prince of Orange, while the invasion of Switzerland, by the allies, drove Louis to seek refuge in Paris.

We return now, to Napoleon's letters:

"Nogent-sur-Seine Feb. 7, 1814. I give you no orders for La Bouillerie, as I do not think it necessary. At all events, he will be able, in six hours, to load all that he has in

fifteen carriages, and to draw it with horses from my stables, to Rambouillet. But I do not think that we have come to that yet. I do not fear the enemy; I am full of hope as to the result.

"7 P. M. Without doubt this is a difficult moment; but, since I left Paris, I have met with nothing but success. [He had been foiled, however, in all he had attempted.] The bad spirit of such men as Talleyrand, who endeavored to paralyze the nation, prevented my having early recourse to arms, and this is the consequence. In our circumstances, the qualities wanted are, confidence and audacity.

"P. S. Keep the empress in spirits. She is dying of grief."

The next day, at eleven o'clock at night, Joseph wrote as follows:

"I have spoken to Louis about leaving him here; he has written to me a long letter on the subject. I have determined on forwarding it to your majesty. I believe that your majesty told me that the princesses were to accompany the empress. If this should not be the case, I ought to have positive orders on the subject. I am most anxious that the departure of the empress should not take place. We cannot disguise from ourselves the fact, that the consternation and despair of the people may lead to sad and even fatal consequences. I think, and so do all persons whose opinion is of value, that we should be prepared to make many sacrifices before resorting to this extremity. The men who are attached to your majesty's government fear that the departure of the empress will abandon the people of Paris to despair, and give a capital and an empire to the Bourbons. Although I express the fear which I see on every face, your majesty may rest assured that your orders will be faithfully executed by me as soon as I receive them.

"I have spoken to M. de la Bouillerie about the million for the war, and the removal of the treasure. I do not know how far your majesty may approve of my observations, but I must say that I think it important to pay a month's salary to the great dignitaries, ministers, counsellors of state, and senators. Several have been mentioned to me who are really in distress, and, in the event of their departure becoming expedient it is thought that many will be detained in Paris for want of the means of traveling. Jerome is annoyed that your majesty has not yet explained your intentions as to the request which I made for him in two of my former letters. [Jerome had asked to be employed.]"

To this letter Napoleon replied in very bad humor:

"Nogent, Feb. 8, 1814, 11 A. M. My Brother: I have received your letter of the 7th, 11 P. M. It surprised me extremely. . . . King Louis talks of peace. His advice is ill-timed; in fact, I can understand nothing in your letter. I thought that I had explained myself to you, but you never recollect anything, and you are of the opinion of the first comer, and the last speaker.

"I repeat, then, in two words, Paris will never be occupied while I am alive. I have a right to be believed, if I am understood.

"I will add, that if, through unforeseen circumstances, I should march towards the Loire, I should not leave the empress and my son at

a distance from me; because, whatever happened, they might both be carried off to Vienna. I cannot make out how, with all these intrigues going on around you, you can bestow such imprudent praise upon the proposals of traitors, who are incapable of giving honorable advice: never employ them, even in the most favorable circumstances. I can no longer pay any of my officers. I have nothing.

"I own I am annoyed by your letter, because I see that there is no coherence in your ideas, and that you allow yourself to be influenced by the chatterings and the opinions of a set of people who never reflect. Yes, I will talk to you openly. If Talleyrand has anything to do with the project of leaving the empress in Paris in case of the approach of the enemy, it is treachery. I repeat, distrust that man. I have dealt with him for the last sixteen years; once I even liked him; but he is undoubtedly the greatest enemy to our house since it has been abandoned by fortune. Keep to my advice. I know more than all those people. If we are beaten, and I am killed, you will hear of it before the rest of my family. Send the empress and the king of Rome to Rambouillet; order the senate, the council of state, and all the troops to assemble on the Loire; leave in Paris a prefect, or an imperial commission, or some mayors.

"I have told you that Madame [Napoleon's mother], and the queen of Westphalia [Jerome's wife] may remain in Paris, in Madame's house. If the viceroy [Eugene] has returned to Paris, he may also stay there; but on no account let the empress and the king of Rome fall into the hands of the enemy. Be certain that, from that moment, Austria, the band that connected her with France being broke, would carry her off to Vienna, and give her a large apanage; and on pretense of securing the happiness of the empress, the French would be forced to do whatever England and Russia might dictate.

"However, it may happen that I beat the enemy on his approach to Paris, and that none of these things may take place. It is also possible that I may make peace in a few days. But, at all events, it appears that you have no means of defense. It is for the interest even of Paris that the empress and the king of Rome should not remain there, because its welfare depends on their safety. Nothing would better please the allies than to make an end of everything by carrying them off prisoners to Vienna. I am surprised that you do not see this. I see that fear has turned all your heads in Paris.

"The empress and the king of Rome once at Vienna, or in the hands of our enemies, you and all others who attempted a defense would be rebels.

"As for me, I would rather that they would kill my son than see him brought up at Vienna as an Austrian prince, and I think well enough of the empress to believe that she is of the same opinion, as far as that is possible to a woman and a mother.

"I have never seen Andromaque acted without pitying the fate of Astyanax in surviving the rest of his house, nor without thinking that it would have been a blessing for him if he had died before his father."

The same day Napoleon ordered the evacuation of Italy, in connection with which he wrote the following letter:

"Nogent, Feb. 8, 1814, 6 P. M. My Brother: Let this letter be delivered to the empress Josephine in person. [She was residing at Malmaison, close by Paris.] It is to tell her to write to Eugene. [Probably Napoleon feared that Eugene might imitate the example of Murat, whose treaty with Austria had been signed on the 11th of January.] You will ask her to send her letter to you, which you will dispatch by an express."

The same day, at midnight, Joseph wrote to Napoleon, deprecating a religious intercession which the empress proposed to make at the church of St. Geneviève. He added at the close:

"The empress is in better spirits to-day. I have passed the day in sustaining the hopes of people who have much less self-possession than belongs to her majesty."

Napoleon wrote the next day:

"I am of your opinion about the prayers at St. Geneviève; I think that it would do no good; it was only a piece of devotion on the part of the empress. . . . Tell Demazis to remove from Compiègne and Fontainebleau the plate, and everything that might serve as a trophy. There are portraits of all my ministers and of my family at Compiègne. This must be done without noise, or attracting attention."

At four in the morning of Feb. 9th, Joseph replied to Napoleon's sharp letter of directions, already quoted at length:

"Your majesty may be assured that, so far as depends on me, your wishes will be complied with. Circumstances may occur in which this expression of them may contribute to such a result. My letter may thus have been useful by eliciting this written manifestation of your will, which will decide the conduct of many persons now unresolved."

The same day, at 11 A. M., Joseph wrote:

"The minister of war has written to me a letter, which I send to your majesty; you will see that our muskets are reduced to six thousand. It is, therefore, useless to expect to form a reserve of from thirty to forty thousand men in Paris. [That was a scheme which Napoleon had been strongly urging for two or three days past.] Things are stronger than men, Sire; and when this is clearly proved, it seems to me that true glory consists in preserving as much as possible of one's people and one's empire; and that to expose a precious life to such evident danger is not glorious, because it is against the interests of a great number of men whose existence is attached to your own. . . . At this juncture, I see no dishonor for your majesty unless you abandon the throne, because in this case you would ruin a number of individuals who have devoted themselves to you. If it be possible, then, make peace at any price; if that is impossible, when the hour comes we must meet death with resolution, as did the last emperor of Constantinople."

It had become plain that Napoleon's resources, in arms, at least, if not in men, were exhausted. The enemy con-

tinued to advance—Blucher down the Marne, Schwartzenberg down the Seine, while an immense Cossack cavalry, detached from the enemy's front and flanks, carried terror everywhere, and scarcely anywhere encountered any resistance. Some further reinforcements were expected from the Spanish frontier; but, without waiting for them, Napoleon deemed it necessary to enter at once upon some decisive operation.

Leaving Oudinot and Victor, with something more than half his forces, to hold Schwartzenberg in check, he made an oblique movement northerly, with some thirty thousand men, to attack the army of Silesia, which was advancing in four divisions, under Sacken, York, Alsufief, and Blucher, by two roads—one down the Marne, the other across a difficult and marshy country, more to the south—which advance had forced Macdonald, with some eight or ten thousand men, to fall back to Meaux. On the 9th, the same day that Napoleon left Nogent, he met and defeated Sacken at Baye; on the 10th he beat Alsufief at Champ-Aubert; on the 11th he again routed Sacken at Montmirail; on the 12th he defeated York at Chateau-Thierry; and on the 14th beat Blucher with great loss and drove him back to Chalons.

But, meanwhile, Schwartzenberg had advanced on Nogent, and pushing Victor and Oudinot, whom Macdonald had also joined, before him, had reached within twenty-five miles of Paris. The three marshals, greatly alarmed, and unable to agree as to who should command, invoked, as did also Joseph, Napoleon's immediate presence. Thus summoned, he set off on the 15th, a few hours after his defeat of Blucher's division. He joined his marshals the next day. On the 17th, his guard having come up, he drove the Russians, under Count Phalen, out of Mormant, and on the 18th the Prince of Wirtemberg out of Montereau; when the allied sovereigns and Schwartzenberg, alarmed at these unexpected attacks, retired with precipitation towards Langres. In nine days Napoleon had made nine marches, most of them over cross roads, deep with mud, had gained seven battles, and had driven or frightened away two armies, each much larger than his own.

In the next seven days, from the 19th to the 26th of February, Napoleon advanced upon the retreating enemy,

first to Nogent, then to Chartres, and thence to Troyes. The only fighting was an accidental skirmish at Mery, with Blücher. Napoleon was waiting, not only to rest his troops, but for the result of negotiations. Previous to crossing the French frontier, the allies had offered him peace from Frankfort, on the terms of France with its "natural limits," by which were meant the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. These terms he had refused, and the allies, since advancing into France, would grant nothing more than France with its ancient limits—those of 1789. Previous to engaging in the late operations, Napoleon had consented to these advanced terms, provided the allies would cease hostilities immediately; but this they refused, insisting that military operations should go on till peace was actually signed. Since their late defeats, they were willing to accept Napoleon's terms, and asked for an armistice; but this he refused, except on condition of their agreeing to the terms of Frankfort—France with its natural limits. Even Joseph, who had lately been so anxious for peace on any terms, applauded the new pretensions. "Every one agrees," he wrote on the 21st, "that your majesty would have done wrong in granting a suspension of hostilities. Peace with the natural limits is desired by all. No one now would accept the ancient limits." At the same time, however, Joseph confessed that some passages in the bulletin of the day, interpreted as raising doubts as to the success of the negotiation, had not been very well received.

The same day Napoleon wrote from Nogent, suggesting that proclamations, signed by the empress, which he thought would be more effective than if signed by himself, be sent to Orleans, which had been threatened and frightened by the Cossacks, to Lille, Valenciennes, Cambray, and the other large towns on the northern frontier, calling on them to organize a national guard, and to take measures of defense against the flying detachments of the enemy. He also suggested a similar proclamation to the Belgian towns.

"The empress should acquaint them with my victories, and tell them that the English wish to separate them from France, and place them under the yoke of a prince who has always been hostile to their country and to their religion: and assure them that the enemy will soon find that no peace will be signed un-

less the natural limits of France are admitted.

"The enemy have committed all sorts of horrors in every direction. The minister of war must send good reporters to the towns which they have occupied, to draw up narratives of the atrocities which they have committed. These reports are to be inserted in the *Moniteur*. I wish also the towns of Nogent, Provins, Nangis, Bray, Montereau, Sens, Epernay, Chateau-Thierry, Reims, Soissons, etc., to acquaint the municipality of Paris with what they have suffered, and these letters to be placarded in every direction; for, in short, one must not deceive oneself as to the fact (and you ought to say so), that the Russians intended to sack and burn Paris. It can only do good, if the Parisians hear on all sides: 'It is you who were attacked; it is you whom they intended to pillage.'"

The same day, Napoleon, amid all his other cares, sent the following minute and specific directions as to the future position of Jerome:

"My Brother: These are my intentions with respect to the king of Westphalia. I allow him to wear the uniform of the grenadier guard, and I grant the same permission to all the French princes. (You will inform king Louis of this.) The king is to dismiss all his Westphalian household. They are free either to return home or to stay in France. The king will immediately propose for my approbation three or four aides-de-camp, one or two eque-ries, and one or two chamberlains, all French, and two or three French ladies-in-waiting, for the queen. She will put off to some future time appointing her lady-in-waiting. All the Westphalian pages must be placed in the Lycées, and will wear the uniform of the Lycées. They will be educated at my expense. One-third will be placed in the Lycées of Versailles, one-third in that of Rouen, and the remaining third in the Lycée of Paris. The king and queen will then be presented to the empress; and I authorize the king to occupy Cardinal Fesch's house (since it appears it belongs to him), and to establish his household there. The king and queen will continue to bear the title of King and Queen of Westphalia, but they are to have no Westphalians in their suite."

Notwithstanding Napoleon's recent victories, the reports which Joseph sent him from Paris were by no means encouraging. Thus he wrote on Feb. 22d:

"The ministers of the interior and of the police and the arch-chancellor have just left me; they have given me a most deplorable picture of the state of things at Toulouse and at Bordeaux. The spirit of these towns is very unfavorable; a Bourbon appearing there would be well received. Your majesty will be astonished at the behavior of the Duke of Dalmatia, unless he has retreated by your orders. He is the only man in authority whose intentions I could venture to suspect. [Joseph could not get over his old jealousy and dislike of Soult.]

"Another report, which I annex, lends some probability to a rumor just communicated to me by the minister, that the enemy has entered

Amiens. The two ministers assured me that the Prussian proclamations in favor of the Bourbons have found an echo. I suppose that we are on the eve of a battle. Whatever the result, the present state of things cannot last. The ministers declare to me, in the presence of the arch-chancellor, that the administration is everywhere falling to pieces, that money is wanting, and that the system of requisition ends by alienating all hearts, and leaving the government to stand alone. However hard these truths may be, as they cannot reach your majesty through your ministers, I fulfill without hesitation the painful duty of acquainting you with them."

In a second letter, of the same day, he wrote:

"I have seen the minister of the interior. The plan of sending deputations from the different towns to the Council-General of Paris seems to him to be open to some objections. I share in this opinion, and I am sure that if your majesty had time to think again on the subject, you would relinquish the idea. [This objection seems to have been, that communication with these country deputies would rather tend to frighten the Parisians into submission than to encourage them to resistance.]

"The ministers and the Duke of Conegliano [Marshal Moncey, who commanded the national guard recently organized for the defense of Paris] are also of opinion that it would be impossible to double the national guard of Paris [one of Napoleon's projects], without changing its nature. Besides, there still remains the unconquerable difficulty of the want of arms.

"As to the national guard, as it now stands, it is a safeguard against anarchy; it is well disposed; it enters into the views of the government; it was electrified by the account of the prodigies which have been performed by your majesty in such a short time; it wishes for peace to restore you to your capital; its attachment for you is equal to its admiration. The capital shares in those opinions; but to say more, Sire, would be to deceive oneself as well as your majesty. The people of Paris, hostile to the government a month ago, touched by your majesty's confidence, in trusting your wife and your son to them, encouraged and astonished by your majesty's successes, are yet not in a state in which more than mere fidelity and obedience can be expected. They admire your genius, but they can be excited only by the hope of a speedy peace, and they are by no means inclined to oppose any effective resistance to a hostile army, or to send detachments of the national guard beyond the walls. This, Sire, is the exact truth. Your majesty must not rely on an exertion greater than can fairly be expected from a population so disposed."

To these unpalatable communications, Napoleon replied from Chartres (Feb. 23, 2 P. M.), as follows:

"My Brother: I have received your letters of the 22d. I am sorry to see that you continue to conjure up phantoms. The greater number of facts contained in your letters are untrue. The enemy is not at Amiens; the Duke of Dalmatia has not commenced his retreat. It is an old story that the Comte d'Artois is at Baule; it is not certain, nor does

it much signify whether there be, or be not three hundred rebels in the county Venissin; at all events, courage, patience, and presence of mind can overcome everything. But you will do nothing, if you collect together all sorts of reports, and excite your imagination by working them up into striking pictures. You will be cowed and hopeless.

"I do not deny that the state of affairs is very serious. Do not fancy that I am ill-informed; ministers generally want presence of mind. Placards of addresses, from the different villages which have been invaded by the enemy, will produce an excellent effect. There is no objection to the council of the municipality of Paris receiving deputations, and hearing what they have to say. Let their addresses be full of facts, and placard them immediately. The inhabitants of Paris will see that they are threatened with rape, pillage, and fire. As to the notion of doubling the national guard, if you disapprove of it, I give it up. If I had listened to the ministers, I should not have formed a national guard, and I should have distrusted Paris.

"I am badly served in the north. General Maison is a man of narrow understanding and little energy. Let the minister of war repeat the instructions to him to issue from the fortified places, and to attack the enemy by falling in detail upon his quarters.

"I have written to the Duke of Castiglione [Augereau]. I have written to the empress to speak to his wife. I think that you ought to speak to her also, and make the ladies of the court do the same. He must advance, take example by me, and do himself honor. [Augereau, reinforced by several regiments of veteran troops of the Spanish army, had been repeatedly urged to operate against the flank and the communications of the enemy. He showed little alacrity in doing so, but had recently moved on Geneva.]

"The enemy sets fire to everything, and appears to have given up all thoughts of Paris. The Prince of Schwartzenberg's aid-de-camp, with whom I have just conversed for some time, let it drop that they were very much alarmed by this movement of the Duke of Castiglione. [His movement on Geneva.]

"Well, we have thrown back the enemy's armies nearly to Langres. As I foretold, Montargis and Orleans are relieved; the Cossacks are flying as fast as they can in every direction. I have written to Borghese to order him to send six thousand men from his division to Chambery [to reinforce Augereau]; let the minister of war reiterate this order. Desire the minister likewise to repeat to the Duke of Dalmatia [Soult] the order not to retreat without fighting."

The next day (Feb. 24, 7 A. M.) Napoleon wrote from Troyes:

"The enemy besieges me with flags of truce, demanding a suspension of hostilities. We shall, perhaps, settle upon granting one this morning; but only if the negotiations at Châtillon proceed on the basis of the conditions of Frankfurt [the natural limits].

"If I had had twenty boats, to cross the Seine where I wanted, the Austrian army would have ceased to exist: at any rate, terror reigns in the ranks of the enemy. A few days ago they thought that I had no army; now their imagination sticks at nothing: three or four

hundred thousand men are not enough for them. They fancied that I had none but recruits: they now say that I have collected all my veterans, and that my armies consist of picked men; that the French army is better than ever, etc. See what is the effect of terror. The Parisian newspapers must confirm their fears. Newspapers are not history, any more than bulletins are history; one should always persuade the enemy that one's forces are immense.

"I do not agree with the remarks which have been made on the communications between the country and Paris; I wish my orders on the subject to be executed. The minister of the interior is a coward; he has absurd ideas about men. Neither he nor the minister of police knows more of France than I do of China. When the deputies from the country show the letters which they have received, the prefect must assemble the notaries to hear them read. This is not a got up thing, nor an imposture; the enemy has committed such atrocities that the whole of France will be indignant. Here, on the spot, the most moderate people speak of them with rage. If the French were as contemptible as the minister of the interior believes them to be, I should blush to be a Frenchman."

Napoleon wrote the next day (Feb. 25), at 4 P. M., still from Troyes:

"It seems that the enemy [the grand army under Schwartzberg] is retreating towards Langres. General Blücher, after crossing the Aube and advancing on Mery [at which place a severe skirmish took place on the 23d], recrossed it yesterday, and marched upon Anglure with between eight and ten thousand men, the remainder of the corps which he commanded. [This was a great miscalculation on the part of Napoleon, and subsequently proved very disastrous to him. Napoleon flattered himself that he had destroyed the army of Silesia; but in fact, Blücher, reinforced from the army under Bernadotte, had under his command some fifty thousand men, while Napoleon's own army at Troyes was but sixty-two thousand. The grand army, which had fallen back on Langres, was about seventy thousand.] As soon as I see what Blücher intends to do, I shall try to fall upon his rear and cut him off. The commissioners discussing the armistice are still sitting at Lusigny. It is said that the Crown-Prince of Sweden [Bernadotte] is at Cologne. Could you not, on your own responsibility, send some one to make him sensible of his folly, and persuade him to alter his conduct? Try, but do not implicate me."

The next day (Feb. 26), Napoleon, still at Troyes, wrote the following letter in relation to Murat:

"It seems that the allies have not yet ratified the treaty with the king of Naples. Dispatch by a courier, with the utmost haste, a letter to the king, in which you will frankly point out to him the iniquity of his conduct, offering to mediate for him if he will return to his duties. Tell him that this is his only hope; that if he take any other course, he must be destroyed either by France or by the allies. I need not point out all that you may say. Even the English do not recognize him as king. There is still time to save Italy, and to replace

the viceroy on the Adige. Write also to the queen [their sister Caroline, Murat's wife], on her ingratitude, which revolts even the allies. Say that as no battle has yet taken place between the French and Neapolitan troops, all may be arranged; but there is not a moment to lose. As Senator Fouché is still in those parts, you may write to him to converse with your messenger on these subjects. [Fouché was then at Rome, whither he had retired in disgrace, after being dismissed from the ministry of police, and it is thought that he had given advice to Murat not very favorable to Napoleon.]"

The same day, at 6 P. M., Napoleon again writes:

"The Austrian commandant of Chatillon-sur-Seine quitted the town yesterday. [This was the place where the peace congress was sitting.] The congress is in our hands, which proves how completely the plans of the enemy have been frustrated. Lord Castlereagh asked if he were safe; considering that he is not actually an ambassador, of course there can be no question. All that appertains directly or indirectly to the congress is protected by the law of nations."

The suggestions of Napoleon as to Bernadotte were immediately acted upon by Joseph, who dispatched the next day an urgent letter to Murat, based on Napoleon's hints. Of the attempt to open a communication with Bernadotte, Joseph gives the following account, in a letter dated March 13th, 11 P. M.:

"Sire: The person whom I sent to the Crown-Prince of Sweden returned to-day; he left the prince at Liege on the 10th. If your majesty would like to question him, your orders will find him at the quarters of the Prince of Neufchatel [Berthier], for whom I have given him a letter. This person is a Frenchman, formerly Bernadotte's physician, and his wife's secretary for the last eight years; he is somewhat slow, but very sensible. The Prince of Sweden talks openly and perpetually about the Bourbons; he says that he is temporising, to give you an opportunity to make peace; he is anxious for it, in order to return home."

Napoleon replied on the 17th;

"I have seen the person attached to Madame Bernadotte's service, whom you sent to me. He gave me some important intelligence, as well as some that was false. If you can trust him, I think it would be useful to send him back again, and to depute others, if it were only for the purpose of acquiring information as to those provinces. The Duke of Bassano [Marat] has written to desire Count d'Hauterive to send to you a copy of the declaration of the allies at Chatillon, that they four intend to treat for all the other powers. You may forward this paper confidentially to the Crown-Prince, and advise him confidentially to endeavor to have a minister at the congress; for it cannot possibly be for the interest of Sweden that this quadrumvirate should take possession of the whole of Europe. She must continue to do what she has always done—watch over her own affairs herself. Before you send the person in question, make sure

that he is not a traitor, and entreat him to be perfectly discreet."

Meanwhile, before the date of this last quoted letter, important changes had taken place in the position of affairs. The negotiations for an armistice having failed, involving also the rejection of Napoleon's offer of peace on the basis of the natural limits, he set out on the 27th of February in pursuit of Blücher. Oudinot, Macdonald, and General Gerard were still at Bar-sur-Aube, to resist Schwartzberg, whom, in a letter written at 5 P. M. of that day, from Arcis-sur-Aube, Napoleon represents as still falling back on Langres. That letter closes with the following paragraph:

"I have received some engravings of the king of Rome. I wish you to change the inscription, 'May God watch over my father and France,' to this, 'I pray God for my father and France,' it is simpler. I also wish some copies to be struck off, representing the king in the uniform of the national guard."

Napoleon's plan was, to inclose Blücher between his own force and a detachment under Mortier and Marmont manœuvring on the north bank of the Marne, and guarding Paris from attack by way of Reims.

On the 2d of March he was at Jouarre, whence he wrote to Joseph, directing him to assemble all the high dignitaries, and to lay before them all the papers in relation to the recent negotiations. "The Duke of Cadore [Champagny]," so this letter concluded, "will take down all that each of them says. I do not ask for formal advice, but I wish to know different people's impressions." The same day, in the afternoon, he wrote from La Ferte-sous-Jouarre, on the Marne:

"We may possibly meet with great success. I am preparing to carry the war into Lorraine, where I shall collect all the troops which are in garrison on the Meuse and the Rhine."

Here was the first hint of the famous manœuvre executed three weeks after, but which so signally failed in the result expected of it.

Of the meeting of ministers, to consider the documents relating to the negotiations for peace, Joseph, in a letter of the 4th, 6 P. M., gave the following account:

"All the members of the council seemed to be of one mind: the enemy's proposals were considered most unjust, and perfect confidence was expressed in whatever commands your majesty may think fit to give to your plenipotentiary, in order to enable France to benefit

immediately by the enormous sacrifices which are exacted of her. They are all convinced that your majesty will never submit to such sacrifices, unless driven to them by absolute necessity, and that your majesty is a better judge of this necessity than any one else can be.

"But they almost unanimously agreed in thinking that it would be better to accept conditions, reducing France to her limits in 1792, than to expose the capital. The occupation of the capital is dreaded as the end of the present state of things, and the commencement of great misfortunes. The whole of Europe joins in wishing to reduce France to what she was in 1792. Let it, therefore, be the foundation of a treaty which is rendered imperative by circumstances, but let the country be evacuated immediately.

"To sum up: an immediate peace, whatever may be the terms, is indispensable. It will be a truce lasting for two or three years; but, whether it be favorable or not, we must have peace. The emperor will obtain the best terms that he can. At this juncture it is sure to do good, as it will enable the emperor to pay exclusive attention to the interior, and a wise system of administration may place him in a position to regain what has been unjustly demanded and wisely yielded. The natural limits would be a real boon both for France and the rest of Europe: we might then hope for a lasting peace; but impossibility relieves from every obligation. Peace now is indispensable; it may be broken on the day when France is able to reassert her rights. Make, then, what in your breast you will consider as a mere truce, since the enemy's injustice will not permit you to make an equitable peace, and the state of public feeling and of public affairs does not allow you to hope from France efforts proportionate to the end to be attained.

"Whether your majesty be victorious or not, you must turn your thoughts to peace. This is the summary of all that is spoken here, and thought here."

While Joseph was writing this letter, Napoleon was at Fismes, whence he wrote, the same day, as follows:

"The enemy has been driven back in every direction. The Duke of Ragusa [Marmont] must be at Soissons, and my skirmishers before Reims. The enemy seems to be moving towards Saon and Avesnes; he is in the greatest confusion. He has sustained an immense loss in men, horses, and carriages.

"Send one of your officers to Troyes, to tell the Dukes of Taranto and Reggio [Macdonald and Oudinot] that I may possibly manœuvre by Vitry, St. Dizier, and Joinville, on the enemy's rear, which will set them free, as the enemy will be forced to abandon the Seine to fly to the assistance of his rear. One advantage of this operation will be, the raising the blockade of my fortresses, whence I shall draw large garrisons and reinforcements."

Here is another allusion to the plan of action which Napoleon finally adopted. The letter concludes with reiterated complaints against General Maison, commanding in Belgium, for want of activity in harassing the enemy by sal-

lies from the fortresses, and directing orders to be sent him to that effect, and also to Augereau, at Lyons, to press hard on the enemy's flank and rear. But that very day Augereau had given over his march on Geneva, which had greatly alarmed the allies, and, in a state of dissatisfaction, was falling back on Macon. On the points referred to at the beginning of the letter, Napoleon was also destined to be disappointed. Marmont was not at Soissons, and Macdonald and Oudinot had been already driven out of Troyes by Schwartzenberg. The two following letters show how much these events interfered with Napoleon's plans, and the vexation they caused him:

"Fismes, March 5, 1814. I thought that the Duke of Ragusa [Marmont] would have been yesterday at Soissons; but the commandant basely evacuated the town without firing a shot. He retreated with all his troops, with the honors of war, and six pieces of cannon; he is at Villers-Cotterets. I have ordered the minister of war to have him arrested, brought before a court-martial, and shot. He must be executed in the Place du Grève, with the utmost publicity; the sentence must be printed, and its grounds well stated. Five generals must be appointed to try him. This business has done us incalculable harm. I should have reached Laon to-day, and I have no doubt that the enemy would have been routed and cut to pieces. I must now manoeuvre, and lose time in constructing bridges. See that, at least, an example is made."

"Béry-au-Bac (on the Aisne), March 6, 1814, noon. If the Duke of Taranto [Macdonald] is ill, he must give up the command to the Duke of Reggio [Oudinot], and place General Sebastiani at the head of the 11th corps. I am assured that Troyes has just been evacuated. [Oudinot and Gérard had been driven out of Bar-sur-Aube, after a sharp action on the 27th of February, by the readvance of the grand army under Schwartzenberg; but Napoleon, in a letter of the 4th of March, had expressed himself well enough satisfied with their retreat, as Bar-sur-Aube was not a position that could be held.] I cannot believe in such incapacity. There can be no finer position than Troyes, where the enemy is forced to manoeuvre on both banks. I am going to drive the enemy to-day towards Laon. I shall then march upon Chalons and Arcis. It is indispensable to hold the Seine for five or six days at Nogent, Bray, and Montreuil. I could not be worse seconded than I am. I left a splendid army and excellent cavalry at Troyes; but the soul is wanting. I am sure that this army is stronger in the field than any which Prince Schwartzenberg can oppose to it. Consult the minister of war: a sick general is worse than anything."

The difficulty, however, was not in the sickness of Macdonald—Joseph wrote the next day that he was perfectly well—but in the overwhelming force of the enemy, and the necessity of falling back in order to cover Paris.

Having failed in an attack [March 6] on Soissons, Napoleon crossed the Aisne at Béry-au-Bac, and on the 7th attacked Marshal Blücher at Craonne, but with no other result than to drive him back a few miles to the strong position of Laon. That formidable position Napoleon attacked on the 8th, 9th, and 10th, but was repulsed, and retreated to Chagnon.

In the mean time, affairs at Paris grew more alarming. Joseph wrote on the 8th:

"The news from the Duke of Dalmatia [Soult's] army increases our alarm. We already see the English at Bordeaux; nor do we see how their progress is to be arrested, unless it be opposed by the Duke of Dalmatia in the centre of France. The Austrian army [Schwarzenberg's] is on the Seine, and we are uneasy that your majesty should be at such a distance from us. The Dukes of Taranto and Reggio [Macdonald and Oudinot] do not agree: no good can come of the combined services of these two marshals.

"It is most important that your majesty should proceed instantly to the Seine, and the neighborhood of your capital; considering what is passing on the Garonne, the consequences of the occupation of Paris are to be feared."

The next day, at 11 A. M., Joseph acknowledged the receipt of Napoleon's letter, giving an account of the battle of Craonne, and proceeded as follows:

"I presume that Soissons is ours, and that you are drawing nearer to Paris in that direction. This is indispensable. The Duke of Taranto's [Macdonald's] army seems to have been outflanked on the left; detachments of the enemy have entered Sézanne, and even advanced as far as Coulommiers. The funds fell yesterday to 51. The Duke of Dalmatia's movements cause the greatest anxiety with respect to Bordeaux, which might easily become a hot-bed of civil war. After your recent victory, you may honorably sign a peace on the ancient limits. Such a peace would restore the prosperity of France after the long struggle that began in 1792; and there would be nothing dishonorable to her in it, as she would lose no portion of her territory, and has arranged her affairs at home as she saw fit."

This letter closed with an appeal to Napoleon to return to his "natural kindness," and, renouncing his "assumed character and perpetual efforts," to "consent to relinquish the part of the wonderful man for that of the great sovereign."

In reply to Joseph's appeals to draw near Paris, Napoleon wrote from Chagnon, March 10:

"Paris is in greater danger from this army [Blücher's] than from that of Schwartzenberg. Nevertheless, I will draw near to Soissons, in order to be more within reach of Paris; but

until I have been able to obtain another victory over this army, I can hardly proceed elsewhere. The detachments which Schwartzberg's army has sent to its rear have considerably diminished its strength, and it seems to fear to venture to cross the Seine."

The letter closes with a project for raising thirty thousand men from among the masses who had taken refuge in Paris, and the workmen without employment.

Joseph wrote the next day, that the ministers of the interior and of the police were of opinion that it was utterly impossible to find a thousand men who would leave Paris to join the army. He had written at midnight, on the 9th, that there were no longer any disposable men in Paris, as they had all been sent to join the army in the field. As early as the 25th of February he had noticed the almost entire stoppage in the arrival of conscripts. In the letter of the 11th he enclosed a return, furnished by the minister of war, showing that, so far from having thirty thousand muskets, there were not six thousand fit for service.

This letter concluded as follows:

"Unpleasant reports, tending to diminish the popularity of your majesty, are beginning to circulate in the capital. For instance, it is said that the Duke of Conegliano (Moncey, who commanded the national guard), who is liked, is about to be recalled; that he is to be replaced by General Sebastiani, who has been here for the last five days; that the Duke of Padua will shortly arrive; that he is to be employed in Paris, and that Paris is to be defended. The month of March is slipping away, yet the fields are not sown. It is, however, superfluous to enter into further details. Your majesty must feel that there is no longer any remedy but peace, an immediate peace. Every day that is lost is mischievous to our personal popularity. Individual distress is extreme; and on the day when it is believed that your majesty has preferred prolonging the war to making even a disadvantageous peace, there is no doubt that disgust will incline the public mind in another direction. If Toulouse or Bordeaux should set up a Bourbon, you will have civil war, and the immense population of Paris will support the side which promises to give them peace soonest.

"Such is the state of opinion; no one can change it. This being the case, the only way is, to submit. If the peace be unfavorable, it will be no fault of yours, as all classes here insist upon it. I cannot be mistaken, as my view is that of all the world. We are on the eve of total destruction; our only hope is in peace."

In a letter written the same day, from Chavignou, Napoleon stated that finding the position of the enemy at Laon too strong to be attacked without severe loss, he had determined on returning to Soissons. He sought to lay

the blame of the repulse at Laon on Marmont, whose behavior he described as "that of an ensign." His young guard, he stated, was melting away "like a snow-ball," his horse-guard was also disappearing rapidly. The old guard was still in good order. He urged all possible attention to the remounting of his cavalry, and suggested some redoubts at Montmartre, not only as of use for defense, "especially with regard to their moral effect," but as a means of charity to the unemployed. In reference to these fortifications, he wrote, on the 13th, from Soissons:

"Before commencing the fortifications of Paris, I must see the plan; the one which was sent to me seems to me to be very complicated; I want something simple. The people complain everywhere of the mayors and authorities, who prevent them from defending themselves. I see that in Paris it is just the same. The people possess energy and good faith. I fear greatly that the difficulty consists in the unwillingness to fight of certain principal personages, who will be confounded, after the event has taken place, by finding what will be their own fate."

On the 13th, leaving Mortier at Soissons, to dispute the advance of Blucher, Napoleon attacked and took Reims, which was occupied by a Russian division—a part of the reinforcements lately arrived from Bernadotte's army. On the same day, he wrote from Reims the following highly characteristic reply to some of Joseph's recent suggestions:

"If it suited me to remove the Duke of Conegliano, all the idle talk of Paris would have no effect. The national guard of Paris is a part of the people of France, and as long as I live I will be master everywhere in France. Your character is opposed to mine; you like to flatter people, and to yield to their wishes; I like them to try to please me, and to obey my wishes. I am as much a sovereign now as I was at Austerlitz. Do not permit any person to flatter the national guard, nor Regnaud nor any one else to set himself up as their tribune. I suppose, however, that they see that there is some difference between the time of La Fayette, when the people ruled, and the present time, when I rule.

"I have issued a decree for raising twelve battalions in Paris, out of the *levée en masse*. On no pretext must the execution of this measure be delayed. I have written my wishes on this subject to the ministers of the interior and of the police. If the people find that, instead of doing what is for their good, one is trying to please them, it is quite natural that they should think that they have the upper hand, and that they should entertain but a mean opinion of those in authority over them."

The same day, in contemplation of the movement into the rear of the ene-

may, which might expose Paris to attack, he wrote as follows:

"In accordance with the verbal instructions which I gave to you, and with the spirit of all my letters, you must not allow, happen what may, the empress and the king of Rome to fall into the hands of the enemy. The manoeuvres which I am about to make may possibly prevent your hearing from me for several days. If the enemy should march on Paris with so strong a force as to render resistance impossible, send off towards the Loire the regent, my son, the great dignitaries, the ministers, the senators, the president of the council of state, the chief officers of the crown, and Baron de la Bouillerie with the money which is in my treasury."

The late movements of Napoleon against Blucher had resulted in nothing. But, meanwhile, Schwartzberg, having recovered from his recent panic, was again in full march on Paris, taking the route down the valley of the Seine, and driving Macdonald and Oudinot before him. Against him Napoleon now again turned, leaving Marmont and Mortier on the Aisne, to hold Blucher in check.

On the 17th he marched from Reims, where he had been stationary for the four days preceding, and arriving at Epernay, detached Ney up the Marne to occupy Chalons. Continuing his march southward, on the 20th he advanced on Arcis-sur-Aube, where he encountered the main body of Schwartzberg's army, which his approach had drawn back from Troyes. A bloody battle ensued, in which Napoleon, with difficulty, and not without the most daring personal exposure, repelled the attack made upon him. Having been joined in the night by Macdonald and Oudinot, he turned back northeast, and advanced on Vitry, expecting to draw Schwartzberg after him. He had sent orders, meanwhile, to Marmont and Mortier, to march upon Chalons and thence on Vitry, thus concentrating his force, but at the same time leaving the road to Paris open to Blucher as well as to Schwartzberg.

Not able to enter Vitry, which was held by a strong hostile detachment, Napoleon proceeded to St. Dizier, higher up the Marne. He reached that place on the 23d, and was joined there by Caulincourt, his late representative at the congress of Chatillon, which had broken up on the 15th. Napoleon, pressed, as we have seen, by Joseph, had at last dispatched to Caulincourt an ambiguous sort of authority,

to consent to the "ancient limits," as proposed by the allies; but, before this document reached him, the congress had separated.

In the neighborhood of St. Dizier Napoleon spent five days, during which he made another ineffectual attempt to get possession of Vitry, and had several skirmishes with the division of Winzingerode, left to watch him; but, meanwhile, Schwartzberg as well as Blucher were marching upon Paris, now open before them. On the 28th Napoleon resumed his march, still to the eastward; but, on reaching Bar-le-Duc, he became aware of the failure of his manoeuvre to draw off the allied armies from Paris, and turning about, by a forced march of fifty miles in one day, he reached Troyes on the 29th. Thence, on the 30th, he started early in the morning with his guard, but soon left them, and in a light carriage, with Berthier and Caulincourt at his side, traveled in hot haste all night, and following a road south of that by which the enemy had advanced, reached the post-house of La Cour de France, fourteen miles from Paris, at four o'clock in the morning of the 31st.

From the 22d to the 31st, no letters were received at Paris from Napoleon, and he had received none from that capital. Marmont and Mortier, in attempting to march on Chalons, had encountered the advance of the allies, and had been swept back toward Paris. The allies appearing in force in the vicinity of Paris, Joseph, on the 29th, in compliance with the orders of Napoleon, as to what was to be done in such an emergency, sent away the empress and her son, with an escort of troops, towards the Loire. The following letter, from Marie Louise to Joseph, describes the first stage of this journey:

"Rambouillet, March 29, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ P. M. My dear Brother: I have this instant reached Rambouillet, very sad and much harassed. It would be very kind if you would let me know what is going on, and whether the enemy has advanced. I wait for your answer before I decide whether I ought to go further or to remain here. If I ought to move, I beg you to tell me what place you think would be best and safest for me. I earnestly wish that you would write to me to return to Paris; it is the thing of all others that would give me most pleasure. A thousand remembrances to the queen [Joseph's wife]. Pray believe in the sincere friendship with which I am your most affectionate sister."

The next day the allies assaulted the

heights which cover Paris on the east, and which were defended by the corps of Marmont and Mortier, and by the national guard of the city. On that morning, at eight o'clock, Joseph wrote from the heights of Montmartre the following letter to his wife:

"My dear friend: There has been firing for the last two hours; as yet nothing is serious, but we are only beginning the day. I think that, if your health will permit, you should set off with the children, Miot, Preale, and any other people whom you may like to take. If not, you must send on our children with Miot and Madame Dameri. Your sister's house is your best refuge; but I hope that you will be able to start."

As the fate of the day became evident, Joseph gave directions to the ministers, senators, and high dignitaries, to follow the empress—orders which a portion of them did not see fit to obey. He himself, about noon—the exterior range of heights being then in possession of the enemy—followed the empress towards Chartres, after which Marmont and Moncey signed a capitulation, having been authorized by Joseph to do so, by which the French regular troops were to retire unmolested, and the allies were to enter Paris on the morning of the 31st—that same morning that Napoleon, as we have seen, reached the post-house of La Cour. On arriving there, he encountered the cavalry of Mortier's corps retiring on Fontainebleau, and thus became aware of the actual state of affairs, he dispatched a note to Joseph (which is not given), enclosing one for the empress. This note reached Joseph at Chartres, and he replied to it the same afternoon, at 5 P. M., as follows:

"Sire: I wrote to you this morning, by a courier in disguise. I have your majesty's letter of this morning. I have sent on to the empress the one which was addressed to her. I shall set off this evening to follow the empress. She intended to proceed first to Tours. In obedience to your majesty's wishes, she will go to Blois, with all the members of the government. The ministers who are here, agree in thinking this course the best; they will start this evening. The empress and the king of Rome are well; I saw them this morning; they will reach Chateaudun this evening. The minister of war, of the administration of war, of finance, of the treasury, of the interior, and of marine affairs, are here. Your majesty must be already acquainted with all that has passed, from the marshals' reports and from what I told M. Dejean, your majesty's aide-de-camp. The enemy's force was very large: the corps of the Dukes of Treviso and Ragusa [Mortier and Marmont] could not possibly make head against it."

Having dispatched Caulincourt to

Paris, to see if any terms could be made with the allies, Napoleon retired to Fontainebleau, whence, on the 2d of April, he wrote to Joseph as follows:

"I desired the grand marshal to write to you on the necessity of not crowding into Blois. Let the king of Westphalia [Jerome] go to Brittany or towards Bourges. I think that Madame [their mother] had better join her daughters [Eloise and Pauline] at Nice, and Queen Julie and your children proceed to Marseilles. The Princess of Neuchâtel [Madame Bessieres] and the marshals' wives should go and live on their estates. It is natural that king Louis, who has always liked hot climates, should go to Montpellier. As few persons as possible should be on the Loire, and let every one settle himself quietly, without attracting attention. A large colony always excites a sensation in a neighborhood. The Provence road is now open—it may not remain so for one day. Among the other ministers you do not mention the minister of police. Has he reached you? I do not know whether the minister of war has his cipher. I have none with you, and as this is the case, I cannot write to you on important subjects. Advise everybody to observe the strictest economy."

Joseph answered this letter the next day.

"Blois, April 3, 1814. Sire: I have received your letter of the 2d. Mamma and Louis are ready to fulfill your wishes. Mamma is in want of money; six months of her pension is due. Neither has Jerome any money. My wife has no longer any friends at Marseilles. What occasions our train to appear so large is, the number of empty state carriages belonging to the court. I have received no letter from the grand marshal on this subject, nor on any other. The minister of police has returned hither from Tours. The council to-day was unanimous in its opinions and wishes. We are waiting for your majesty's decision as to the place of residence. May the fears which have been excited by the Duke of Vicenza's [Caulincourt's] report never be realized. [Caulincourt had returned on the 3d from his mission to Paris, with the report that the allies had refused to treat with Napoleon or any of his family.] The minister of war has no cipher with your majesty, nor have I. The ministers of the treasury and of finance know no longer how to discharge their duties. M. de la Bouillerie asks for orders to insure the safety of his convoy. One of his wagons, containing two millions, has reached Orleans—it was left in Paris when the empress went away. [The treasure in the custody of M. de la Bouillerie mysteriously disappeared. The Comacks got some of it. Nobody knows what became of the rest.] Might not Jerome be sent to command the army in Lyons?"

Already, the results which Joseph had anticipated, from the occupation of Paris, had fully displayed themselves. On the 1st of April, Napoleon's senate, so long the passive instrument of his will, had been got together, and had appointed a provisional government, at the head of which was Talleyrand, who

thus verified all the suspicions of Napoleon. The next day they agreed to a decree, declaring that, by reason of his tyranny and misgovernment, of which several instances were set out, Napoleon had forfeited for himself and family the imperial crown of France. On the 3d of April, the legislative body, which, previous to the campaign, Napoleon had broken up, because it had presumed to give him unpalatable advice, was got together, and confirmed the decree of forfeiture. On the 4th, finding that the marshals were no longer disposed to obey him—indeed, with Ney at their head, they demanded that he should abdicate—Napoleon signed an abdication in favor of his son, with the empress as regent. The allies, however, refused to come into this arrangement, demanding, instead, his unconditional abdication.

Joseph, meanwhile, was urgent with the empress, who, with the fugitive imperial court and ministry, was still at Blois, to retire further south, out of the way of the enemy. This she refused to do, and on the 9th, under the escort of a Russian officer, who came to Blois, no doubt by an understanding on her part, she set out with her infant son to join her father, the Emperor of Austria, at Dijon—for he had not gone with the two other sovereigns to Paris. Joseph, who followed the empress to Orleans, wrote from that city, on the 10th, as follows:

"Sire: I wrote you yesterday that we should be here to-day, and here we actually are. [The letter here referred to is not given. It would be highly curious, as it probably contained Joseph's account of the final breach between him and the empress.] General Schuwaloff, aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia, accompanied the empress.

"If what is reported should prove true, and the Bourbons should be called to the throne, I am most anxious not to be obliged to ask anything of them. I could not possibly live in France, nor could I take my wife and children to the island of Elba. If sad necessity should force your majesty thither, I will go to visit you, and to prove to you my attachment; but it will not be till I have placed my wife and children in safety on the continent.

"M. Foyoult [this was the agent sent to Murat] has just returned from Italy; the army there is in excellent order; the viceroy [Eugene] is quietly at Mantua; the king of Naples prays for your success, if you desire universal peace, and the independence of Italy. A single effort might, perhaps, extricate France from the abyss into which she is falling. An immediate decision, with regard both to military affairs and to politics, may, perhaps, repair all in favor of your son. Be bold enough to try. Save the state from im-

minent danger by getting rid of princes who will revive old hatreds and inflict a fresh injury upon the country, by internal disturbances, brought on by the pride of the old nobility and the vanity of the new, and the character of the people raised by the revolution to a level at which we may lament that it was not left."

The very day that this letter was written, Napoleon, convinced that his case was hopeless, had consented to an unconditional abdication. The treaty of Fontainebleau, signed the next day, granted to the Bonapartes such terms as no other dethroned family ever obtained—to Napoleon, Elba, during his life, with the title of emperor; to his wife and son, Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, as an hereditary sovereignty, with the title of prince; to his mother, brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, the title of princes, and, in addition to their large private properties, French stocks, producing a net annual sum of two and a half millions of francs, to be distributed among them so as to give to Madame Mère an income from this source alone of 300,000 francs, and a like income to the Princesses Eloise and Pauline; to Joseph and his wife an income of 500,000 francs; the same to Jerome and his wife; to Hortense and her children an income of 400,000 francs; and one of 200,000 francs to her husband Louis, who lived separately from her. Eugene was to have a suitable establishment out of France. The annual income of Josephine was reduced from five millions to one million francs, which must have made her feel very poor, as, with the former sum, she was always in debt. She had fled from Paris at the same time with Marie Louise, and had taken refuge in Navarre, where she had an estate; but, on the invitation of the Emperor Alexander, she returned to her seat at Malmaison, near Paris, where she died before the end of the year. Her daughter Hortense was also permitted to live at Paris, where she at once began to intrigue for Napoleon's return.

Joseph retired to Switzerland; but hastened to join his brother at Paris, on his return from Elba, as did also Lucien and Jerome. Louis took no part in that movement; nor did Eugene, who remained quiet at the court of his father-in-law, the king of Bavaria. Murat, in seeking to join it, lost his crown, in a wild attempt to regain which, he lost his life. Lucien returned, under Na-

pooleon's second reign, to his old position of a member of the new legislative body, and he made great efforts, after the battle of Waterloo, to retain the crown of France in the family. Thiers accuses him of caprice in his relations to his brother; but the principle upon which he acted is obvious. He was willing to coöperate with Napoleon in exalting the family, though not willing, like Joseph, to play the part of a mere tool. As to his youthful republicanism, that had subsided into a preference for limited monarchy, as the best form of government.

The second abdication of Napoleon drove Joseph to seek refuge in America, where the sons of Murat soon followed him. Jerome was allowed by the Emperor of Austria to reside at Trieste. The rest of the family, through the favor of the Pope, established themselves at Rome. Even at St. Helena, Napoleon still considered himself the head of the family, whom, even after his death, they were all bound to obey. On his death-bed, his mind was occupied with projects for their ulterior aggrandizement. He undertook to regulate both their residence and their marriages; and upon these subjects gave some curious directions to General Bertrand, who, on reaching Europe, hastened to communicate them to Joseph, in a letter dated October, 1821. This letter is published in the tenth volume of the *Mémoires du Roi Joseph*, and we cannot better conclude this article than by giving the substance of the curious directions of Napoleon recorded in it.

He desired that his nieces should marry into Roman families, especially such as had furnished popes. The recent marriage of one of Lucien's daughters with a Swede, he very much disapproved. His nieces might wash the feet of the Pope, but not of the queen of Sweden, nor of any other temporal prince. The members of his family might also intermarry among themselves. They might speedily have a pope, cardinals, and legates among their number, and might thus come to exercise a great influence in Europe, and even in France. Such intermarriages as he proposed would interest a number of powerful families in propagating the glory of his name, and would attach a powerful theocracy to the interests and

honor of the Bonaparte family. His mother (whose economy had made her very rich) ought to promise an outfit of 300,000 francs to each of her grandchildren, who would establish themselves at Rome. She could not employ her fortune better, and Pauline (who had no children) and Cardinal Fesch ought to do the same with theirs. The members of his family ought not to establish themselves except in a theocracy like Rome, or in a republic like Switzerland, having strength enough to maintain its neutrality. By connecting themselves with the oligarchy of Berne, for instance, or some other of the powerful cantons, they might secure themselves independence. If Jerome, because his wife was a Protestant, did not wish to go to Rome, he might establish himself in Switzerland. He might carry five or six millions with him, and nobody would know but that it was forty. His money would make him welcome, and he would be independent. He ought to get himself inscribed among the nobles, and connect his children with the powerful families. Berne was preferable, because it was the principal canton. As Rome was too near Naples to be safe for queen Caroline, she also might establish herself in Switzerland, but in a different canton. Joseph, being in America, might prefer to remain there, and would naturally like to have his daughters near him. There was, however, nobody there but merchants, except, indeed, a few families, as the Washingtons and Jeffersons. He might have a President of the United States in his family. It was a republic well enough in its way; however, he preferred Rome for Joseph, and, for the reasons already mentioned, he ought to establish himself there with his daughters; or, if there were objections to Rome, then in Switzerland in preference to America. The Bonaparte family thus established in Switzerland and the Roman States, a score or two of marriages would make them masters of those two countries.

Such were the schemes with which Napoleon—his ruling passion strong in death—occupied his last moments. He anticipated also some possible great destiny for his son; but the reestablishment of the family on the imperial throne of France he seems not to have dreamed of.

THE SMALL GERMAN UNIVERSITY TOWN.

WERE you ever there, Mr. Howitt? I have the greatest doubt about it.

You might have passed through Aeselen, in the Schnellpost, but you never spent a day, a week, a month there; or perhaps, for the first time in your life, your quiet, equable mind, ever prone to find "the good better, and the bad not so bad," would have been roused. As Defoe, by his Robinson Crusoe, did as much in his century to induce travel as steam power has facilitated it in our times, so have you, friend William Howitt, by your book of German student life, done much to tempt me to plunge into the hidden arcana of the German schools of lore.

Aeselen! what a dear little place it was? (I can say so now that I am away from it; for had I, whilst an inhabitant, given it this endearing diminutive, in ten minutes' time Aeselen would have risen in arms and driven me out.) Little place! forsooth! Was it not the second town in the Grossherzogthum after the capital! And the capital, had it not long, grass-grown streets, and a column erected to a former Grossherzog, a wonder of the world—a wonder, from the fact that nobody ever knew what great act or deed the deceased Grossherzog ever did to have had such an ugly column built for him. But Aeselen boasted of a university, a club-house, and Herr Professor Von Stickstoff, and some one hundred and fifty native students (every one of them wearing great, massive silver spectacles) beside, some forty foreign scholars. How snugly the town nestled in a hollow; how quiet and placid it looked; who could imagine the fire and lava that seethed and bubbled there, or the heaps of ashes the inhabitants were ever piling on each other's devoted heads?

I believe it to be a solemn truth, that the simple fact of every window, of every house in the town being provided with little looking-glasses (arranged on the best of optical principles), did more to disturb its peace than any other scientific phenomena in the world's record. "Give me a lever, and a point d'appui," said Archimedes, "and I will move the world;" give me, I say, reflect-

ing double mirrors to the windows of a small German town, and I will sow rage and fury, worse than did the mythological broad-cast of dragon teeth.

Aeselen was within a stone's throw of ever so many countries. Did you walk of a pleasant afternoon past some green fields, and a hill or so, you were in Prussia; retrace your footsteps a mile, you were in the kingdom of Strong-beer; and from the rookery on top of the old town-house, I could enchant my eyes with the sight of some dozen kingdoms, empires, and Herzogthums.

Aeselen had one grand street; here lived the full professor, the upper salt inspector, the market inspector; into this straggled some three or four other streets. Here dwelt the under professors and lower dignitaries; and, lastly, filling up the interstices, were narrow alleys, devoted to the professors' assistants, the booksellers, pipe and tobacco venders, and the students' kneip, or beer-houses. The students lived everywhere, according to their circumstances, some in poor, miserable dens, others, more fortunate as to worldly goods, in the professors' houses; the professors' wives generally combining the accomplishment of knowing how to turn a gulden or so to the best advantage.

Three great buildings were there, in Aeselen: the town-house, Professor Von Stickstoff's house, and the club-house.

The club-house! Second temple of Janus, instigator of peace and war! What a blessing it was for the town; how they required it as an excitant. Three parties disputed supremacy there, the Löffels, the Gabels, and the Messers;* they were the Faubourgs St. Germain, St. Honoré, and St. Denis.

The Löffels had seven "vons," the head professors, their fat wives and daughters; the Gabels marshaled under their banners but one "von" (his title town tattle disputed), the under professors; and lastly came the Messers, the burghers of the town. At an annual club-ball each one found his rank; to have danced with a Löffel was to be cut by the Gabels; to have gone back to the Gabels was to be cut by the

* The spoons, the forks, and the knives.

Löffels, and then there was no other retreat but among the Messers.

The students formed a floating party, each settling down to his proper level, according to his dress, at the first club-ball. Did he glory in a dress coat, he was a Löffel; had he a frock-coat, he was a Gabel; did he gallant in fancy pantaloons and colored shirt, he was a Messer.

Four balls, during the winter, open to the whole town, and two very select picnics in summer, completed the festivities of the year.

For the winter galas, six musicians were hired; a keg of pickled herring, some lettuce, oil, and vinegar were purchased, and the necessaries for the fête were completed. What master-strokes of policy, what subtle intrigues did not these dear people carry on, in order to make each other miserable! Did it happen to rain or snow, the Löffels had secured every carriage in the town (the town locomotion comprised two broken-down English traveling carriages, and an omnibus), and the Gabels and Messers trudged on foot in the mire to the dance.

The Gabels, once, by a Machiavellian effort of diplomacy, managed to get on the executive committee, upon which occasion, having secured the right of mixing the herring-salad, they seasoned it so with garlic, that not a Löffel could partake of it. (This stupid trick, a Löffel afterwards told me, recoiled upon the perpetrators; both Gabels and Messers, from an undue quantity coming to their share, having been made quite ill.)

The Messers had a quiet way of taking their revenge; how many picnics did they not spoil, by warning the parties off their fields, setting their dogs on them, and in buying up all the real Kalbs-coteletten, which is an indispensable part of a German merry-making.

In the club-house was a room devoted to whist, and Boston; here assembled the Aesellenites to smoke their pipes, and, through the tobacco-fumes, to settle the fate of nations, according to the Grossherzogthums Privilegirte Gazette, a tri-weekly newspaper, seven inches by nine.

How well I recollect our first entrance there. It was during my first week in Aeselen, and I was an uninitiated. I had paid my four guldens subscription, and was desirous of getting

the worth of my money. I say our entrance, for I was accompanied by three merry fellows, a Frenchman, an Englishman, (by royal letters patent, son of her Majesty the Queen's apothecary), and a Russian, killed, poor fellow, in the last sortie from Sebastopol. Passing into the whist-room, we sat down to a game. Our entrance was remarked; although students had the nominal entrée to this room, it was never used, and we were ignorant of it. A loud whisper, at the side, from the head salt inspector, perhaps intended for our ears, expressed "his amazement and disgust at our intrusion!" Our plan was soon formed. The Russ drew a pile of rouble notes from his pocket, the Briton his Bank of England notes, the Gaul a handful of Napoleons, and I happening to have some fifty dollar California pieces, placed them on the table.

Slowly we began to play. I managed to let fall a piece of my gold on the floor, it rolled under the salt inspector's feet; the ring of gold had its effect; every eye was upon us. Our money changed hands; now I had it all, next the Russian, and the notes and gold flew about the table.

Every game was stopped; you might have heard a pin drop, and I am certain ten pipes, at least, went out. Apparently not noticing the intense excitement around us, Vlademir, the Russian, said: "This is all nonsense; you, de Clermont, have a chateau or so, you, John, have a forge, beside a coal-mine, and you have cotton and sugar-plantations, with negroes. I play my versts of pine-forests and serfs, without number, against them. What do you say? We are nine a-piece, the odd trick wins the game, and stakes the negroes and coal-mines against my serfs and a chateau!"

His acting was inimitable; it was quietly, neatly done, said in a low, distinct tone, and every one heard it.

As luck would have it, we each took six tricks, and the first card of the seventh was on the table, when a heavy hand was placed on each of our packs, and the Herr University Proctor, and University Beadle, with four soldiers (the whole garrison of Aeselen), tore us from our game; with a protestation, we were marched, each one home, with summons to appear at the University court on the morrow. That night all

Aeselen knew it; men, women, and children dreamt of it, and the place was in a hubbub. Our appearance, condition, recklessness, was the talk of every one; the gold and silver placed on the table was exaggerated some thousand fold.

At the University court-room the Herr University Proctor made an elaborate speech, full of the choicest quotations, and his rage was unequalled when we told him our ignorance of transgression, and the true state of the joke.

We were severely reprimanded, and only escaped being rusticated, from the fact of no precedent being found to judge the case by. Aeselen was in a passion, and, from that time, we were considered dangerous. There was not a soul in the place, of a philological turn of mind, that did not ferret, in the English dictionary, the meaning of the word "sell," which term the son of the Queen's apothecary had unguardedly used, as explaining the circumstance. How dark and muddy were the streets in winter; and how we used to plunge ankle deep in the slime, on going to our evening lectures. Aeselen had two street-lamps, the illumination being vested in the hands of two important functionaries, the upper lantern-inspector, and the lower lantern inspector, the former going up the rungs of the ladder, whilst the latter steadied him. We four procured huge tin lanterns, such as only primeval Germany can invent, and with them, even at sundown, no matter how clear or moonlit the night, we sallied out. It was considered as an insult to the corporation, the matter was reported to the capital, and the matter was compromised, by the addition of a third lantern, which, we devotedly hope, still swings, creaks, and flickers over the streets of Aeselen.

Herr Professor Von Stickstoff was the great man of the place; all Aeselen bowed before him, and well they might. His immense talents, the discovery of a new science, had brought, to Aeselen, students from all the world. In gratitude to him, the townspeople had presented him with some two acres of sand, on which not even stunted briars grew, with the pithy remark, "That since his lectures on agriculture taught how to make the poorest land rich, he was welcome to this, to grow wealthy thereby," an ambiguous compliment, rather smacking of the idea, that "no

one is a prophet in his own country." The peasants, poor simple folk, in their patois, called it "Stickstoff's folly."

Now-a-days, Aeselen has lost its professor, and Aeselen is among "the gewesens," or things that have been. The students have deserted it. The illiberal policy of a government, that gave this great man an under-uscher's salary, with a thousand restrictions, has deprived the Grossherzogthum of its only reputation; for, beside the occasional production of a Prince or Princess, for a European marriage, the noise it makes in the world is on a parallel with that of Monaco.

It was strange to see how this little country was incensed against its neighbors; how it raved and stormed against the adjacent electorate people.

The incident made an impression on me, and as it, curiously enough, has something to do with our own history, it is worth recording.

Riding through the adjacent state (a ten minutes' easy canter brought you there), with no less a person than the Herzogthumlich Rittmeister, the Royal University riding master—(every student in Germany is supposed to be a master of equitation, and sleeps in boots and spurs, though his familiarity with the noble quadruped is about the same as his acquaintance with the dromedary); the riding master had a stud of three broken down cavalry horses, and a kicking mare, which latter amiable animal I was bestriding;—the important functionary said to the ostler, who fed our steeds, on dismounting, "Give him some water, du blinder Hesser."

"Why call him blind, oh, well-born riding-master?" I asked.

"Because all these electoral Hessians are blind—blind as stones, blind as puppies, we all call them so."

"Ah," thought I, "unfortunate people cursed with cecity." I then asked, "but the reason why you call them blind, is it because—?"

"The Lord knows," answered the riding master. "They ain't worth talking about; I suppose you have lots of buffaloes, lions, and wild horses, for the powder's worth, in your country?"

On arriving at Aeselen, hearing the Herr Professor Aepfelkopf (Professor of History) using the same epithet, I inquired the reason. He gravely informed me, that after the Boeotians of

old, the inhabitants of the neighboring electorate were the next in stupidity; in fact, that if he had the palm to award, he would confer it on the latter, and that the fact of their having been caught asleep at Trenton, by General Washington, had given them this pleasing cognomen of "blind," throughout all Germany; but he pressed me, at the same time, not to confound them with the people of his country, who were not at all of the same race, and whose intelligence and far-sightedness, he had no doubt, were already impressed on my mind.

But to return to Aeselen—what subjects of interest they had there. Did an officer of the army arrive, how he was stared at, and how they gave him the whole side-walk, and how every window mirror on the place was made bright, as a Daguerreotype plate, to receive his impression. Some Messers were absolutely elevated to be Löffels, from the fact of his having nodded to them. And how these mighty chieftains would sneer at the timid waiters, abuse the food, and glance at as poor students, at the tavern table d'hôte. One dear fellow, with an apple dumpling head, and wasp-waist, and with at least five feet of sword, once sat near us at dinner. My friend the Englishman (a true disciple of Albert Smith's) quietly asking him in English, "whether a corset did not answer the same purpose as a coat of mail?" was disagreeably surprised by his understanding it. The soldier grew intensely red and apoplectic, and threatened to cut off the apothecary's son's ears.

We arranged it, though, upon the solemn statement, that it was an established article of English military equipment, and that it was a well known historical fact, that Wellington fought his Waterloo in stays, and would never have left the field, had not the bullet directed against him flattened on his busk. Upon this he was pacified.

Numerous bottles of Liebfraumilch and Jesuitengarten were ordered, and wine, like oil, stilled the troubled waters. I recollect he got very happy, and insisted on fraternizing; pathetically protesting, "that rather might his allbelovedmuchhonored sword be broken, than would he ever draw it against America, or England," and concluded by quietly asking the Englishman, "that if he did know one artisan more

skilled in England than others, in making corsets, he would much like to have his address."

Professor Herr von Stickstoff once invited me to his house. We had red-cabbage, cooked white, and white-cabbage, cooked red (a beautiful experiment of the Professor's), beside lentil porridge, and sour-beef with currants and raisins. He had a pretty daughter Magnesia (all the Pharmacie-Studenten were supposed to be dead in love with her), and with Mademoiselle I was, unfortunately, on not the best of terms. At the last club, I had danced a polka with her, to polka music, when she insisted on waltzing, which little disparity of motion was by no means agreeable to ourselves, nor to the lookers on.

The Professor, worthy man, had a sad way of pumping his students. His delight was to mount one on the very Pegasus of science, and then, with a word, tumble the unwary pupil out of the saddle to the ground. I had been warned of this. He acknowledged that it was the only way of his getting an idea of their capabilities.

"Was this morning's lecture clear to you?" he asked.

"I think so, worthy sir," I answered.

"Well, sir! That astonishing property the common ant possesses, of wood-assimilating, and converting the same into an acid; does it not induce you to imagine that some one—who knows, perhaps yourself—may be the means of artificially producing some much required substance? Eh? Eh? Give me your idea about it. Induction is the great key to our science!"

"You mean formic acid, I suppose, Herr Professor?"

"Exactly. The formica rupra, eating the wood, digests the same; now digestion we know is but a slow oxidation—the wood is oxidized. We can imitate this little creature. We take wood, sour-dust, and, by the presence of an acid, we can artificially produce this same formic acid. Now make an induction! Do you not see? Eh? Eh?"

"What is the equivalent of formic acid?" innocently asked Magnesia, turning her eyes on me.

I was perfectly aware that she had every equivalent specific by heart. I believe she was weaned on them.

"Ah, sir," I answered, at first ap-

parently embarrassed, then gradually, with a more decided air. "The all-minute ant has oft been my study. To nature copy, has always been my delight. Should I ever successful be, what wreaths of science-flowers, would not a discovery, mine may I be allowed to say, if it succeeds—make!"

"Ah, indeed—and what might it be?" asked the Professor dryly, getting up already a mental trip for me.

"Yes," I went on quite warmly, "since ants make formic acid, and we higherborn animals can make it, too (in our retorts, instead of in our stomachs), I have cast my eyes on the scarlet dyes of South America; what a forward-battalionmarch of intellect that would be; what—what—great heaps of gold to one's moneywallets!"

"The Americans are very practical," said the Professor.

"And as fond of making gold as of showing it," sarcastically added Fraulein.

"Pray, Mademoiselle, allow me to pluck this prickly leaf from out your jardiniere!" and, to her horror, I took a small leaf from a thorny plant. "Here," I added, "is what I want. The insect that feeds on this produces the most vivid of colors—a dye, worth more than its weight in gold. Now, this leaf, forming the food of the insect, the insect producing the color—the vegetable substance going through nothing more than a slow oxidation: I propose taking the leaves of the cactus, to treat them properly, and produce cochineal."

"Ahem!" said the Professor.

"As well," remarked Magnesia, with a withering look, "as well make silk from the mulberry-leaf!"

"It is within the bounds of possibility, and when that silk is produced," I went on to say, in a lower tone, to Mademoiselle, "my artificial cochineal shall color it a brilliant hue, to form a

robe, to be worn by you, at some future club-ball."

"That will do, sir," said the Professor. "Let us talk of something else."

A conversation commenced on literature, American books, home authors; and I found him wonderfully well-informed, and a universal book reader. How he found time to read all the modern novels, poems, histories, is still a wonder to me, occupied, as he was, the whole day, with his lectures, his laboratory, and his own immense researches. The Professor will have a statue in the gallery of great men; for the discovery of his new science, now so familiar to us all, scientifically, is as remarkable as the finding of a new world by Columbus.

Of course, Magnesia never forgave me the plucking of that leaf, and her perspective scarlet ball-dress; and, next day, cut me dead, in the presence of the head salt-inspector's wife and daughter—in consequence of which, I was a man tabooed among the Löffels.

At the next club-ball, neither Löffel nor Gabel would as much as speak to me, and my dancing with my landlady's daughters stamped me as a Messer.

What sweet, modest girls my landlady's daughters were, and how they enjoyed the dances I had taught them.

The Löffels and Gabels had declared it not *comme il faut* to do anything else than waltz, to all dance music; and my introduction of the polka, redowa, and mazurka, among the Messers, was a heinous crime. My pupils were so apt, so graceful, that even one of the Löffels (who had been at the capital for a week, and got worldly thereby), regardless of caste, invited one of the Messers to dance—an immense condescension on his part; but the Messer lady refused him, and the rage of the Löffels was redoubled.

A great Suabian student, with a schlager cut* on his face, was instigated, by

* The schlager is the student's dueling-sword. It has a large basket-hilt, or guard; is about three feet long, very light, and sharpened only about three inches from the end—which end is ground square, so that no thrust can be made. The principals are swaddled up in buckskin and buckram, a thick handkerchief is bound around the throat, the left arm is tied down, and the right arm protected. The head is partially protected by a cap, and the forehead by a strong leather vizard. The breast is almost the only attainable spot. They stand about four feet apart, and, as their faces are covered by the vizards of their caps, they generally hit at each other in the dark. *Sauf respect a Monsieur Howitt*, I have witnessed many of these duels. At first, in seeing the preparations, I was affrighted; but the effect, afterwards, upon me, as upon any other spectator, was that of its being simply ridiculous. The wounds are generally about two inches long, by a quarter of an inch in depth—about the diagnosis of a cut finger. I must say, that I consider a moderate black-eye worse punishment than the bloody cut of their duels. It always seemed to me, the seconds ran the greatest risk, exposed, as they were, to the blows

the Löffels, I feel certain, to quarrel with me; but a hint on my part, that the art of boxing was familiar to me, and that an ignorance of his baby weapons necessitated a more serious method of settling the question (a harmless bravado on my part), soon quieted him.

There was one bright spot in Aeselen, and that was my home. When first looking for a lodging, the fact of my having refused a room in a professor's house—from the pompous way in which the professor's lady majestically did me the honor of showing me her bare apartment, with the proviso of three towels and one pair of sheets per month—did much to make me a subject of talk and tattle (unfortunate that I was, I must confess, I took the Frau Professorin for a rapacious landlady). The cleanliness of my little room—perhaps more, some familiar prints on the wall—the pleasant face of my old landlady, made me secure it, without bargaining.

Dear old landlady, how she cared for me; and her daughters, how they spoiled me. Pretty Dorothe! How much sweeter was the sugar, when passing through your taper fingers! The daughters kept the house, week and week about; and how well I knew it. Was it Christiana, the bustling, the relentless! a big thump at my door woke me at cock-crow, for early morning lecture. Was it Dorothe, I got five lumps of sugar, every morning, with my coffee, whilst the other students in the house got but three. Was it Wilhemine, lisping Wilhemichen! I was at liberty to sleep on forever. Charlotte! Lottche ever graced my frugal breakfast with sweet cake, made by her own fair hands. How they manufactured for me smoking-caps and tobacco-pouches, and strangely-knitted things, which only German women's hands and patience can devise. Dear souls, how they cried their eyes out, when I left; and how I promised to write to them, which promise, wretch that I am, I have never yet kept. How merrily we worked in the garden, and how I went up the apricot trees, and showered down the golden fruit on them. There was a potato-patch, back of the house, some half an acre, with a summer-house in

the middle, which was to be planted. The laborer, who had promised to undertake it, had disappointed them, and they were sorrowful with the idea of having no potato-pancakes for the coming year. I proposed, for economy's sake, to dig and plant the same; and how they all agreed with merry glee, and how cheerfully all hands set to work. The blow-pipe professor's wife, opposite, observed it, from her reflecting window mirror, and, in ten minutes, all Aeselen knew it, and throngs of the curious inspected our labors. What an occasion to talk and tattle! I must admit that, in order to appear quite at my ease and accustomed to the work, I almost broke my back over the spade.

When summer came, a basket of the first-fruits were sent to the blow-pipe professor's wife, by myself, with a polite note, expressing "the hope of her acceptance of the same, as the auspicious eye, with which she had regarded our potato-planting, had, no doubt, aided them in their growth." They were thankfully received, and pronounced "ausgezeichnet."

What an excitement the club-ball was for our young ladies, and how Dorothe would wear Charlotte's scarf, and Charlotte Dorothe's skirt. For my dancing lessons, Dorothe taught me the zitter—and how I bungled at it, and tried her patience over the twanging wires. Sweet Dorothe, a fairer, purer creature never lived to be immersed within the stupid Aeselen!

At first, the good old mother lifted up her hands, at our goings on, and cried, "What will Aeselen say?" I pacified her, with saying, that it was all "according to the American fashion."

I confess, at first, they were wont to tattle, and tear the Löffels and Gabels to tatters: but, after a score of protracted struggles, I cured them. I proved to them, that the fact of my wearing a turn-down collar in the morning, and a stand-up one in the evening, was of no moment to Aeselen, and of no particular eccentricity on my part.

That the fact of my taking an occasional evening walk, of a mile or so, was neither a reason to suppose me of a romantic turn, nor that, conscience strick-

of both parties—as they are expected to protect their principals. I once saw a student without a nose, and was informed that his own principal had cut it off. Upon the whole, it is the most insignificant, but, if I may be allowed the paradox, the most admirable, of all the "kinds of duello." Neither party hurt, and both parties satisfied.

on by crime, I was seeking mental relief by physical exertion. After awhile, every window looking-glass in the house was taken down, and the effect was surprising. I no longer heard that the Frau Professorin von Bimbom's cape had real lace before and sham lace behind; that the under assistant, Undertasse Hebebaum, was seen going up the street, with a sealed packet in the pocket of his left coat-tail; which packet, as it had the royal seal on it, could be nothing else than the wonderful fact, that the old pump was to be taken down, and a new one put in its place.

When I thought them fitting enough, we read together Klopstock's glorious farce, of "The Little Town's People," from the German title of which, "Der Kleinstadter," the German for provincial is derived. How angry they were, when I introduced their names for the personages in it, and how puzzled they looked, when I proved them to be guilty of the same petty faults. How I preached them long lessons, about the injury done by not minding one's own business, and how I invented long stories

(which they believed every word, dear souls) with horrible endings, of the dangers of tattling and scandal.

Lottche! I have now the bouquet of immortelles, which you slipped in my trunk as you packed it, with the little word tied to it, in your German English, "Good-by, dear friend; and may angels have you in their keeping."

On looking over these pages I have written, to see whether I have set down "aught in malice," as I finish them, I reflect how little it takes to make one uncomfortable, and how stupid, yet penetrating, are these *petites misères de la vie*, which rendered my stay in Aeselen a not over pleasant one. Now that some years have elapsed, I cannot help smiling at the vivid impression it made on me, whilst a younger man. There was much of good—great fields of learning to be gleaned, and but little of bad, and that of a kind to be laughed at. More serious incidents of life must happen, before the warm hearts and kind feelings of my landlady and her daughters are ever effaced from my memory.

MRS. PROFESSOR KRAMPS.

WHY in the world little Sally Norton, the most mischievous, charming, funny, tender-hearted girl in all Portland, married Professor Kramps, of Hale College, nobody could tell. Sally was the only daughter of a moderately wealthy lawyer; her three brothers were as wild and noisy as three young colts; her mother a very kindly, indolent, unintellectual woman, fat, rosy, and short; her father an oddity, but an agreeable one, full of dry humor, and keen, but not bitter sarcasm; her home was as comfortable as all the appliances of wealth and the most unrestrained freedom from laws and usages could make it. Nothing was in or out of place there; the cushions of the luxurious sofas strewn the carpet or the piazza floor as it pleased the inhabitants; the chairs stood in strange disorder and mystical groups, only to be explained by seeing them occupied as they generally were, three at once, for the personal convenience of one tall boy.

Even Sally's speciality, the little

music-room, lined with divans, and tinkling at all hours of the day with light waltzes, aerial polkas, or the choruses of negro songs, was always in confusion dire. If some stranger asked for music, every cushion was turned over to find the stray leaf; the Prima Donna Waltz had been twisted into a foolscap for a plaster head of Beethoven; "Il Segreto" made a cocked hat for a bronzed Napoleon; a sparkling German drinking song, whose words were heathen Greek to Sally (wherefore she usually adapted it to a moving ballad, called the Orphan's Sigh!) was ironically pinned up by one of Father Matthew's medals, a practical piece of fun perpetrated by Joe Norton, the oldest and wildest of the whole set. Profiles in white chalk, and caricatures in ink, adorned the keys of the piano; and a "half-relief" done in pencil and dried musquitoes, a pathetic representation of a July night's endurance at the seaside, hung under a rare engraving of Saint Catherine. The whole house was

a little world of fun, frolic, nonsense, good temper, and disorder; and to this house, in an evil hour for his peace, came Theodosius Kramps, Greek Professor at Hale, the quietest, shyest, and most learned of men.

It was a warm July evening that introduced him to this abbey of misrule; a mutual friend to Mr. Norton tempted him from the cool cobwebs and musty volumes of the old Portland library, where he had luxuriated all that burning day, to explore the green avenues of Smith and Brown streets, for the house to which he had been directed. Sooner than he hoped, by dint of capturing small boys and haranguing them in classical English with regard to streets and corners, he found his place of destination, and pleasant enough it looked in the sunset of that cloudless sky.

All about the low brick house was a wide veranda, overgrown with vines that had run at their own pleasure here and there, and now made a living scene of leaves and boughs from one pillar to another, save where "the boys," that synonym for mischief, had forced extempore doorways through the mass, by the summary method of a run and a jump. Now there were a few late clusters drooping from the tropical looking Wistaria, mixing their pale lilac blooms with the last crimson roses; every window opening on to the veranda was thrown wide; chairs stood half in and half out; a snowy shawl trailed over the sill of one long casement, and a little primrose glove, that was so little the Professor did not think it was a glove, as he eyed it in a curious maze, lay on the door-mat; and the door itself was set open, in a manner most perplexing to the orderly guest, who fumbled, and fidgeted, and wondered, and peered, a long time before he could find the bell, and having at last succeeded, and drawn out the handle timidly, started as if the innocent brass knob had belonged to an electric machine, at the peal, not of ringing but of laughter, that instantaneously answered him; and before he could recover his poise, a door at the end of the hall swung open, and Joe Norton appeared, his handsome face flushed with fun and exercise, holding Sally perched on one shoulder, her little feet in the funniest possible slippers, hanging helplessly from the delicate folds of her white dress, her golden curls all tangled and scattered over the rosy

cheeks, and parted lips, parted with bursts of musical laughter, and her blue eyes brilliant with frolic and excitement; behind came Charley and Ned, pelting their darling with all manner of flowers, sturdy rose buds that tingled against her fair throat, spice-scented carnations, scarlet lilies, and blue larkspur flowers that caught in her shining hair, and finished this charming picture with the last grace of color.

At all this the Greek professor gazed in helpless delight, with his mouth wide open but dumb; much as we depict to ourselves the angel-smitten beast of Biblical history; but alas! no prophet was there to beat him into speech. And when Sally from her elevation saw the man, "long, and lank, and brown," transfixed at the door, she was quite too natural and quite too sensitive to the ludicrous not to laugh more heartily and more merrily than ever, even while she struggled hard to escape from her brother's grasp, that she might descend and do the honors. But escape was impossible. Joe was unmoved by the beating of those small white hands about his ears, or the coaxing entreaties of that baby-like voice. "Let me down indeed! not he," whispered Ned to Charley, "it's such fun!" and fun it was to Joe, as he advanced, with a demure face and his courtliest manner, to enquire the stranger's purpose, his discomfited burden now even rosier with shame, hiding her face in his dark curls, yet still shaking with laughter. Happily, in the very moment that Joe achieved his bow, Mr. Norton appeared, and with a very dry tone ordered him to put his sister down, and behave himself, at which Joe executed a horrible face at the two boys, now in the range of the Professor, and choked that worthy man with the first genuine laughter that had visited his dignity for ten years. Mr. Norton caught the look and was too sympathetically affected to scold, so the whole matter ended in a burst of laughs all round, and a series of introductions, all of which Professor Kramps underwent surprisingly to himself, so much freedom, both of mind and body is there imparted by a hearty laugh; a consideration we feelingly recommend to liberators and agitators in general.

There was no resisting the take-it-for-granted manner in which Mr. Norton kept his guest to tea; and no end to the winking and smirking of the

boys at Sally, as she sat blushing and restless with suppressed mirth under the steadfast gaze of Professor Kramps, who surveyed her as if she had been some newly discovered inflection of an obsolete verb, and committed all sorts of eccentricities, such as buttering his slice of ham, pouring cream into his plate, and raspberries into his tea, and gravely swallowing both mixtures with a slightly surprised aspect, that gradually became a look of resignation, as he glanced again at his opposite neighbor. Sally was very pretty: an innocent mischief forever lurked in her eyes, even at their demurest; and if her red lips did not laugh, they were just ready to, perpetually.

Such a lovely little bit of womanhood had never crossed the orbit of Theodosius Kramps before; but he did not surrender at discretion, nor before fighting a long internal battle, and resisting to the last such an utter overthrow of his projects and principles. Truth to tell, Sally had him rather at advantage: that first introduction was worth a whole year of formal acquaintance and progress: the next day he was invited to dinner, and met at Mr. Norton's table some of the most distinguished men of the day, residents of Portland, with all of whom Sally seemed equally at home in her bright simplicity and irresistible fun; to all of whom she made herself particularly fascinating. It is hardly fair to accuse so unworldly a man as Theodosius Kramps of being unduly swayed by the opinions even of his literary world; but he was, nevertheless, a man, and where a woman would have loved for love's sake, he, thinking of loving, liked to be justified in his immature preference by the tacit homage of others.

Still, he might have gone away so slightly scathed by the old Greek deity's arrow as to have forgotten the wound, had not circumstance, or some more "spiritual god," guided the dart till it struck home, and displaced even the classics from his soul, at least temporarily.

Some ten days after his first appearance at the door of Mr. Norton's house, and his peculiar reception there, he, still lingering at Portland, had asked that gentleman to call with him at the house of Professor Clay, famous in Uxbridge College, and an old classmate of Mr. Kramps. As

punctual as the Rattle street clock, he appeared at the set hour, in a carriage, at Mr. Norton's door, and was shown into the parlor, where his host directly appeared with a most rueful countenance: business had interfered; an important case was to come off in the next day's court, and at the last hour a missing witness had been traced, to whom he must personally attend: but there was an alternative, if Professor Kramps was willing: his daughter was an intimate friend of Mrs. Clay, and he would send her with him to introduce him. The Professor turned purple between diffidence and delight, and managed to stammer out that he should be most happy; so Mr. Norton left him to his own thoughts, and after due delay reappeared with Sally, looking like the veriest little daisy of the field, all sparkling with sunshine. Well it was, for her bodily safety, that her father helped her into the carriage, for Theodosius was brandishing his long arms hither and yon in an ecstacy of devotion charming to behold, and assuredly a touch of that little gloved hand would have wrought his delirium to an unsafe height; but, once shut up in the vehicle beside the aerially attired damsel, whose face began to dimple and glow with mirth, he subsided into an awkward, silent creature, done up in cloth and kid, helpless and hopeless, if Sally had not understood his genus, and applied herself most devoutly to playing guide-book, "making believe" all the time that her companion was "about to say," or "had remarked" something so very apropos and piquant that he began to wonder how he could be so agreeable without knowing it. Sally's native courteousness was certainly fortified by a little bit of her father's tact and diplomacy, and by the time they reached their destination she had put Mr. Kramps so entirely at his ease that he aided her descent without any perilous awkwardness, and actually gave her his arm up the shadowy and odorous approach to the house, with no compunction or reflection on the subject; but, quite to his horror, on reaching the pretty cottage nestled in fine old trees, and catching sight of a slender figure in white attire among the flower-beds of the gay garden, Sally dropped the arm on which she had so lightly hung, and, running forward like a kitten after a ball, snatched the surprised fig-

ure round the waist, and executed a spontaneous waltz down the wide gravel-path, directly toward her gaping escort.

"My dear Sally!" exclaimed the laughter-stifled voice of Mrs. Clay, as a more rapid pirouette shook down her beautiful hair from its support, and tinged her spiritual face with bloom—"don't you see there is a stranger?"

Sally stopped all suddenly.

"Oh dear! I forgot—Mrs. Clay—Professor Kramps. You see I was so glad to see Laura, sir!" The voice was not to be resisted; Mrs. Clay laughed gently, and welcomed her *distrait* guest with so quiet and simple a manner that he was once more at ease.

Presently Professor Clay appeared, and made as much demonstration to Sally as she had to his wife, though in a more staid manner; but she was evidently a favorite, and his genial, affectionate face as he spoke made a deeper impression on one spectator than even his own cordial welcome. That was another feather to give the arrow impulse; yet, oh Theodosius! the worst was not over with thee yet!

After a long and pleasant call, Sally rose to go, and Mr. Clay attended them to the carriage; but to Sally's utter horror, as she was about to put her foot on the step, she saw beside the man who had driven them out another figure, in a strange old coat, of familiar aspect, and a hat that should have been on its nail in the garret at home, a well-known brou-de-brim of her deceased grandfather. Moreover, from beneath that hat peered out one eye over the coat-collar, that executed an unmistakable wink; it was, verily, her madcap brother, Joe. Suddenly as a thought flashes, the whole of his plan appeared to Sally's mind. He had discovered, in the course of Mr. Kramps's conversation, that he had a great terror of horses, and knew nothing about driving; and Joe, being a most expert charioteer, must have bribed the driver to let him take the reins, and give the unlucky Professor a terrible fright, where he would not dare display his fear, in the presence of a lady. It was no use for Sally to remonstrate or exclaim; neither coaxing nor entreaty would move Joe a hair's breadth, she very well knew, and Professor Kramps would only have been twice terrified; so she held her tongue, and took her place quietly, endeavor-

ing to hear the remarks of her companion, and reply to them, though, between expectation and vexation, she was sadly abstracted. Presently, however, the jaded horses quickened their pace; the Professor grew restless and incoherent; faster and faster flew the horses. Joe had not reckoned rightly on the Professor's pride; he was scared, simply and thoroughly scared, and no presence whatever could have prevented the expression of his fright.

In spite of Sally's entreaties that he would sit still, and her assurances that there could be no danger, he threw himself on to the front seat, rattled the sticky window in its socket, vociferated to the driver, who nodded and grinned back again, with true Irish delight, at the fun; and, at last, tried to force the door open and get out. This Sally could not permit him to do, knowing it would probably be certain death; for now the joke was getting serious. The infuriated horses were beyond Joe's power to hold, and the Irishman shouted and swore in vain. At the maddest rate they careered down Rattle street, the carriage swaying from side to side at their heels; without, Joe and his brother Phæton, pulling and shouting; within, Theodosius Kramps, Greek professor in Hale College, kicking, struggling and sputtering alternate English and unknown tongues, in the tight embrace of Sally Norton's fat, white arms, and offering so much resistance to her kindly intention, that she was quite red in the face, while, in spite of her own fear, now rapidly increasing, "a secret laughter tickled all her "soul," and made her hold more doubtful every moment. But the crisis was at hand, as political gentlemen say at every election. The horses, making a straight track for their stable, took no pains to consider the institution dragging at their heels; but swerving wide, to avoid a ponderous hay cart, dashed the carriage against a lamp-post, upset it instantly, broke pole and traces at one snap, and careered triumphantly homeward, leaving Joe and the Irishman spilt on a strip of turf that happily, for their necks, some city-pent rustic had cultivated before his door "for greens;" and, within the wreck, Theodosius Kramps with a broken leg, pitiously moaning on the floor of the vehicle, and poor Sally miserably bruised, but not otherwise injured, trying to ex-

tricate herself from the door, in order to aid her companion.

Joe, however, as soon as he found himself unfractured, came to their rescue, full of remorse and shame; while the Irishman, having set off after his horses, the owner of the offending hay cart offered his services to aid and comfort the unlucky pair. It was no easy matter to extricate the Professor from his position of pain; but Sally, forgetting her own aches, helped most tenderly and skillfully to place him on an extempore litter, and, as there were no men at hand, to carry him; and, as he utterly refused to trust his neck in the power of any more horses, the only resort was to put him in the vacant hay cart, and so convey him to Mr. Norton's house, now but a few squares distant. Sally demurred for an instant, since it was evident she must go, too; but her kindly little heart prevailed, and, mounting first into the odd conveyance, she carefully sustained the exhausted Professor's head in her arms, while Joe, on the other side, guarded the broken leg as well as he might, from jolt and jar; so the singular spectacle wheeled slowly up Battle and down Smith streets, to the great delight of all beholders, though, happily for Sally, but few of her friends ventured abroad on that sultry July evening, and she escaped comparatively unnoticed by those from whose notice she might have shrunk. Now, it was the queerest of all times and places for any sentimentality to bud, or even take root; yet, in strict honesty, it must be made known, that if Sally Norton ever did begin to love Professor Kramps it was there, in that very ox-cart, all bruised and wretched as he was; for Sally was the veriest woman concocted since Eve, and no amount of wooing, done in the most approved style, could have moved her tender, simple, gentle heart so thoroughly as the genuine helplessness and suffering of the man whose head she held, from whose wide and thought-lined forehead she wiped away the damps of pain and weakness, as tenderly as his mother would have kissed it.

Sally wondered why she had thought him so ugly; now his wan, transparent eyelids were closed over the burning and restless orbs beneath; his finely chiseled lips set like marble in the compression of anguish, and his dark hair, crisped with heat and moisture, falling

on her own white wrist—really, he was not classically beautiful, but what the ladies call a most interesting man—and Sally's heart grew softer and softer. The head was more gently cradled, the brow wiped with a lighter finger, and once the heavy hair drawn off by a most spirit-like touch, as one hot tear rolled over the swelling eyelid, and hopped on to the bridge of Theodosius Kramps's nose, whereat he looked up and smiled, his first recognition of consciousness. Sally blushed most exquisitely, but she she couldn't put him down, and for two minutes two people were supremely blessed, bruises and bones to the contrary notwithstanding; but those two minutes brought them to Mr. Norton's door; and the whole family, being strowed over the veranda, the peal of laughter which burst at once from father, mother, Charley and Ned, was too much for poor Sally. Down went the luckless head of Theodosius with a terrible bump on the cart-bottom, and out sprang Sally over the wheel, and rushed headlong up stairs to her own room, where, having locked the door, she indulged in a good cry, as becomes every young woman in the like circumstances; and then she sensibly washed her face, rubbed her black and blue shoulders with some lotion of sovereign virtue, laughed for ten minutes harder than she had cried, and went to bed like the common-sense girl she was, having just unlocked the door to admit mother, on her nightly rounds to see that all were safe in bed before she slept herself.

In the meantime the Professor, something discomfited and amazed by his sudden collapse on the stout hickory beneath, was lifted carefully out of the cart and ensconced in Mrs. Norton's best bedroom, while Ned was dispatched for the family physician, and Charley sent to the hotel for his goods and chattels.

At length, seeing his guest, by dint of the penitent Joe's ceaseless efforts, safely in the hands of two M. D.'s, and a "deputy sawbones," Mr. Norton commenced an unsparing inquiry into the rights of the case, and having wrung them out of Joe's remorseful lips, gave him such a pitiless and severe blowing-up (to use a technicality!) that the unhappy youth resolved directly to run away and go to sea the next morning, and was packing his carpet bag to

that effect, soon after the family dispersed for the night, when his plans were somewhat deranged by hearing, through the open window of his father's room, most unextinguishable bursts of laughter, accompanying the recital to mother of his cross-examining Joe, and the poor fellow's dismal responses. Joe emptied his carpet bag into the middle of the floor, performed an Indian war-dance about the miscellaneous contents, and went to bed, where he dreamed of Theodosius Kramps beating him unmercifully with a wooden-leg.

Well, a long story becomes short when its climax is manifest. Six weeks was the Professor an inmate of Mr. Norton's house; everybody liked him, and waited on him, but nobody was like Sally. She made him incredible dainties, and served them in a way to have suited an old maid fairy. She read to him in fearfully big books, all about the dual number, and hexameters, besides a great many other things that she didn't know, and I don't either, but Mr. Kramps did. She brought him flowers, at which he gazed in ignorant delight, not knowing whether they were exponents of potatoes and beets, or herbs for the healing of man, but only that Sally held them in her fine fingers, and stood right before his eyes, "herself a fairer flower."

This dangerous state of things went on continuously.

"Till out of long frustration of her care,
And pensive tendance in the all-weary
noons,"

and all that, Sally was quite ready to say "yes," like a good little girl, when she was asked: and in due time, on a fine day of October, as awkward as she could be made by abundance of silk and lace, she was declared Mrs. Theodosius Kramps, in proper form, and with plenty of crying, kissing, and laughter, all to the great edification of her husband, who was not possessed with that self-consciousness and false pride that makes a man "detest scenes," but was himself true and genial enough to enjoy the demonstration of true and natural feeling in others; and unselfish enough to have enjoyed it because they did, had he not also shared the emotion. Sally left a lonely house behind her; Joe took refuge in the contemplation of a voyage before the mast, but at

length went vehemently to studying, as he was to enter Hale College the next term, under the Professorial auspices. Mother had a hearty cry, and then settled down again to the old routine. Mr. Norton missed Sally's daisy face most of all, now never peering over his dusty law books, or tearing him out of his best business hours into a drive, or frolic, or picnic. The younger boys were at school; they thought of Sally at home, when they stopped to think; but very rarely did their daily scrapes and exploits leave them any room for meditation. Sally herself was Apuleian, as usual. Sometimes crying, oftener smiling, she made the journey to the Oldport a little romance to the Professor, who watched her much as if she were a bird he had unexpectedly caught, and of whose actual possession he was yet doubtful.

Once installed in her dignities, poor Sally's 'real life began; every day, induced in some bridal finery, she had to sit in state and receive the solemn calls of the Faculty wives; and every evening, when she longed, after such a stupid day, to pull off her little shoes and curl up in one corner of the sofa for a nice nap, or try and coax her "dear old Theo" into an ungainly gambol, in came the Faculty per. se., one or another, and she stiffened into Mrs. Kramps, with half suppressed yawns, and frequent rubbings of her mist-blue eyes with the dimpled knuckles of hands that should have decorously reposed on her handkerchief.

But Sally could not be proper; it was not in her: how shall I give to a respectable public a mild account of her incessant misdemeanors, or tell, in moderate language, how she went out to a large dinner-party, the thirteenth given in her honor, and there, being seated between a professor of Sanscrit and a mathematical tutor, for a long time spent herself in ill-concealed efforts to keep awake, till the arrival of a little bee, that was attracted from the sunny window by her bouquet of roses, slightly diverted her thoughts, and after a long attempt to capture the winged-sting, having at last succeeded, she dropped it slyly into the Sanscrit professor's tumbler, and he, abstractedly lifting the glass to his lips, sipped the wet bee, that of course made violent struggles to escape from such a cavern, and frightened the timid man of tongues.

almost into a catalepsy, while Sally shook with laughter at the ensuing scene?

Or will it do to acknowledge, that on the fourteenth like occasion, a species of mass Faculty meeting, the whole body of literati, ascended to the drawing-room, found Sally "making cheeses" for the great delight of a child unluckily present, and the horror of a circle of sober-suited matrons, whose spectacles gleamed with dignity and resentment at the pretty and piquant picture, Sally's fair head and rounded shoulders set in the vast and puffed-up circumference of her deep blue brocade skirt, as she had skillfully achieved a most wonderful "cheese" after a light waltz to inflate the airy mimicry? The gentlemen were charmed, being sensible, as I am bound to acknowledge men are apt to be, that there is something in truth and nature infinitely captivating and refreshing; but Theodosius was struck with consternation, and his old aunt, Rebecca Kramps, came as near using profane speech as her piety and politeness together would permit. Poor Sally!

However, this was not all; the advent of Joe at Hale College, and his speedy discovery there of a cousin in the senior class, just his double for mischief and merriment, gave Sally a fresh impetus. Paul Norton and Joe were at the yellow house on Avenue B six times a week, often seven. The professor, deep in his Greek and German, far away from the parlor, which rang continually with laughter and shouts of mirth, paid no heed to the gay echoes which now and then reached him, more than to smile abstractedly, and be glad Sally was so happy. As spring came on, however, and Paul Norton, more than half in love with his lovely and merry cousin, volunteered his escort for drives and picnics, utterly abhorrent to the professorial soul, the good Theodosius began to grow wearily lonely, and to long, even in his beloved study, for those brilliant sparks of fun that floated no more through the still house, and to long especially for his mocking-bird, at the hours he had used to give to her society. Rumors of no flattering nature to Sally's sense or propriety crept about the provincial circles of Oldport. All the Faculty wives treated her with profound politeness, and glared upon her with distrustful eyes at any social en-

counters. But Sally, in her bright, brave innocence, and in her true heart, daily strengthened in its growing love for her husband, and more nobly fortified by her pride in his talent and reputation, cared little for the coldness of anybody. She rode, sang, and frolicked to her heart's content, and thought nothing of "they say;" but aunt Rebecca brought it all to Theodosius, and would have done so to his wife, had he not strictly forbidden her to retail one word of such scandal in Sally's hearing: so Miss Kramps had to content herself with wonderful eye-exercises, and a rigid expression of virtuous indignation, that made her nose ache half an hour afterwards, so being its own reward.

Yet even these spinster shafts fell harmless upon Sally, till one day, or rather one night, the Professor having gone to a Faculty meeting, Sally and her faithful allies, with the aid of a few gay young girls, who had come in accidentally, amused themselves with charades, always well got up, and most spirited, where Sally took the lead; for, under her merriment, there lay a deep vein of talent and strong sense, as yet hidden, but no less genuine. In the midst of a great burst of laughter at Sally's appearance in the cap and shawl of an old woman, a skein of yarn doing duty as white hair, and her husband's spectacles on her funny little nose, the door opened, and into the *melée* walked the Professor, bringing with him a very distinguished foreigner, famous the world over as one of the lights of science. Joe roared inwardly in the corner; Paul stepped forward to shake hands with his cousin-in-law; and Sally, all forgetful of her costume, came behind him with her usual simple and well-bred manner, to welcome her husband's friend. Well might the Frenchman's thin lip curl to a perceptible sneer at the figure before him, which, being perceived by Joe, the unlucky boy rushed forward, and pulling off Sally's cap, to which also were attached the spectacles, pulled her golden hair down beside, and created a sudden change in the face of Professor Malpas, as well as in Sally's; for now the Frenchman, with unequivocal admiration, turned to poor, ashamed, yet vexed Theodosius—

"Ah! you have one eldest daughter, sir, I see. I give you mirth; she is vair pretty indeed!"

A sudden pang went through Professor Kramps's soul.

"Monsieur Malpas," replied he, "this is my wife, Mrs. Kramps."

"Oh! ah! pardon me."

The foreign professor had regained the sneer. Theodosius drew himself up, erect and pale; he looked for once like the man he was, and Paul Norton stared.

"Mrs. Kramps!" said the professor, "will you order supper? Monsieur Malpas has just arrived in the cars, and will remain with us."

At this moment a very distinct sniff was audible, and the malign face of Rebecca peered in at the door, and retreated with an equally malign giggle, murmuring—

"Oh! I disturb your theatricals, I perceive." This time, Sally felt her sting keenly; but she had to hide her grieved face, like the chidden child she was, and go. When she returned, her dress was carefully arranged, and the other guests taking leave, she sat down to converse with Professor Malpas; and having been most carefully taught French—a language, indeed, for which her traits seemed peculiarly adapted—she made her unexpected visitor thoroughly and pleasantly at home, before the well-ordered and neatly-served supper appeared. Yet this was only the first cloud of Sally's sunshine, soon coaxed from the knit brows of her husband, by soft lips, and the touch of a wet eyelash: a new round of invitations, on their guest's account, brought Sally out once more into the circle of the college and its dependencies.

There she met a lady, just now a star in the ascendant among surrounding literati, and the most opposite creature possible to little Madame Kramps. Miss Vernon was tall, intellectual, and high-strung: not pretty, but striking; in air and manner most charming to the Faculty; full of a graceful and courtly dignity; a certain stereotyped ease of manner, the perfection of training and *savoir faire*. To her the learned and shy Theodosius introduced his little wife, and devoted his greater self. He hung upon her steps like a caricature shadow; conversed with her hour after hour, entranced, as it seemed, by her wit and wisdom; and entertained his wife at all intervals with Miss Vernon's bon-mots and learning, till into Sally's innocent

breast began to penetrate the agony of all mortal love, a bitter thorn of the red rose, a spark of jealousy.

She began to grow quiet and meek, the damask-colored cheek faded to the tenderest wilding hue; her blue eyes drooped so sadly that Paul Norton ground his teeth and shook his fist at the Professor every time he met him in the dark, till a sudden idea, to the effect that Sally was pining away for himself, struck the exalted mind of the senior, and he abstained, like any Spartan martyr, from visiting at the house more than once a fortnight, and put himself on a course of Bulwer's novels; all of which was very good in him, though quite unnecessary.

Now it happened that there came to town about this time a certain old bachelor uncle of Sally's, the most thorough type of his species possible, and to him Rebecca Kramps, in a paroxysm of satisfactory malice, made a statement of all the spite she had nursed so long against the girl-wife of her nephew; and Mr. Claudius Norton, in a stiff rage, vowed sudden vengeance, tied his white cravat in a frightfully rectangular manner, and betook himself to dinner at Professor Kramps's to meet Miss Vernon and four professors with their wives, beside President Lyndhurst without a wife, that lady being "absent from" for the best of reasons—that the President had never found her, but was a happy bachelor of high degree and a whole alphabet of honors, moreover a school and college friend of Mr. Kramps. With Sally at her own table, Uncle Claudius found no fault; to be sure, he put on a grim and mummy-like aspect at a little badinage she ventured to exchange with Mr. Lyndhurst; but when the guests were gone, the Professor in his study, and Claudius alone beside the fire with Sally, his wrath burst forth, and he harangued the weary child full half an hour on the levity and freedom of her conduct, and the duty she owed her husband, with a score of sarcastic and malignant allusions added thereunto.

At first, weak and tired, Sally listened in helpless silence; but, as a few little parallels skillfully drawn between herself and Miss Vernon woke the keen sting of a long rankling pain, Sally flushed with scarlet, and spoke herself.

"Uncle," said she, "I don't think you ought to say what you do. I am

sure I would not hurt any one's feelings for a world. I laugh and jest because I like to; it amuses people, and helps me to talk. I know there is no harm in it!"

"If you were my daughter, Sally," bitterly replied Uncle Claudius, "I should send you directly from the room at such an exhibition: it is totally unfeminine and undignified. I would permit no woman to do so in my house, I assure you!"

At this tirade from a man who could not comprehend the dignity of a pure and simple heart, or appreciate the divine and sparkling grace of nature, beside the tinsel of convention, poor Sally, taught to reverence age and relationship, burnt with a sense of the deepest pain and injustice, where an older and more self-esteeming woman would have laughed and despised.

"I am not your daughter, sir!" retorted she, "nor do I think that I deserve what you say. I am innocent to myself, and that shall suffice me. I must request you to excuse me for to-night!"

With a little air of queenliness, that to an uninterested observer might have been funny, but was only astounding to Claudius, Mrs. Kramps passed out of the room, majestically walked up stairs, threw herself on the bed, and cried till a half-delirious sleep overpowered every sense, and the Professor found her at midnight senseless to his tenderest words, her fair face burning scarlet, her hair all tossed and disheveled upon the delicate dress she had not yet removed. Poor Sally! she was ill enough by morning: her harassed thoughts, her long and silent hours of wakefulness; her terror of Miss Vernon's influence over Theodosius; her tedious self-questioning; were all visited now upon the tender physical nature unused to such a conflict with its master power.

She grew worse and worse; raved about everything she had kept in her tired heart so long, and enlightened Theodosius to an extent incredible to himself. Mrs. Norton came to nurse her darling: the Faculty wives sent in every species of edible, as if a brain fever consumed jellies and soups like a new Wantley dragon. Miss Vernon's real womanly nature melted the pride above it, and she implored leave to watch with Sally; but the patient's

delirium heightened at the mere sound of her voice, and courteously ascribing this to Miss Vernon's recent acquaintance and comparative strangeness, Mrs. Norton took it upon herself to decline her aid.

As for Uncle Claudius, he departed for his own place, as Mr. Kingsley diplomatically says of doubtful characters. Only our friend went by rail, with a carpet bag, pursued, in fact, by a sort of blind remorse, and eschewing the sight of Rebecca Kramps, who had in vain curled her wig, and set her bonnet at him, six long weeks. Now, she took vast comfort in rolling her eyes, like the proverbial duck rendered desperate by electricity, and declaring this illness to be a judgment on Sally for her light-mindedness—a visitation certainly unknown to Rebecca, whose mind might have been an heirloom from the dark ages—could it be supposed any one would take the trouble of handing down so infinitesimal a possession.

After a long season of doubts and doctors, melancholy and reducing, in the extreme, to Professor Kramps—who wore a little foot-path directly in the middle of the stair carpet, going up and down for Sally's good and his own relief of mind—the poor child became conscious, and smiled at Theodosius—a real, living, lovely, wan smile—whereat the Professor fell on his knees and kissed the coverlet, giving the devoutest inward thanks in his secret heart that this very sweetest gift of God was again given to him, and making a vow to be more tender and more careful than ever, for his heart smote him even in that hour, remembering Sally's unconscious betrayal of her quietly endured sorrow and distrust of his love. A few days after, his wife having rapidly strengthened, Professor Kramps lifted her on to a pile of soft cushions, and opened the window at her side, for her to hear the swell of an organ, borne across the warm August air upon a scented wind.

"It is in Trinity Church!" said Sally.

"Yes, dear; and what do you think is going on there?"

"A wedding," proposed the languid voice.

"But whose, my little wife?"

"Tell me, Theo.; I am too tired to guess."

"Lyndhurst and Miss Vernon, Sally."

A bright flush of shamefaced joy suffused Sally's wasted cheek. She turn-

ed to her husband, and drew his head nearer with her two thin, white hands:

"Theodosius! did you know it all the time?"

"Yes, Sally; that was why I wanted you to know her well. I tried to tell you once or twice, but you never seemed to like to talk about Miss Vernon."

A little cadence in the tone betrayed him. Sally's shining head drooped lower and lower.

"Dear Sally, forget it all. I, too, was—at least—I can't say I am sorry Paul Norton graduated last month."

"Oh, Theodosius!"

A little grimace met the indignant look and tone. Sally was benten at her own weapons; she laughed her strength all away, and when at last her husband said, in that same serio-comic tone,

"Don't you think we are well matched, Sally?" she could laugh no longer; a few helpless, childlike tears replied.

The long convalescence did Sally no injury; in its shade and stillness she

learned and applied many lessons on the eternal fitness of things. The grain of truth in Claudius Norton's chaff-heap, having fallen on good ground, took root; she had been well tested in the severest of crucibles, the actual agony of life, and the metal rang clear. Mrs. Professor Kramps, thereafter, filled her place in Oldport with serene poise and self-possession, like the lovely and gracious woman that she was. Time brought efficient aid to her patient endeavor. Soon there came little fingers, that stole away her childish things; tiny feet danced her dances; sweet child's laughter, with no echo, unconsciously mimicked her own mad mirth of old days, and in the loveliness of love, a mother and a wife, she became a woman, owning, at this hour, no better or firmer friend than Mrs. Lyndhurst, whose own children have awakened her child-heart again, and taught her to reverence its power and presence, disciplined as it is in Mrs. Professor Kramps.

THE POLITICAL ASPECT.

NO man, who is not the enemy of this country, can look upon its present political struggle with other feelings than those of shame, indignation, and alarm: of shame, because we present to the civilized world the spectacle of a great, free republic, almost rent asunder by a contest on the subject of human slavery; of indignation, because our men in power have committed, and are committing, a series of the very grossest outrages against the dictates of prudence, as well as of justice and freedom; and of alarm, because there seems to be no probable issue to the conflict but in civil war.

For nearly seventy years now, the delicate experiment of self-government, instituted on this western continent, has more than justified the hopes of its authors. It has been, in every sense, a most successful experiment. Every object which it is possible or desirable for a good government to attain, has been attained by our federation of republics. Peace, security, content, wealth, happiness, have followed its operations, with an amplitude and fullness of fruition that were never before

witnessed. Neither Sparta, nor Athens, nor Rome, nor the British Empire, nor Russia, nor any other nation, noted in the annals of mankind for early maturity, has exhibited such an astonishing growth, in all the elements of national greatness, as has been exhibited by the United States of North America. Other states have taken centuries to consolidate their power, and even to secure their existence, while we have sprung at once, as if by miracle, into the most flourishing vigor. Our territory, within the short period of our independence, has quadrupled in extent: our population has expanded tenfold; our commerce equals that of the mistress of the seas; and our attainments in intelligence and virtue compare favorably with those of the most civilized of the European nations.

During this time of unexampled advance and felicity, but one question has arisen among us, likely, from the nature of it, to interrupt the harmonious continuance of this happy condition. There have been many severe and earnest conflicts in the proceedings of our political parties—much excitement,

much acrimonious feeling and some dangerous revolts—but the question of slavery alone has become a touchstone of our vitality. Great and intense as may have been the commotions caused by other matters of difference, they have been easily settled, either by a clear preponderance of opinion on one side or the other, or by seasonable compromise. No one of them has ever been deemed of sufficient importance, to hazard the peace of the Union upon any particular determination of it. When it had been thoroughly discussed, when parties had divided upon it, when the usual bitterness of party warfare had exhausted itself in intrigue and denunciation—the vote was taken, and the people acquiesced in the result. Once clearly decided, there was an end to the debate. Hostilities were suspended, and the country went on its way in peace, until some new conjuncture of affairs presented the opportunity for new combinations and new conflicts. Thus, the question between federalism and state rights distracted us, for a time, but gradually passed away. Thus, the internal improvement question, and the tariff question, and the national bank question, and the Texas question, have led to heated controversies, and subsided. And thus, it was supposed that by the compromises of 1820 and 1850, the deeper question of slavery, after embroiling us for years, had been peacefully adjusted.

But, in this respect, a terrible mistake was committed. All the events of the day show that the slavery question has not been adjusted. The contest in regard to it rages with more vehemence than ever. Every part of the nation is excited, aroused, maddened by it; is, indeed, almost up in arms. Persons, who have hitherto, on account of their professions or from indifference, kept aloof from politics, are deeply engaged in it; our pulpits resound with it; our literature is filled with it; the extremes of feeling have passed over into violence and bloodshed; and the boldest, as well as the most timid minds, begin to ask, What is to be the end?

It is of some moment, then, to inquire into the causes of this ferment and anxiety. Why is the agitation of this question more pervading and active than that of any other? Why are the debates of Congress fuller of exasperation than ever before? Why are the

newspapers so vituperative and truculent? Why are the villages of Kansas ablaze at midnight from the torch of the incendiary, and why is a Senator smitten down from his very seat in our highest hall of legislation?

Our first reply is, that slavery is a system of such peculiar nature, that it scarcely allows of rational discussion. When it is discussed at all, either in the way of attack or defense, it inevitably leads to a distempered expression of feelings. Among those by whom it is opposed, it is regarded as a practice at once too mean and criminal to admit of extenuation. Touching their profoundest religious sensibilities by what is esteemed its flagrant violation of the very idea of manhood, and appealing to the tenderest sentiments of natural compassion by the sufferings ascribed to its victims, their convictions against it easily inflame into passionate hostility. They cannot conceive how free men—and, above all, Christian men, who ought to see a brother in every human being—can consent to doom the least of their fellows to a remediless bondage, a bondage which shuts him out forever, not only from the means, but from the hope, of all progressive civilization. They are incensed by the thought. The ordinary injustices of society they can excuse, because they are always partial in their extent, and never final in their effects; but this master-wrong, embracing an entire race in its evils, and looking forward to no probable amelioration, swells into an enormity of offense which it is impossible for their charity to pardon. As aggravations of this general sense of the turpitude of the thing, occasional instances of abuse arise; some refractory subject is tortured at the stake, or some panting fugitive is torn by bloodhounds, and then the primitive feeling is kindled into a fiery indignation. The vials of an unmeasured wrath are opened upon the slaveholder; no terms of reproach seem too severe for him; his conduct is arraigned as of a piece with that of the Thug, the vampire, or the pirate; and he is morally gibbeted before the world as the proper object of hatred and scorn. As long, then, as slavery continues to exist, and human sympathies remain what they are, it will continue to be opposed. It will be, also, violently opposed. Men of philosophic temper, who have learned from history how

much every social institution is to be judged relatively, or according to circumstances; may be disposed to qualify their opinions; they may lament the savage and intolerant spirit in which those who are mingled up with it are assailed, but the many make no such distinctions or allowances. They judge of all things on broad and absolute principles. They perceive in slavery a manifest wrong done to our common humanity, and they denounce that wrong explicitly, without niceness of phrase and without meal in the mouth. Ever since the two great influences of Christianity and Democracy have been practically received in society—the one proclaiming the right of all men to spiritual, and the other the right of all men to temporal, liberty—there has been a growing revolt against it—a revolt which, in stern or excitable natures, deepens into the intensest animosity.

On the other side, these assaults are met in a spirit of resentful and arrogant defiance. The excited slaveholder, conceiving his rights to be attacked—fearing, too, the dangerous consequences of any tampering with them—repulses even more fiercely than he is attacked. Could the vast pecuniary interests—the incalculable social liabilities which, in his belief, depend upon the continuance of his authority—suffer him to be moderate, the habits of dominion in which he is trained would not. It is one of the necessities of his position that he should be quick to resent. Accustomed, too, to an unquestioning obedience, he is easily aroused by any show of opposition. But let that opposition spread widely, and take a somewhat angry and vindictive shape, he is obliged to rage against it rather than to reason. "A despot," says Aristotle, "whenever he ascends the throne, takes a wild beast with him;" and the slaveholder is a despot in a small way. He possesses an unlimited power of control over a number of his fellow-beings; and it is the universal testimony of history, that where such a power is exercised, while in rare cases it develops a kindly condescension and an affectionate and gentle discipline, it betrays most men into an impatient self-will and petulance. "The whole commerce between master and slave," says Jefferson, "is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions." As slavery originates in violence, as the poor African is torn from

his home by violence, is transported across the seas by violence, and is sent to this land or that by violence, so he can be retained in his subjection only by violence. The master is compelled to assert his authority by force, in one shape or another, and the habit of asserting it passes more or less into his whole conduct. Because he may not make concessions to his slave with safety to his system, he cannot make concessions to those who would plead the cause of the slave. Every interference, even of the law or of opinion, becomes an impertinence. He must reign supreme over these, as he does over the plantation, or quit the grounds of his power. Asserting a right of property in his servant, he claims that almost absolute disposal of it which pertains to the idea of property. Yet he cannot trust it to the ordinary safeguards of property; for it is a peculiar species, inflammable, locomotive, furtive, and sometimes given to strike. It must be protected, therefore, by provisions that would elsewhere seem fanatical in their severity. When other property is assailed, society contents itself with the lenient punishment of the offender; but when this peculiar species is assailed, even by word, the offense swells into the gigantic proportions of a capital crime, and the offender is placed on a level with the incendiary and the murderer. Other kinds of property may be debated by the publicist or the editor, its abuses exposed, and the legitimacy of it even called in question, but this kind asserts for itself an inviolable sanctity. It must not be touched at the peril of life. Even public opinion, wherever it prevails, is numbed by it into silent acquiescence; and a surveillance as subtle and swift as that of any of the Roman Cæsars watches over its safety, and smites the remotest malcontent with paralysis.

Now, a controversy between the anti-slavery feeling, such as we have described it, and a body of men placed and educated as slaveholders are, will not be confined to a pleasant exchange of words. On the one side are radical religious and social convictions, inflamed with many to a pitch of fanaticism; and, on the other, various impulses of interest, prejudice, fear, and habitual domination concentrated into an aggressive resentment. How can the encounter of the two fail to be a fierce and interne-

cine war, animated by the most vehement passions, and looking forward to no close but the moral conquest of one or the other? Were the question simply abstract, like a theological tenet, or a scientific hypothesis, this diversity of sentiment would lead to conflict; but it happens in this country that the antagonism is related to the deepest practical considerations. The slavery question is one of political power as well as of interest—it is one of conflicting civilizations as well as of conflicting opinion—one in which not only the present character, but the future destiny of the whole country is involved.

The peculiarity of our political structure, therefore, may be assigned as a second cause of the vivacity and vital import of the prevailing contest. Our constitution has coupled together into a kind of wedlock two different orders of society—the one ancient and patriarchal, the other hoyden and capricious—composed essentially of the same races, yet differing widely in institutions, tendencies, and aims. While they were actuated by the original impulse of their union—which was the achievement of a national independence, and the establishment of national power—they maintained a delightful harmony. They caressed and fondled each other with all the ardor of young lovers. They relieved each other's burdens, encouraged each other's virtues, and looked forward complacently to years of increasing happiness, and a long line of descendants. But these early fervors could not disguise the secret existence of serious dis temperatures. In the progress of the domestic management, there occurred little bickerings and tiffs, which disclosed a somewhat deep-seated incompatibility. It began to be felt, more and more, that, between a social life founded upon freedom and one founded upon slavery, there must arise, unless prevented by an almost miraculous self-restraint on the part of both, incessant causes of discord. It began to be seen, that the control of the federal power, and by means of that of the character of the territories, would constitute a splendid prize for the contentious adjutancy of the two parts. Those vast and lucrative trusts, inseparable from the central head, and the power to be wielded in a thousand forms, through its many functions, were temptations of too extraordinary a nature to

be resisted by the average political virtue of the best people. Accordingly, they have become the rock on which, if any, we shall split. It is universally acknowledged, that they must be administered in the interests and for the ends of slavery, or in the interests and for the ends of freedom. Slavery and freedom cannot both be national. The spirit, the impulse, the aspirations of one or the other must prevail. If slavery is not a local thing, peculiar to some of the states, then freedom is local and peculiar, and must withdraw more and more from the dispensation of office and the control of legislation. No nation can serve two masters. If the policy of slavery gets the ascendant, the public demeanor must be different from what it would be if the policy of freedom preponderated. Without imputing to either side any wanton inclination to molest the rights of the other, it is clear, from the inherent necessities of the two systems of society, that they must operate in quite different directions. Slavery, at the best, is the government of a dominant and privileged class, and cannot fully sympathize with the broader life of a whole people. Free society, on the contrary, is buoyant with every pulse of popular feeling. It is built upon the original idea of our Revolution—the idea of free and equal rights. It is pervaded by the democratic sentiment, which, towards the close of the eighteenth century, spread over the civilized world, and created a new epoch in the history of mankind. But the other system, for the most part, has wandered from these primitive aspirations. Under the leadership of Mr. Calhoun and his school, it has substituted a dogma about the natural superiority of certain races for the old doctrine of democratic equality. It concerns itself less with humanity, and more with physiology. It has learned to defend the subjugation of labor as a just and normal condition; and its proclivities tend to the perpetuation, not the amelioration of the anomalies of its social existence.

Thus, we find our confederacy divided into two parts—fifteen members of it, with a white population of about six millions, on the one hand—and sixteen members, with a white population of thirteen millions, on the other—face to face with each other, in a severe struggle for the mastery. With the one is

the weight of numbers, wealth enterprise, intelligence, and exemption from domestic dangers, but the other enjoys a superiority in the possession of the organized forces of government, in directness of purpose, and in compactness and energy of action. The prestige of past successes is with the South—the supine and cautious conservatism of the nation is with it; the restless, excitable avidity of foreign conquests, by a strange juxtaposition, is also with it; but the conscience of the nation is against it; the literature is against it; the probabilities of the future, founded upon the natural increase of numbers and the growth of opinion, are against it; and, on this last account, it feels through all its joints that it must conquer now, or never. Indeed, it is obvious to both parties, that the great conflict is drawing to a head, and that the coming presidential election will precipitate a decision. That event, at all times bristling with excitements, is invested with a new and tremendous import, by its bearing upon deeper ulterior issues. It is marshaling the two orders of civilization to a final encounter; already the sullen clouds of the storm are flashing their menaces, and discharging their bolts along the remote western horizon—comparatively harmless as yet, but filling the air with a vague and restless foreboding of evil.

But this allusion leads us to remark, that while the slavery dispute is so irritable and petulant in itself, and is bound up with such profound collateral issues, there is a third and special cause for the existing aggravations in the flagitious course which the politicians have pursued towards Kansas. That rich and beautiful territory, larger than the kingdom of Great Britain, and equal in area to the Austrian and French empires, the geographical centre of the western continent, is also the pivot of its most vital and determinative controversy. It is no extravagance to say, that what the plains of Iran were to western Asia—what France is to Europe—this region of Kansas will be to the great valley of the west. It holds the key to the entire and gigantic civilization which shall soon fill up those solitudes. There lie the granaries of the New World; and there shall spring the seat of future empires. For years to come, it will be the goal of that stupendous migration flowing from the

exhausted east, and for years again, from its capacious womb shall proceed the busy millions destined to redeem or to disgrace the extensive fields beyond. Like a great inland lake—which receives the many streams of the mountains, and pours them forth again in mighty rivers—Kansas will color both what it takes and what it gives, and become the source of a beneficent fertility or a remediless blight. The character to be impressed on the early society of Kansas is a profoundly important and interesting consideration.

For nearly half a century this pregnant centre was consecrated in perpetuity, by a solemn act of legislation, to freedom, an act which, as Mr. Douglas said in his Springfield speech, of 1849, "received the sanction of all parties in every section of the Union." "It had its origin," as he continues, "in the hearts of all patriotic men who desired to preserve and perpetuate the blessings of our glorious Union—an origin akin to that of the constitution of the United States, conceived in the same spirit of fraternal affection, and calculated to remove forever the only danger which seemed to threaten, at some distant day, to sever the social bond of Union. All the evidences of public opinion at that day seemed to indicate that this compromise had become canonized in the hearts of the American people as a sacred thing, which no ruthless hand would be ever reckless enough to disturb." But, in 1854, that "ruthless hand" was raised. Although it was not demanded by any exigency of state—uncalled for by a single voice among the people, it was recklessly raised by Mr. Douglas himself, in the lowest spirit of demagoguery.

The bulwarks, which had beaten back the billows of a lifetime, were thrown down on the pretense of the abstract right of each locality to the sovereign disposal of its own affairs—a pretense which, if it had been well-founded, was then purely gratuitous. The effect was, to fling away this magnificent domain to a rabble of competitors. As the Roman empire, in the days of its degeneracy, was sold to the highest bidder, so this empire of the future experienced the more degrading fate of abandonment to the mob. All the riff-raff of the borders—men of rude and violent nature, regardless of principles, and avid of plunder—were invited, along with

sober citizens, to a pell-mell scramble for the prize. The world saw, with astonishment, a great republic surrendering its right to the control of its dependencies, surrendering its noble prerogative of fixing the character of inchoate and unsettled communities, to the precarious arbitrament of a miscellaneous herd of first comers. It saw the few honest and legitimate settlers, who, taking their fortune in their hands, had gone thither with an exalted purpose of founding a state worthy of the most advanced modern civilization, overwhelmed, in their very first attempts at organization, not by the red savages of the wilds, but by the neighboring hordes of ruffians.

If there is anything made clear by the united testimony of private letters and public investigation, by the almost unanimous concurrence of the emigrants, by the confessions of their adversaries, and by the faithful scrutiny of the Committee of Congress, it is, that the first election for the legislative constitution of the territory was not an election, but an invasion. An election is the free choice of their rulers by a people who have a right, under the laws, to such a choice. But this election was turned into a military occupation. A foreign army, somewhat irregular as to its discipline, but with all the equipage and appliances of a besieging host, marched into the polling places, as the French army, in 1848, filed through the streets of Rome, or as the English are in the habit of taking possession of some Indian zillah. It came in detachments, with drums beating and colors flying—with arms and ammunition, and baggage wagons—and pitched its tents and posted sentries, and, driving the inhabitants from the ballot-boxes, voted. If the judges of the election were docile, it made the most admirable effort to preserve the peace; but, if they were refractory, others were put up in their stead. Having accomplished its purpose, not without a number of incidental outrages, this valiant band returned to its Missouri home.

In every assembly district, it appears from the evidence before the Congressional commission, these frauds were perpetrated. Of course, the legislature, which resulted from them, was a seditious and usurping body. It had no more authority to act than the ma-

rauding troop by which it was appointed. In no sense was it a representation of the people. The pretext that the certificate of "due election" given by Governor Reeder to two-thirds of the members, in the absence of objections to the returns, conferred upon them a legal character, might have been true, if he had been a judicial instead of a mere ministerial agent. But his act was only declaratory of a subsisting fact, and not decisive of an actual right. It was formal, not final. It were monstrous to suppose that the liberties of a whole nation could be suspended upon a mere clerical function. Imagine that Governor Reeder had set aside all the returns, and given his certificates to friends of his own, would that have constituted them a valid legislature? Could not the people, in that case, either in their primary capacity, or through an appeal to Congress, vacate his act? Assuredly they could: for there is no maxim or principle of law more firmly established, than that fraud in any proceeding vitiates it from the beginning. Besides, if we admit that Governor Reeder was the proper and exclusive judge of the legality of the legislature, it follows that his primary recognition of it was nullified by his subsequent refusal to recognize it, after it had removed, contrary to the organic act, the place of its assemblage. The same law which empowered him to certify the election returns, empowered him to fix the place of legislation, and if his action was binding upon the people in one case, it was no less binding in the other.

That this pretended legislature knew itself not to be legally constituted, is evidenced by the whole course of its proceedings. They were the proceedings of conspirators, and not of a deliberative assembly. More tyrannical, atrocious, and malignant acts, were scarcely ever decreed by an eastern satrap against a subject province, than were passed by these men, in the name of law, against their own assumed constituents. From the earliest ages, among every people making the slightest pretensions to freedom, the right of free speech, the purity of suffrage, the independence of the press, the exemption of the citizen from arbitrary arrests, from vindictive penalties, and from unusual oaths, have been the cardinal and sacred objects of political society. In those darker days

of monarchical despotism, when our forefathers of England laid the foundation of that glorious polity which sheds a lustre upon the Anglo-Saxon name, these were the guiding stars of all their struggles. At this day, on the continent of Europe, the heaviest grievance of the oppressed multitudes, for the removal of which they have often undertaken desperate and sanguinary revolutions, is their deprivation of the rights of free opinion and utterance in regard to the action of government, and the institutions of society. Yet, these legislators of Kansas—in view of these holy and inprescriptible rights—rights which are the very essence of a free commonwealth—in the hot haste of pirates, eager for the life of their victims—struck them out of existence. Those precious defenses of the citizen—speech, the press, the bar, the jury—were alike invaded with inquisitorial zeal. It was enacted, 1st, that any person who should print, write, or speak anything “against the right to hold slaves in the territory,” should be deemed guilty of a felony: 2d, that no person should exercise the elective franchise, or be allowed to practice in the courts, without first swearing to support the fugitive slave law: 3d, that any person speaking or writing anything calculated “to promote a disorderly, dangerous, or rebellious disaffection among slaves,” should be punishable with imprisonment at hard labor for five years: 4th, that any person aiding a slave to escape, or assisting at an insurrection, should suffer death: and 5th, that no person opposed to slavery could sit on a jury in which offenses against these acts were brought in question! and, finally, as if these provisions themselves were not enough, the future elections of the territory were so arranged, that persons opposed to slavery were disfranchised, and everybody else, whether an actual citizen or not, on the payment of a nominal tax, was suffered to vote. The entire scheme, it will be seen, had nothing in it of legislation for a community of mingled opinions, but was throughout a proscription and a persecution of a particular class. Everything was to be prostituted to slavery, as in the darker ages of the world

everything was prostituted to some form of religion. Slavery was the state, the church, the all—the one thing to be sustained at all hazards. No man can read the clauses of these enactments, as they stand on the statute-book, without deriving the profoundest conviction that the authors of them were playing a desperate game, in which no consideration of principle or honor entered, but the whole was fraud.

Cheated of all legitimate government, there remained two courses for the actual settlers to pursue—to appeal to the federal authority to maintain its own, grossly violated, and to undertake to institute a government for themselves, and both these courses were pursued. Unfortunately, and by a singular forgetfulness of duty, to use no harsher term, the federal authority had already committed itself to the cause of the villains. Whether it was imbecility, or roguery, or sheer tyranny, or all these combined, which constrained him, does not appear, but the President who in Massachusetts had used the army of the United States to capture a runaway negro, could find no occasion for his interference in the armed resistance of a mob to an ordinance of Congress. On the other hand, he did whatever he could, indirectly, to encourage the sedition. He patronized its agents—he instructed his own agents to assist and abet them—and at last, when a direct blow in behalf of slavery would be most effective, he found the right, so long held in abeyance, to order an army into the territory. Meanwhile, the settlers had adopted the second alternative, of framing a government for themselves. In technical strictness, the authority for this proceeding ought to have come through Congress; but as the popular doctrine, as the doctrine on which the territory itself was organized, was that of “squatter sovereignty,” and as precedents existed in the cases of Michigan, Arkansas and California—in which states had been formed without the aid of Congress—they concluded, with Madison, that in such emergencies “forms ought to give way to substance.”* With all due publicity, and in the most perfect order, a new government was formed, its officers appointed, and application for admission into the Union made.

* Federalist, No. 40.

But in the way of the execution of this design, harmless as it appears, there stood two formidable lions. In the first place, the wretches, who had at the outset plundered them of their rights, gathering strength and number from the encouragement of the pro-slavery party everywhere, were again ready to pounce upon them; and, in the second place, the United States authorities, judges, juries, marshals, colonels, sergeants and dragoons, under new definitions of treason, and the most audacious stretches of law, and to the utter disregard of justice, were sent to assist at the cremation. Between the two, the friends of the Free State cause were crushed to the earth, their leaders were arrested, their property pillaged, their houses burnt, and their families dispersed. The details of the infamous rout still fill the journals. A systematic suppression of freedom, begun by the outlaws of the frontier, has been conducted to a bloody end by the administration. It would seem as if freedom in Kansas had become an irritation and a nuisance to men in power, just as the simple worship of the Albigeois was to the fierce zeal of the Dominicans, or as the trade, the wealth, and the independence of the Netherlands became to Philip the Second. Its presence there disturbs and rebukes them, like the presence of Mordecai at the gate of the king. They have left no means untried "to wipe it out." Doubtless, there has been considerable exaggeration in the reports of the trials and sufferings to which the settlers have been exposed; doubtless, there have been excesses, both of word or deed, committed by themselves; for, in times of high excitement, a uniform temperance is not to be expected; but the single fact which glares upon us through all the turmoil and all the conflicting rumors is, that a peaceful and honest movement in behalf of freedom has been extinguished by force. Disguise it as we may, palliate or justify it as we may, this is still the fact; and it falls upon the heart with a frightful, almost stunning effect. In the middle of the nineteenth century, in a land pre-eminent for its pretensions to liberty, an effort to save the future key of the continent, from the universally acknowledged evils of human bondage, has been precipitately, wantonly, disastrously arrested, if not forever baffled. It is a fact which compels us to inquire, whe-

ther our pride in the supposed superiority of our age and nation, in the spirit of justice, and in the love of rational liberty, may not prove after all but a pleasing self-deception.

These are the public or general causes of that crethism of politics which marks a feverish access; but, to increase its energy, there came upon the top of the deplorable events in Kansas an event of a personal nature, which possessed also a national significance. We refer to the disgraceful attack upon Mr. Sumner, in the Senate of the United States. That any man, were he the most despicable member of that body, should be stricken to the floor by the hands of a member of the other House, for the just exercise of his constitutional rights, and for the faithful expression of the sentiments of his constituents, is an offense which ought to excite a universal reprobation. But when that man is one of its most accomplished members—a gentleman by habit and education, a scholar in his taste, a profound jurist, an eloquent speaker, an upright citizen, as remarkable for the amiableness as he is for the dignity of his deportment, and whose fame has penetrated both hemispheres—the offense grows into an enormity beyond the reach of language to describe. We share in the feeling of earnest indignation with which it has been almost everywhere rebuked at the North, but this feeling is not unmingled with a deeper one of humiliation and alarm. We are humiliated by the thought that the manliness, the honor, the good sense of the republic should have so far degenerated, in any quarter, as to admit, and what is worse, to approve a brutality so gross. And we are alarmed lest, in the reaction of the public mind against the outrage, it should be led to nurse its exasperated feelings into a settled purpose of revenge. The best of men often retain so much of the animal in their composition that they are moved beyond themselves at the sight of blood—

"—si torrida parvus
Venit in ora cruor, rediunt rabiesque, furor-
que"—

and how much more apt are the multitude to be carried to an excess of rage! There was malice and uncharitableness enough in public sentiment before, without adding this fuel to the flame. There was violence enough in the tone

of public discussion, without extending it to actual blows. That game once begun, where is it to end? The people of the free states, fortunately, are, by their religious education and by their habits of industry, inclined to peace; they are docile, patient and forbearing—qualities which men of violence are apt to despise—but, once aroused, and our word for it that same energy, which has enabled them to conquer themselves, to conquer the inclemencies of nature, to conquer by their enterprise every rebellious sea and every defying mountain, will be carried into the pursuits of strife. It is a most dangerous and formidable demon which the slave states invoke, when they conjure up the spirit of physical force. Like the Afrite of the eastern tale, it may seem to them only a bottle of smoke in the beginning, but that smoke, once let loose upon the air, its head will rise into clouds, and its hands become like winnowing forks, and its nostrils trumpets, and its eyes a consuming fire. The one great lesson taught of human history, written in crimson letters on a thousand pages, is a fearful commentary upon the text, that "he who takes the sword shall perish by the sword." Unless the journalists and the public men, who have applauded this murderous deed, are prepared for the worst extremities, they will recall their insane and passionate approval. We cannot conceive a folly more suicidal for them than that which would appeal to the arbitrament by combat. If they dread free discussion, if they distrust the ulterior decisions of the ballot-box, they have still less to hope from a resort to arms.

It will be seen, that it is not a consolatory view we have been compelled to take of our public affairs, and yet they are not altogether hopeless. If the ruffianism of Washington and the borders should have the effect of awakening opinion to the real issues before the country, it will compensate for much of its evil. Under the existing organization of the government, and with the prevalent usages of parties, which have thrown them almost entirely into the hands of corrupt managers, nothing is to be expected from those sources. A regenerate and united public sentiment is alone equal to the task of retrieving our unhappy decline. The time has come when every honest man, whatever his party politics, who deems the Re-

public worthy of his care, should determine to arrest the downward tendency of things. He is solemnly called upon, by every exigency of the times, to decide whether the materialism, the barbarism, the worst and lowest impulses of the social state, or the higher and better influences of our democratic civilization, are to prevail. Shall the generous and manly confidence of our fathers in the doctrine of human rights continue to be our life, or shall we surrender it to the narrow and base lusts of an oligarchy? Shall the magnificent empires growing up on the western shores of the Mississippi become the homes of an industrious, peaceful, beneficent freedom, or shall they be given over to the chain-gang and sterility? These are the questions of the day, and the trial question of our destiny. If the wicked scheme for the perpetuation and extension of slavery—of which the Kansas-Nebraska bill was the first clause—is to be carried into complete effect—if the noble yearning for freedom, which is the inspiration and life of the North, is to be suppressed at Washington and excluded from the territories by force—let Ichabod be written upon the doors of our temples, for the glory will be departed. It is impossible that slavery, and a vital, genuine republicanism, should thrive and spread together; it is impossible that bond labor and free labor should work cheek-by-jowl on the same soil; it is impossible that a special class should rule the people, and the people still retain their supremacy and power. In a nation otherwise free, slavery may prolong a subordinate existence for years, but when it leaps into the ascendant, the spring of the national life is broken. A disease may linger long on the extremities of a system, which would be fatal to it the moment it touches the great central organs. Confined to its original localities, the slave-system of the United States was pernicious only or chiefly within the limits of those localities; but when the spirit and the power of it invaded the general government, and sought a diffusion over the territories, it became a universal evil—an evil which, unless arrested and again confined to its primitive range, will dry up the sources of the most noble and glorious progress.

As we read the chronicles of the nations, from the dim traditions of the early eastern dynasties, through the

splendid annals of Greece and Rome, down to the latest record of our own era, we are struck by the uniformity with which, after a longer or shorter career, they have all succumbed to the influences of foreign conquest or of civil war. We see them grow for a time with marvelous rapidity; they attain to a broad and stately dominion—their storehouses swell with abundance, and their arts shed lustre on the age—but soon they sink as rapidly as they rose, and are left like ruins upon the desert—desolate and pitiable—the wolf howling from their deserted chambers, and the bitterns crying from their broken pools. The writers of history describe the mournful experience, and, wisely or unwisely, speculate upon its causes. They seek for a solution of the problem in fanaticism, in bad morals, in luxury, in the degeneracy of race, and in the inscrutable decrees of Providence—and read us many a lesson out of the conclusions at which they arrive. But the prevalence of a cause, as universal as the effect, and as deep and powerful as the selfishness of man, they have not always signalized. It is that separating and corrosive spirit, which denies the equal claims of all humanity. "Whether we regard," says one, "the caste-systems of Egypt and India, the martial despotism of Persia, the rule of wealth and craft in Phœnicia, or the class-divisions of Greece and Rome and Judea, one obvious characteristic will be found pervading the ancient nations: everywhere the social fabric was built upon the assumption of the natural inequality of man, upon the necessary, because divinely appointed, inferiority of certain races. Not in the superstitious tenets and observances of heathen theology, nor in the absence of a law of right and wrong, nor in any want of the higher powers of humanity, nor in the fatal unconsciousness of their weakness, nor in any difficulties, from which we now have emerged, thrown in the way of a wider benevolence, nor in the lack of such advantages as we are licensed to reap from the discovery of printing, etc.,—but in the universal dogma of human inequality, we find the sufficing reason for the imperfect freedom and the inevitable decline of the greatest empires of antiquity." And while it is the peculiarity of Christianity, that it did proclaim the divine brotherhood

of man, not on the ground of any expediency or convenience, but upon the broad foundation of the common fatherhood of God, and the common redemption by Christ,—it is also true of all the Christian nations, that they have risen or fallen, according to their fidelity to this eternal standard. It was the departure from this, by the dissolute emperors, which rendered the Western Empire an easy prey to the barbarians, and, after a protracted but ineffectual struggle, gave the Eastern Empire to the Turks: it was adherence to this which lifted the Papacy into European dominion, and the abandonment of it which toppled it from its throne: it was the popular sympathies of the Italian republics which made them, for nearly two centuries, the mothers of all industry, learning, and art, and the growth of aristocracy which consumed their strength: it was the bigotry, and far-reaching despotism of Philip which prostrated the grand Spanish monarchy to a degradation and feebleness from which there has been no resurrection: and it was the heartless tyranny of the Louises which kindled the train of the world-explosive French revolution. If the Romanic nations were once like Lucifer, the sons of the morning, and have since fallen like Lucifer, it was because they admitted to their souls Lucifer's infernal ambition. If the Teutonic nations, and especially the Anglo-Saxon branch, have carried the principles of religion, of literature, of stable government, of progressive civilization over the world, it is because they, less than others, have accepted the downward, and backward, and paralyzing spirit of caste. Humanity is one, it is indissoluble, it is sacred; who lays his lightest finger upon it to do it harm, seals his own doom; he degrades and weakens himself in others; he touches the ark of God, in which he has deposited his most precious treasures.

When our country ceases to cherish a love for the rights of man, she will have parted with the secret of her strength. When she takes to her heart any other worship than that of humanity, justice, truth, she will have admitted the serpent into her Eden. Whatever may be the policy and the course of individual states, there is for the nation but one policy and one course. Our birthright of freedom is our only and eternal safeguard.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

It is gratifying to see the unanimity with which the English press has approved Mr. Motley's recent history of the rise of the Dutch Republic. Whatever may be the political or diplomatic difficulties between the two nations, it is certain that no ill feeling exists in the literary world. No young writer, publishing a book of mark, could desire a more heart-felt welcome than our countryman has received at the hands of all the accredited authorities of the British journals. Not only the daily and weekly papers, but the more elaborate quarterlies have spoken of his labors in terms of well-deserved praise. They do not scruple, of course, to point out his various defects of style, but the patient industry, the sound judgment, the nice discrimination of character, the eloquent narrative, and, above all, the noble enthusiasm for liberty and progress, which his work displays, they commend in the warmest manner.

One of these critics, however, makes a ludicrous mistake as to the success of such books in the United States. Mr. Motley's volumes having been issued in London and New York simultaneously, the *London Press* supposes that they were published only in England, and observes very solemnly, that it is a great pity such writers as Mr. Prescott and Mr. Motley, in consequence of the small interest taken in literature in America, should be compelled to seek their market in England. At the time this learned gentleman penned his commiserating paragraph, Mr. Prescott's *Philip the Second* had reached a sale in this country of ten thousand copies, which, we venture to say, was just three times the number sold in Great Britain. Of the residue of Macaulay's *History of England* we venture the guess also, that the sale is quadruple what it is in his own country. Nor will the proposition be lost in the case of Mr. Motley's *Dutch Republic*. Our people are by no means uninterested in the best contemporary literature. The proof is, that all really good and valuable books, all histories that are likely to be standard history, all first-rate poetry, such as

Tennyson's and Longfellow's, all brilliant essay-writing, and all readable narratives of travel, find a steady and continuous sale. A great deal is published, in the shape of novels, sketches, and other similar forms, which does not sell, because it ought not to sell. A great deal of trash is published also, which does sell,—more's the pity—but few genuine works now-a-days go a begging. If an author has been conscientious in his researches, has anything really good and new to communicate, and does so in a tolerably clear and effective style, he may be sure of a ready hearing. The publishers will be glad to get his manuscripts, and the public willing to listen to his instructions.

In spite of the adverse opinion of the London critic, we may assert without boasting, that, next to that of Germany, the reading circle of the United States is the most extensive in the world. There are more writers in France, and better writers in England, no doubt, than among ourselves, but these nations cannot compare with us as to the number of intelligent readers. And the promises are that we shall soon rival them in original authorship; as our primeval dependence wears away, as our writers learn to trust to their own inspirations—as the best talent gets more and more emancipated from the active pursuits of enterprise, by getting better paid for literary effort—we shall see a more vigorous exhibition of intellectual force in all departments of literary exertion. The influences of a democratic state of society tend, in the most decided manner, to the development of energy of mind; and it is perfectly rational to expect in this country a rapid and beautiful growth of all kinds of artistic ability. As it was at an early day, among the Grecian States, and at a later day among the Italian, where popular institutions drew forth such marvelous manifestations of mind, so it will be among the States of America. Every man is here thrown upon his native resources, and this appeal must in time call forth the best of every man. There is nothing to depress thought in this country, nothing to cramp

or distort it, and, with the increase of the number of readers, to render protracted, severe, and costly intellectual labor justifiable, the same intense and efficient energy, which is now devoted to physical improvement, will soon be turned in more speculative directions.

A cry is wafted to us from the other side of the Atlantic—partly of pain and anguish, and partly of noble courage and resolve. It is the cry of LAMARTINE—who, after a life of brilliant successes, as poet, statesman, orator, historian, essayist, finds his old age smitten with severe misfortunes. The gains of his many years of toil, invested in a landed estate, are lost by the blight which has fallen upon many of the vineyards of France. He that was once rich—the first of the Gallic poets, the most accomplished orator of the Chambers, the popular and eloquent leader of the masses—is now poor, and appeals to the public for solace. He appeals, however, not for gratuities, not for charity, but for a generous sympathy in his efforts to work out his own recovery. Like an old warrior, who has retired upon his laurels, and in the hope that for him the battles of life were over, he is invaded in his retreat, and must buckle on his armor anew.

One of the saddest chapters in literary history is that which records the struggles of Sir Walter Scott to sustain himself, after the wreck of his fortune in the commercial ruin of the Constables. "I feel neither dishonored nor broken down," he writes in his diary, "by this really bad news. But I have walked my last in the domains I have planted, sate the last time in the halls I have built. Yet death would have taken them from me, if misfortune had spared them. My poor people, whom I loved so well!" "I would like, methinks, to go abroad, and lay my bones far from the Tweed." "Poor Mr. Poole, the harper, sent to offer me £500—probably his all. There is much good in the world, after all. But I will involve no friend, either rich or poor. My own right arm shall do it." "Oh, invention, rouse thyself! may man be kind, may God be propitious!" "If I should break my magic wand in this fall? but I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do!" And so the old giant goes to work, desperately, but vainly, and dies in the midst of his toils.

In the same spirit, Lamartine rejects the

proffered aid of government and friends, and trusts to his own right arm, and the providence of God. That "magic wand," which had evoked so many spirits from the airy realms, which had waved even more substantial creations into being, is again his resort. With a wail of passionate sorrow, he turns from the past, and looks sadly into the future. How touching and pathetic the review of his life; how full of despairing serenity his prospects! May his appeal be not in vain, especially to the American public, which has been so great a debtor to his eloquent pen. We learn that the Messrs. Appleton will put their imprint upon the American edition.

—*The Memoirs, Diary, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*, edited by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, published in London by the Longmans, and in Boston by Little, Brown & Co., are at last completed, by the issue of the seventh and eighth volumes. Lord John has been liberally abused for his share of the work; and unjustly abused. Moore left a mass of manuscript, with the intention that it should be sold for a sum sufficient to purchase an annuity for his wife, after his death. He aimed at quantity, and not quality; and the Longmans offered three thousand guineas for the whole. Lord John, or any other editor, could easily have written a memoir of Moore, or compressed the diary into two volumes. But the sum was offered for the mass of material left by the poet, and as he left it, subject only to supervision, not to alteration; and Lord John could not fairly have done otherwise than he has done.

That Moore writes himself down a butterfly, is not Lord John's fault, and, despite the critics, there can be no doubt that we have a more truthful portrait of the man, Thomas Moore, in this prolonged diary of social gossip, than we could have had from any biographer. The very looseness, and flimsiness, and worthlessness of the book, are essential parts of the portrait. They are all characteristic of the gay, happy-go-lucky pet and poet of society. The volumes record the veriest trifles—the dinners at Lord Noodle's, and the breakfasts at Lady Doodle's; how Mr. Moore choked with emotion in the midst of his song after dinner, and how the Dowager Duchess of Tilli-tudelem wept at his ravishing strains; how Sir Robert Peel, or Lord Grey, actually stopped in the street, of their own accord,

and said, with their own lips, "Moore, I am glad to see you;" and how Mr. Webster, the American, said, in a marked manner, "Mr. Moore, I am happy to make your acquaintance." The reader is made free of all the distinguished drawing-rooms and dining-rooms in London; and hears all the sweet things that were said, or sung, or written, about this fascinating little Emerald bard.

For fascinating, socially, there is no doubt that he was. He had ease, and grace, and liveliness of manner; he had seen what is called the best London society for nearly half a century; he was full of anecdotes of the famous people of his time; he had a discursive, but effective, acquaintance with many books, and knew how to bring his accomplishments to bear; he had a ready wit, a quick sympathy, a refined and delicate taste; he had the prestige of a great and peculiarly affectionate reputation; and he sang his own smooth songs to the sweet melodies of his native land. He lived, and moved, and had his being, in society. He understood it, and humored it, and sucked all the honey out of it. All this is clearly shown in his diary. His vanity was perfectly frank, his selfishness was equally so; but they both seem such inseparable attributes of the man, that it is hard to quarrel with them. We must take him for what he was. No man or woman, whose youth is made romantic in memory by the association of his songs sung in summer moonlights, and in cheerful winter evening parlors, but will let the tear that falls on these pages wash away the stains and preserve the sparkles.

The last two volumes are very sad; for it is melancholy to see the man of sixty-three still unchanged from the boy of twenty-three, still as eager for the Duke's dinner and the Countess's smile. And you see the mental decay, also: the failure of memory, the general confusion. Lord John has dealt gently with this exposure; he has preserved only enough to show that it was there. In his sixty-third year, Moore is just as hard up for money as when he began his life. His two sons, the only remaining children, die—one at home, one in Algeria. Moore and his sweet Beatie are left childless at Sloperston; and, soon after the last date recorded in the volumes, the mental cloud settled forever over the singer, and he died, and

breakfasted, and chirped, and sang, no more. His life was only a ballet of flowers, and music, and wine; but when the curtain falls, it is with a tear, and not with a smile, that we turn away. At an early day, we hope to return to these volumes, and the life, and times, and literature they commemorate. Meanwhile, "Oh! blame not the bard," gentle reader!

—A selection from the *Poems of Richard Chenevis Trench* has been published in a handsome volume by Redfield, edited by the Rev. J. A. SPENCER, who dates his preface, "*New York, Easter even, 1856.*" Mr. Trench is already known to the American public by his admirable works upon "The Study of Words," "English Past and Present," "Synonyms of the New Testament," etc., etc., which have all been republished by the same house. Beside these works, he has published, in England, four volumes of verse, each of which has passed beyond the first edition. He writes with great ease and simplicity, and in a tender, Christian strain, of a multitude of subjects, suggested by travel, by study, and observation of nature, but without strong passion or imagination. The religious and oriental ballads in the volume are well chosen, and equally well told. Among others, Mr. Trench gives a version of the old legend of the monk and the bird, which the reader may like to compare with Longfellow's treatment of the same story in the "Golden Legend," and the Rev. C. T. Brooks's translation of the German Müller's poem upon the same subject. Mr. Trench will not rank with the poets, but with the pleasant and welcome singers.

—*Heart-Songs* is the title of a walf of lovely poems, published by Crosby & Nichols, Boston. It is probably the collection of a young hand; for the general tone of the volume is passionate and sad. The poems express that longing which at once fires and saddens the heart of youth. Many of them will be new to most readers. The following, which was first published anonymously, three or four years since, in the *London Leader*, is so beautiful a poem that we are delighted to find it in this permanent form:

"SUMMER DAYS.

"In summer, when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood:
Our heart was light, our step was strong,
Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,
In summer, when the days were long.

"We strayed from morn till evening came;
We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns;
We walked 'mid poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow downs;
And always wished our life the same.

"In summer, when the days were long,
We leaped the hedgerow, crossed the brook;
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In summer, when the days were long.

"And then we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows lessening in the noon;
And, in the sunlight and the breeze,
We feasted, many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

"In summer, when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song,
We plucked wild strawberries ripe and red,
In summer, when the days were long.

"We loved, and yet we knew it not,
For loving seemed like breathing then;
We found a heaven in every spot;
Saw angels, too, in all good men;
And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

"In summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, muse alone;
I see her not; but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In summer, when the days are long.

"Alone I wander in the wood:
But one fair spirit bears my sighs;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.

"In summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old;
My heart is light, my step is strong,
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In summer, when the days are long.

—The American publishers of TENNYSON, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, have issued a small pocket edition of his poems. It is of the most exquisite taste, in every way. All his poems, including *In Memoriam*, *The Princess*, and *Maud*, are contained in a small, convenient pocket volume, beautifully printed and bound. It is the most perfect of summer books; and the poems of one of the truest poets that ever illustrated our language, may be had for the price of the last worthless novel.

—Of recent American novels, Mr. FRANCIS PARKMAN'S *Vassall Morton*, published by Phillips & Sampson, Boston, is the best. Mr. Parkman has already won a name in our literature, by his admirable *History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac*, which is one of the most vigorous, and valuable, and interesting works in the American historical library; and by the *Oregon Trail*, a book of travels and adventure in the shadow of

the Rocky Mountains. *Vassall Morton* is a lively story of American life and character, told with freshness and spirit, and with touches of unusual excellence, showing a power of rendering the pure Yankee, and some other characteristics of our life, which it is disappointing not to find more fully developed in the story. The plot is simple, but rather improbable, and the whole work has a sketchy character, as if it had been thrown off in the intervals of severer studies. *Vassall Morton* is altogether superior to the great mass of novels with which we are now flooded; it has none of the extravagant sentimentalism and burlesque with which they poison the public mind; but Mr. Parkman's literary position provokes a demand, not of comparative, but of positive, excellence, in any work he undertakes, and his novel does not satisfy that demand. A good novel is a work of more careful labor than seems to have been bestowed upon this; and the degree of excellence it has, makes us wonder that it is not better. Despite which hard words, we repeat that it is much the best of the late American novels.

—In *The Youth of the Old Dominion*, by SAMUEL HOPKINS, (Harper & Brothers,) we are pleasantly informed of the early history of Virginia, by a series of sketches, fictitious in form, but historical in substance. The romantic adventures of John Smith, that hero of the seventeenth century—at first among the Turks, and afterwards among the Indians—furnish the staple of the first story, and the spirited revolt of Nat. Brown against the government of Sir William Berkeley, that of the second. Both are told with much skill, and with a minute reproduction of the life and manners of the period. Mr. Hopkins has made a conscientious study of his authorities, and woven his incidents together into picturesque and striking effects. We are not sure, however, that a veritable history in all respects, might not have been constructed, of equal vivacity and of greater value. No episodes in the annals of our country are more susceptible of fanciful adornment, and none, at the same time, more interesting as simple, unadorned facts, if narrated with the least skill.

—When General Cass was our Minister to France, he obtained from the colonial archives transcripts of a great many official and private letters relating to the first

settlements of the French along the St. Lawrence, and these have been incorporated by Mr. SHELDON, in an *Early History of Michigan* which he has prepared. They were valuable documents, and throw much light on the various incidents of the colonization of what was then a remote and savage wilderness. By means of these, and such help as he could procure from published histories and the authentic accounts of actual residents, Mr. Sheldon has composed a valuable and instructive volume. He describes the fortunes of the Michigan settlements, from the granting of the first commission to Jacques Cartier, by Francis I., to the surrender of Hull at Detroit, giving in the course of the narrative a great many characteristic traits of border life, and a very clear and consistent sketch of the slow but sure triumph of civilization over the barbarous state. He has not forgot to signalize the efforts of all those who contributed to the result, and of the more eminent personages, such as Vicar General Richard, James May, James Wetherell, and Lewis Cass, he presents engraved portraits, together with maps of the early towns and sieges.

—*The Sparrowgrass Papers*, by FREDERICK S. COZZENS (Derby & Jackson), are already familiar to our readers, and will, therefore, be most gladly welcomed by them in this permanent form. We have been not a little proud of the books which have been gathered from our pages; but never with more reason than in this instance. Mr. Cozzens is a true humorist. He unites the exuberance of fun, the simple pathos, and the quick sympathy and perception which make up that most delightful quality that has recently been claimed by a competent critic to be almost peculiar, in its fullness, to modern literature. The delicate sarcasm, truthful painting, picturesque description, and gushing geniality, are so harmoniously combined in the *Sparrowgrass Papers*, that they seem to us to be a most valuable addition to our literature, and to place the author among the most promising of our younger writers. The sketches are entirely free from caricature; they are full of nature and familiar life, and they show, in such sparkling detail, the soul of comedy in common things, and are such a lively and carefully-studied commentary upon the amusing episodes of country or suburban

experience, that we cannot dismiss them merely as gay magazine papers. We are essentially a serious people. Satire that has a sting, and a moral drift, is not uncommon in our literature. But pure fun and sweet sarcasm are not to be easily cited, except from Irving. The *Sparrowgrass Papers* are of that graceful, humane, and genial school; and we shall easily be pardoned our natural pride, that Mr. Sparrowgrass first told in our pages his story of "Living in the Country."

—Among other original and reprinted novels we may mention *Aspen Court*, a story of English society of the day, originally published in *Bentley's Miscellany*, and reprinted in New York by Stringer & Townsend. The American edition is prefaced by a letter of Mr. H. W. Herbert's, extolling the story, and preferring it to those of Dickens and Thackeray. This was an equally unnecessary and unfortunate proceeding, for it provokes comparisons which should not be made. The author of *Aspen Court* is SHIRLEY BROOKS, who is one of the writers for *Punch*, and a hard-working London litterateur, and whose name the reader may recall as the author of the *Punch* burlesque of the Hiawatha verse. He has written a most readable and brilliant story.

It has the fault of many periodical tales; the incidents are sometimes strained and improbable, and it is much too long. But it is an exceedingly clever novel of the modern English school, tasting both of Thackeray and Dickens, but we differ from Mr. Herbert in thinking it superior to either of them in any way. It has much more intricacy and elaboration of plot than is now usual in novels: whirls the reader through a great variety of life, dines him at Brooks's, at chop-houses, at Richmond; takes him to a lord's country-seat, and an attorney's chambers, parliament, the police court, and a cockney dancing-hall; makes him intimate with cabinet ministers, and Jesuit priests, and young actresses; with a brutal bore, *ci-devant jeune homme*, and his lovely wife and children, and, especially, with a heroine whom the priest, with a kind of Lady Guy Flouncey friend, tries to abduct, and whom the hero, who is young, and handsome, and silent, and making his way in the world by the English-novel-approved methods of political advancement, finally marries. There are dinners, and

suppers, and routs, and rides, and ralls, and highwaymen, and boxers, and a mysterious lawyer, with a profoundly mysterious will, involving the title of the pleasant country-place called *Aspen Court*—all these things, and people, and events, stud the thick pages, and combine to make the most readable of the recent novels we have seen. It is not a first-rate novel; but it is high among the second-rate. It shows great invention and facility, and a great deal of brilliancy, or what the English call cleverness. If Shirley Brooks would write a novel half as long, we have no doubt that it would be twice as good, and he would then have no difficulty in getting the ear of the public.

—The genuine Paris cockney is the most ludicrous of all cockneys, and M. LEON BEAUVALLET'S *Rachel and the New World* (translated for, and published by Dix, Edwards & Co.) is his latest contribution to literature. It is a running commentary upon the Rachel campaign in this country, including all the financial details, and including, also, Jules Janin's performance upon Rachel's American adventure, which is no less amusing than the history itself. The Paris cockney, of the true breed, believes in the Boulevard des Italiens, and disbelieves in all the world beside. The *Gymnase* theatre is his heaven, Rose Chéri his Hebe, Rachel his Melpomene, *eau sucrée* his nectar, and a *fillet aux champignons* his ambrosia, beyond words. There is no other city than Paris, there is no other civilization but the French. He prefers Racine to the great Greeks, and actually believes there is such a thing as poetry in French literature. His brain is small, and his trousers large; his pocket and his heart are equally empty; nature is a foolish invention of the poets; Queen Victoria lives in the Tower and eats roast beef at all hours of the day, saying *damn* between the courses; Americans carry scalping-knives for canes, and whittle away their houses. The Paris cockney is the personification of good-humored ignorance, weakness, and innocence. He is not a person but a poodle, with corresponding responsibilities and powers. With the exceptions of De Toqueville and Chevalier, there is scarcely a tolerable French book upon the United States. The present volume has, of course, no other pretension than that of being a view of American life from the traveling French stage. It is

extremely droll, as showing what kind of impression America, with all its variety and scope of life, makes upon a child of the Boulevards. He finds mosquitoes, heavy bread, and great fires. We are all sodden and besotted; Barnum twists us all around his finger; we freely assassinate each other, and applaud rope-dancing; but for the sublime verse of Corneille and Racine, we have no taste, foolishly sticking to our Shakespeare; Jules Janin's feuilleton about Rachel's insanity, in trying to amuse a set of shopkeepers, made us all gnash our teeth, and excited the city of New York to the verge of revolution. The book is really valuable from its extreme *niaiserie*. You could not more usefully spend an hour than in reading it, and ascertaining the capacity of an utter Parisian, called, indifferently, Leon Beauvallet or Jules Janin.

—We can refer, with approval, to the *Colomba* of PROSPER MÉRIMÉ, a graphic, truthful, and absorbing narrative of Corsican life, written with all the characteristic clearness and picturesque effect of the French romances. In the *Berenice* of an unknown writer, a tale of the Passamaquoddy region, there is also unusual merit. It is simple and unpretending, but is marked, throughout, by great good sense, quick perceptions, poetic sensibility, and considerable artistic skill. Miss CAREY'S *Married not Mated* is a lively and agreeable story, told with much freshness of feeling, a keen insight into common American life, and not a little humor. It is, however, occasionally raw or careless in style. The *Zoe* of MRS. LIVERMORE is a work of remarkable talent and the most generous purposes, conceived with freedom and executed with vigor; but, as a tale, it is strangely deficient in dramatic power. The object of the accomplished author has been to elevate the sentiment of the country to the highest pitch of Christian truth and charity; but, in her eagerness to teach and improve, she has somewhat forgotten the demands of art. The great end of fiction is to amuse, and, by amusing, to instruct; but, in Mrs. Livermore's book, the didactic purpose surmounts the artistic. Her thoughts are often profound and liberal, her sentiments elevated, and there are passages of fine criticism and rare eloquence in her pages; the characters are also pretty well defined;

yet the whole, as a story, fails in producing a deep interest.

—Two more volumes of the excellent Ticknor & Fields edition of DR QUINCEY go far towards convincing us that this source is really inexhaustible. They are better than the last volume—the "Note Book"—containing, besides some personal memorials, a fine discussion of the Pagan Oracles, and the novel of *Klosterheim*—a most original production. This series, for which Mr. De Quincey returns a heart-felt thanks to the publishers, Ticknor & Fields, and wherein every reader will sympathize with him, now extends to twenty volumes. Beginning with the "Confessions of an Opium Eater," by which the author first made himself known, and will be longest remembered, it embraces nearly all his subsequent publications, various as they are. Autobiographic sketches, narrative papers, historical criticisms, literary reminiscences, and philosophical, theological, scientific, and miscellaneous essays, are singularly mingled in them; and it sometimes puzzles the critic to satisfy himself as to the particular part of this wild field in which De Quincey is most at home. There is, however, no difficulty in telling where he is least skillful—and that is in the analysis of philosophers. The volume which treats of Hamilton, Macintosh, Kant, Lessing, etc., is the least satisfactory of the set. Next to this, in the scale of comparative want of merit, we should place the theological essays, which are subtle and ingenious, but sophistical; and next to these, again, the essays on the English poets and writers, though all of these contain many superlative passages. But between the four other classes of his writings—1st, the dreamy Idiosyncrasies, such as the "Confessions," and "Suspiria,"—2d, the autobiographic sketches—3d, the imaginative narrative papers, such as the "Household Wreck," and "The Flight of a Tartar Tribe"—and 4th, the historical criticisms, we are at a loss to choose. There is such keenness of sensibility in all of them, such penetration of insight, such mastery of judgment, such wealth of learning, such visionary fancy, such awful sweep of imagination, such pomp and power of movement, accompanied by unearthly melodies of style, that it is the last we read which fills us with most admiration and wonder. De Quincey combines, in his intellectual struc-

ture, many high qualities, which at first seem to be incompatible. To a verbal analysis, as subtle as that of the most wire-drawing scholastic, he adds the erudition of a German professor, and the profoundest emotional susceptibility of the poet. But he differs from the scholastic, in that his acuteness is always more practical; and from the German professor, in that his learning is easily worn; and from the generality of poets, in that he is able to give a dramatic as well as lyric expression to his feelings. But De Quincey, great as his powers are, is not a universal genius. He sometimes mistakes his function. His humor, which he is so fond of sporting, is not genuine. It is assumed, stilted, and forced. Nor is he uniformly that master of style which he pretends to be. A great many passages, even in his best book, strike us as *tour de force*, rather than as natural, graceful movements. Grappling his subjects, like a gymnast, he wrestles with them, in a kind of frenzied energy, and, at last, unable to bring them down, springs clear from the ground and disappears, with a gigantic chuckle, in the mists.

—The best volume by far of the *Maginn Miscellanies*, for which we are indebted to DR. MACKENZIE, is that containing the Homeric Ballads and extracts from the comedies of Lucian. It exhibits the finest powers of the eccentric author in their finest aspect. Containing none of that exuberant and coarse wit for which he is famous; it has all his learning, taste, vivacity, and sense. As a translator Maginn has few superiors, for he not only gives you the meaning of the original, which any mechanical pedant may do, but he adds the manner also, the very life and characteristic of his author. It was a happy conceit of his, to turn the ballads of Homer into real English ballads, by getting rid of the stiff and sounding heroic metres in which they had been usually translated, and substituting for them the free and flowing metres of the more popular poems. How much more entertaining and lively are his renderings, than the elegant inaccuracies of Pope, or the inelegant accuracies of Cowper. It is true, one cannot prefer them to Chapman; but, next to Chapman's, they are clearly the best. As to the comedies of Lucian, they have never been well translated, and the scholar must regret

that Maginn did not devote himself to the task of a complete version. His sympathy with the wit of Lucian would have enabled him to give almost every line *con amore*. We are pleased to see that Dr. Mackenzie has followed the original text of Maginn, in his reprint, and not the mutilated English edition published some years ago.

—The tenth volume of Mr. Hudson's edition of *Shakespeare*—which we have before commended, as, on the whole, about the best we know—brings him to the profounder plays of the great bard—to *Hamlet*, and *Othello*—in which he has a better opportunity for the display of his higher critical abilities. As a mere corrector of texts, and a notator of difficulties, Mr. Hudson has superiors among editors otherwise inferior; but as a true artistic critic—as an analyst of the creations of Shakespeare, and an appreciator of his mighty genius, he places himself on a level, to say the least—and to say a great deal in saying it—with the best German and English critics. There could be no more admirable proof of this than the remarks on the much disputed question, as to the character of *Hamlet*, prefixed to the play. Goethe, Schlegel, Hazlitt, Coleridge, etc., have all tried their hands at the interpretation of this character, and all with differing results. "One man considers *Hamlet* great, but wicked; another, good, but weak; a third, that he lacks courage, and dare not act; a fourth, that he has too much intellect for his will, and so thinks away the time of action; some conclude him honestly mad; others, that his madness is wholly feigned. Yet, notwithstanding this diversity of conclusions, all agree in thinking and speaking of him as an actual person." "The question is, why such unanimity as to his being a man, and, at the same time, such diversity as to what sort of a man he is?" To this question, Mr. Hudson suggests an answer, which is a fine specimen of philosophy, as well as of writing, and we commend it to the reader, as worthy of his most studious perusal. But the same thing is true of the introduction to *Othello*, and, in fact, of all these introductions, which we run no risk in pronouncing among the best contributions made to our American literature. (James Munroe & Co.)

—A hitherto almost untrodden field of

historical research has been entered by Mr. COGGESHALL in his *History of American Privateers and Letters of Marque*, which is executed with much industry and enthusiasm. Having been a privateer himself, during the war of 1812, he naturally sympathized with those who were employed in the same way, and thinking that the nation had never returned the due meed of praise to the hardy and enterprising men by whom such patriotic services were rendered, he has undertaken their vindication. His authorities are, besides his own recollections, the communications of officers of the navy, cotemporary privateers, and Niles's Register. His aim is to give the name of every privateer that sailed from our ports, and to record what they accomplished. In doing this, he is of course obliged to review many of our more distinguished naval actions of a regular kind, which gives variety to his text. A great deal of detail is necessarily introduced, not of much interest now; but, on the whole, the adventures described, are full of stirring incidents. None are more so than the author's own. Commanding a Letter of Marque, he was engaged in several actions, was taken prisoner by a British frigate, confined in the garrison at Gibraltar, makes his escape, joins a gang of smugglers, at Algeciras, runs away to Cadiz, lives there some time, and finally effects a return to New York. This volume is useful as showing the number and effective services of the private armed vessels fitted out by the United States, during the short war of 1812-13-14. They were two hundred and fifty in number, and, reckoning the number of vessels taken or destroyed by these as ten each, which is a safe calculation, we have some twenty-five hundred as the aggregate. Eighteen hundred sail are recorded as having been taken, burnt, or sunk, in various engagements, during our naval combats, and it is not to be presumed that the official lists contain the whole number. The number taken by the British is reported at five hundred, chiefly during the first six months of the war. Capt. Coggeshall is seventy-two years of age, and writes his book as a tribute to the bravery and skill of our seamen. It is full of the spirit of the now almost forgotten contest, showing that the "wonted fires" are not yet extinguished in his breast.

—ARTHUR HELPS is favorably known in

this country, by his little work called "Friends in Council," full of fine thought and noble Christian sentiment; but in his *History of the Spanish Conquest in America* he has essayed a broader field. The peculiarity of his work is, that it does not tell the story of Spanish conquest merely, already ably handled by Robertson, Irving, and Prescott, to say nothing of the native Spanish authorities, but he describes the results of that conquest, particularly in their relation to the establishment of slavery. It is a remarkable and saddening fact, that—just at the time when Europe was escaping from the oppressions of its social existence, when the feudal system was coming to an end, in the downfall of the barons and the rise of the national monarchies, when the papacy, shattered by the great schism, was rapidly declining, when letters revived and commerce took a new impulse from the oceanic discoveries, and the press was beginning to give a popular validity to knowledge—a new species of slavery was fastened upon the just discovered New World. It was not the slavery which had prevailed in the ancient world, where the slave was the captive of war; it was not the serfage of the middle ages, in which the slave was but the military vassal of his lord; but it was a slavery brought on systematically, by commercial greediness and reckless cruelty, and the history of which furnishes some of the darkest pictures in the annals of our race. Still, these are not pictures wholly without lights; for the same period exhibits many noble and generous actions undertaken in resistance to the system, and many remarkable characters. Mr. Helps has performed his part of the work with unusual diligence and talent. Much of the ground he passes over is new, so that his materials could only be gathered from original sources. He has labored strenuously and patiently, and the result is a most valuable as well as interesting book. His narrative is simple, clear, and flowing; his descriptions of persons and events quite graphic; and his reflections such as do honor to his head and heart. To us Americans, his story has a two-fold interest; first, as the inhabitants of a part of that continent to which it relates; and, second, as the heirs of that social condition which grew out of its leading events.

These volumes are illustrated throughout by small wood-cut maps, which greatly as-

sist us in the understanding of the text, and which we should like to see imitated in other books of history. As one does not always read in his library, where charts and maps are at hand, it is a great help to have a ready reference in the book itself.

—The Harpers have republished ALISON's second series of his *History of Europe*. As to the merits of the work, we have already given an elaborate opinion, in a notice of the first volume, about the time of its appearance in England. The subsequent volumes furnish us no reason for changing the unfavorable opinion then expressed. As a narrative of current events, it is a very good digest of the annual registers, but, in all the higher qualities of history, it is quite deficient. It is careless in style, and inaccurate in statement, while the general reflections are trite, and the philosophy, if it has any, shallow in the extreme. There is a certain animation in the description of political events and of wars, but the literary criticisms are contemptible. What is to be thought of a historian, for instance, who can gravely state that Delille and Beranger are the only poets of any note that have appeared in France since the restoration, who classes Capefigue and Lacatreler among the great French historians, and omits all mention of Mignet; who says of Lamennais, that he is one who sees "in the extension of the influence of the Romish faith the only guarantee for the virtue or happiness of the species"—of Lamennais, who was such a bitter opponent of the "Romish faith"—or, who again speaks of Lamennais's "Work on the Human Mind," in three volumes, as "a perfect fund of reflection," whereas he wrote no work at all on the human mind. Describing Cuvier, Mr. Alison says that, "disregarding the species of man and of animals," he devoted his studies to organic remains, while the fact is, that Cuvier's principal work is the *Regne Animal*, which is exclusively taken up with "the species of man and of animals." At the same time he reckons Humboldt among the number of French naturalists. Yet the book is full of such errors. The American edition, we observe, has been somewhat carelessly edited; for the table of contents, which is the key to the whole, is utterly without paging.

—There is getting to be a Hiawatha lite-

ture, as there is a Shakespearian and Goethean. But none of the works occasioned by that American epic are so permanently valuable as the *Myth of Hiawatha*, and other oral legends of the North American Indians, collected by HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, and published by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia. This volume is a reproduction of the *Algic Researches*, with additions and revisions, and must always maintain its place in our literature. In this collection, and in the poem of *Hiawatha*, the Indian traditions will be preserved and perpetuated. We shall never know much of the Indians. Cooper leads us all astray with his *Adonis Uncas*. Mr. Schoolcraft knows more about them than any one else, and their mythologic and allegoric traditions, as he heard them from themselves, he has given us in this volume. The songs and chants, which are inwoven with the original legends, are grouped together at the end of the volume.

—*The Philosophy of History* furnishes to PROFESSOR SHEDD, of Andover—whose edition of Coleridge is the edition—a theme for a small volume of lectures. They were delivered as an introduction to a course of prelections on ecclesiastical history, and treat, first, of the abstract idea of history; then of the nature and definition of secular history, and of church history; and, finally, of the verifying test in church history. It is needless for us to say that, brief as they are, they manifest a rare degree of philosophic ability. Professor Shedd is an accomplished thinker. He does his subjects the justice to study them well, and he matures his thoughts by careful reflection, as well as study. But we cannot always admire his style, which is somewhat stiff and affected; and we are far from approving the point of view from which he contemplates the movements of history. What he says of history as a development, and of the tests by which it is characterized as such, is striking, though not novel; but, further on, in making a distinction between secular history and church history, he falls into an enormous fallacy. Secular history he regards as a corrupt evolution, as an abnormal organic process, proceeding from the finite and corrupt will of man, while church history is "the restoring of the true development of the human spirit, by the supernatural agency of its Creator." All secular his-

tory, therefore, exhibits an increasing apostasy, while church history exhibits the return to God. "Secular history is the unfolding of the fallen nature of man, left to its own spontaneity, and sacred history is the development of his regenerated nature under the continued influence of the power that first and instantaneously effected the change." In other and plainer words, secular history shows us hell upon earth, and sacred history, heaven upon earth; the former including the "mass of mankind," or the large majority of men, in all ages; and the latter, a "portion selected by a sovereign act, and regenerated and moulded into a body by itself, separate from the world, though existing in it." Now, without entering upon the theological grounds of this theory, which seem to us exceedingly narrow and sectarian, let us simply say, that it is wholly incapable of application to the actual facts of history. It is impossible to identify the regenerate life with any "body by itself," "truly organized," and "separate from the world." The regenerate life is an invisible life, which can only be known by its results, and these results manifest themselves, peculiarly, in no body or church, but are scattered through all the relations of life, are shown in the domestic circle and in trade, no less than in the synod or conventicle. The true sacred history, therefore, is the history of divine truth and goodness, wherever it is displayed, and the only secular history is the history of diabolical falsehood and wickedness, wherever that is displayed, even though in the midst of the church. But these are so inextricably mingled, in human affairs, that they cannot be "separated," distinctly and positively, as our author proposes. The omniscient eye, alone, is able to detect the secret regenerate life, while, to man, it is given simply to judge of character by its relative effects. It is the disposition to make this "separation," between the elect of God and the sinners, which has been the curse and misery of the world from the beginning. It is the attempt to transfer, to the finite and relative sphere of human nature, the absolute distinctions of the supernatural sphere, which has placed ecclesiastical history among the foulest and bloodiest pages of all history. Of course, we do not deny the possibility or the convenience of the distinction be-

tween secular and sacred history, as a mere expedient of method, but we do most earnestly protest against making it the basis of a philosophy of history. Like the distinction of the Romanists between the church and the sects, it may answer very well as an artificial division in historical arrangement; but, when it is pressed as a real and valid truth in the nature of things, it becomes a pernicious error.

—There is room in literature for a good popular *History of the English Bible*, and that recently issued by Mrs. CONANT partly supplies the want. It is an elaborate narrative of the circumstances under which the several English versions of the sacred Scriptures have been prepared. We are first told of Wickliff's efforts, then of Tynedale's struggles against Cardinal Wolsey and Sir Thomas More, next of Coverdale's attempts, and finally of the Bishops', the Genevan, and the common version. But the authoress does not satisfy herself with a dry record of the facts in regard to all these undertakings; she weaves into them many glimpses of the condition of society and opinion at successive periods, and describes for us many eminent personages who have figured on the stage of English life. As a whole, the book is one of especial value, showing considerable research, and abounding in clear and, sometimes, forcible discussion. The main defect of it, apparent to any person familiar with the details of history, is a certain partisan exaggeration in parts. In the description of England, for instance, before the time of Wickliff, there is a good deal of this kind of vague and untrue statement. "During the whole period" (from the conquest to the middle of the fourteenth century), it is said, "we do not perceive, in the development of society, a single radically new idea," and then a painful account of the state of the religious orders, of the nobles, and of the universities is given, to magnify the glory of the early reformer. But, considering that this very period was that in which the fierce enmities between Saxon and Norman subsided; that then the whole system of serfdom was greatly relaxed; that Magna Charta laid the foundation of the purest and most durable political polity ever known; that the magnificent church architecture, which is still the admiration and surprise of mankind, arose; that the col-

leges, which have educated two-thirds of the English gentlemen, were established; that the accomplished Roger Bacon so wonderfully anticipated his greater namesake, and that the poetry of Chaucer was written—this seems a singular mode of treating history. Wickliff was, undoubtedly, a great man, and rendered important services to humanity, and his merits in every way are sufficiently great, not to require any false views of his times. As one of the earliest men to catch the spirit of the modern era—learned, devout, and indomitable—he will always receive the homage of his successors. But the great principles for which he contended were already in the necessities of the times, having taken a deep root, some time before, in Italy, and if he had not represented them, some other man would have done so. Feudalism, the papacy, and all the other institutions of the middle age, were doomed to death by the influence then spreading in society, and all their efforts at resistance proved, more and more, how impotent their vitality was. With these thoughts in view, a good deal of instruction is to be got out of Mrs. Conant's book.

—The Rev. HENRY C. FISH has made a compilation of the master-pieces of pulpit eloquence, of all nations and nearly all ages, comprised in two large volumes, with the necessary introductory, and a history of preaching. It gives a single sermon from the repertory of distinguished preachers, generally in full, though sometimes only in part. Anybody wishing to form an idea of the manner of the most celebrated divines, from Chrysostom to Chalmers, will be able to do so by consulting this work. He must not expect, however, to find it impartial in its selections. The editor in his preface professes to have confined his choice to the "evangelical denominations"—in which we suppose the Roman Catholics are included, as we find Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Maillon, and other Frenchmen of that church; but we do not find among the representatives of the American pulpit, the names of Channing, or Buckminster—the two most eloquent preachers, perhaps, in our annals. In other respects the compilation is judiciously made.

—Let us mention, in connection with these preachers, MRS. CONANT's interesting

life of *The Earnest Man*, as she calls the late Dr. Judson, whose career as a missionary in India was one of the most remarkable in the history of the church. It is founded on the documents collected in Wayland's life, together with other original materials, and has been prepared with much judgment and skill.

—We have also a translation of the famous *Theologia Germanica*, "which setteth forth many fair lineaments of divine truth, and saith very lofty and lovely things touching a perfect life." It is a small volume, of rare excellence in itself but with an enormous porch; for the title-page announces that it has been edited by Dr. Pfeiffer, translated by Susannah Winkworth, prefaced by Charles Kingsley, explained by Chevalier Bunsen, introduced by Calvin E. Stowe, and again historically introduced by the translator, to say nothing of an ancient introduction, which is also quoted from Dr. Martin Luther. Yet all this is quite acceptable, unless we should except the introduction of Mr. Stowe, the chief merit of which is that it is very brief. Mr. Kingsley's remarks are excellent, and so are Bunsen's, while the translator's historical elucidation was necessary to show the origin of the work. Apart from its exquisitely sweet and beautiful religious spirit, this work has a historical value, in that it was one of those which quickened the mighty soul of Luther in his trying conflict with the papacy. The author of it is not known, except that he was a priest and warden of the Teutonic Order of Frankfort, and one of the "Friends of God," a sect which sprung up in the fourteenth century. It is not polemical in any sense—the principal doctrine being simply, that sin is selfishness or self-will, and godliness the love of goodness, because it is goodness; but it is very thorough and penetrating in its views, and most divine in its spirit. Let us add, that it is neatly printed in the old style of typography.

—A new doctrine comes into the world, generally, like an alkali into an acid and unfriendly medium, with a great deal of effervescence. It provokes fierce hostilities at first, but these soon subside, and then it quietly addresses itself to the reason. Such has been the case with the teachings of the socialists, which, after arousing the enthusiasm of some, and the heated opposition of others, have passed

into the consideration of calmer and soberer minds. MR. CALVERT'S *Introduction to Social Science* is a fruit of this second stage of the process. It is a profound, earnest and intelligent study of the questions presented by the existing condition and aspirations of society. A little too abstract, perhaps, in its methods of treating the subject, it yet abounds in original and weighty thoughts, and deserves the candid perusal of all reflective men, of those even who may not agree with the author in his conclusions. The theme itself is so novel and comprehensive as to admit of a wide variety of opinion—and yet it is so important as to demand the most patient and zealous investigation. Accepting the more practical parts of Fourier's discoveries as to the organization of work, and rejecting the fantastic parts, Mr. Calvert gives us a careful elucidation of its principles, and a most eloquent exhortation to their application. He writes with fervor and force, and, to reflective persons, his little book will prove an acceptable present.

—ROEMER'S *Polyglot Reader*, published by D. Appleton & Co., is now complete, and is a most valuable addition to the list of text books designed for assistance in mastering the living languages. Vol. I. consists of a valuable series of English extracts; II., their translation, by Prof. Roemer, into French; III., German, by Dr. Reinhard Solger; IV., Spanish, by Simon Camacho; V., Italian, by Dr. Vincenzo Botta, thus serving as Mutual Keys to each other. Commencing with the ordinary maxims, proverbs, and moral reflections of life, it gradually proceeds to choice and familiar historic, romantic, and poetic extracts, judiciously selected from the most prominent of the favorite English and American authors.

We have examined each volume, and it is but just to say that the editor, Professor Roemer, of the New York Free Academy, makes no claim for the value of the series, which is not amply sustained. The names of the eminent scholars who have assisted him are sufficient evidence of the quality of their work. We remark, with pleasure, that the selections in our own literature are made from the writings of some of the younger authors, as well as from the American classics; so that the foreign reader will have a taste of the present flavor of our

literature. As a comparative view of the relative force and character of the various languages, the series is very interesting and instructive. It is a valuable work, accomplished with fidelity and elegance.

—A highly useful practical work is Mr. Charles Knight's *Knowledge is Power*, edited in this country by DAVID WELLS. It is not a treatise on political economy so much as a familiar illustration of the more settled principles of that science. Describing the condition of industry at successive epochs, and showing the gradual progress of man, from the savage to the higher civilized states, it explains the causes of the change in a most intelligent and agreeable manner. Mr. Wells, with excellent judgment and information, has adapted the several chapters to the state of improvement and opinion in the United States. It is also enriched by many woodcuts.

—Mr. BARTLETT, of Cambridge, whose little volume of "Familiar Quotations" has already become a necessity to all people who read and talk, has just issued

a glossary of a peculiar and interesting kind. Under the title of *College Words and Customs*, Mr. B. H. Hall has collected all the phrases which throw light upon the ways and manners, the morals and the life of students, in the English universities and the American colleges. There are hundreds of collegemen, in every State of the Union, who will be glad to know of the existence of such a book, and to learn that it has been carefully compiled, and to us, ancient collegians as we are, it seems remarkably full and accurate. The only fault we have to find with the work is, that the author has introduced a few illustrations from Germany, which, as the book is confined to the Anglo-Saxon academies, seem a little out of place. This, however, is a slight matter, nor ought we, perhaps, to suggest that the style of the editor's preface shows that he has not sufficiently pondered his own excellent definition of the formidable word "splurgy." He has done his work, in the main, so judiciously and so well, that we will not quarrel with his adjectives, but simply wish all his labors the reward they merit.

THE WORLD OF NEW YORK.

UPON this height of the year which we now have reached, let us pause for awhile, O faithful reader, to survey the path over which we have thus far traveled together, and to discourse of the good and the ill, the present and the future, of our great metropolis, in respect of those matters which, legitimately, or by a graceful allowance, may occupy us in our monthly conversation. Do not fancy, however, that we desire to invite you to an over-serious and didactic talk! By no means! Solemnity in palaver is the special attribute of savages, and the affectation of solemnity is hateful to all wise and civilized men. It is the mark of mediocrity; the crown and crinoline of imbecility; the pomp of pedagogues and prigs. You shall not find a sermon in your magazine; and we trust you do not need to have us tell you that we of the monthlies can mean earnestly, and talk earnestly, without putting on the gown and wig of the mighty quarterlies. The thought and its formation are one thing, the word and its utterance another; and if we ask you to do for the

city and its arts what everybody is doing now for himself and his affairs, to run your eye with us over the accounts of the last six months, we rely upon you not to suspect us of levity, because we are not lugubrious, but to remember Shakespeare's scorn of those——

"whose visages

Do cream and mantle like a standing pool." No! we shall converse with you, invisible but beloved reader, through these our columns, as we should desire to do, were we present with you in the body, upon themes to which we trust you are not wholly indifferent, and yet which we may discuss together without unpleasantly assisting the calorific influences of this hot July weather.

For if you, Madame, who, robed in loveliest muslin and seated where the favoring breeze most freely trifles with your tremulous ringlets, now honor us with your partial attention—or you, sir, who, flattering your sun-strung nerves with the soothing magic of the post-prandial cigar, now drop a careless glance upon our pages—if you

or both of you remember, as witnesses, all that the winter and the spring have brought of shows and shams, of gladness and of sorrow, to our vast Babylon, you will not be sorry, perhaps, to waste a moment's thought upon the sum of the whole matter. And surely, ye, whose name we rejoice to think is legion—ye, citizens and *citesses* (it was the British Jacobins and not we who coined that ugly word) of all the many cities, and towns, and hamlets, and villages, whither the servants of our queenly Maga wander, dispensing peace and pleasure, wit and wisdom, from Maine to Mexico, from Nantucket to California, ye surely will turn no deaf ear to our talk of the doings and the movements of this chief and central hive, to which all the busiest bees of busy America hourly bring their stores of honey.

The spectre of centralization which dismays so many good democrats, need never alarm us in America. There is no danger that any wicked wag will soon have a right to say of the States at large, and of New York, what poor Heine (he is dead now; let his sins be forgotten, and his songs alone remembered!) used to say of France and Paris, that the "opinions of the provinces were of no more importance than the opinions of a *man's legs*; the head being the seat of thought!"

Such is the constitution of our society, and such are the relations of the great communities which make up our Union, that we shall rather tend to resemble the galaxy that swarms with suns, than the single system whereof this poor little world of ours is by us considered to be so overwhelmingly important a member.

But some one sun, larger and more brilliant than the others, there must always be, and the chances are clearly in favor of the preponderance that way of the world of New York. And this we say, without one thought of offense to all the other suns, actual or possible, of our political and social heavens. In fact, it is very unreasonable for any one to find fault with the growth of our city toward a cosmopolitan rank. It is only in exceptional cases that the expansion in all directions of one leading city in a nation has been purchased at the expense of the substantial prosperity, the power, or even the attractiveness of sister cities, less universally prominent.

When imperial Rome was the "umbilicus orbis," the magnetic mistress of the world's wealth, and industry, and art, there flourished beneath the sway of the Cæsars a hundred other royal towns, each of which was a planet in stateliness and splendor. Byzantium and Antioch, Athens and Alexandria, Lyons and Milan, were names which even the lordly Roman heard with a thrill of curiosity and desire, and the loungers of the Via Sacra feared not to tempt the highway or the sea in search of the marvels which made these names, and so many more, as sounds of sweet music in his ear.

The glories of modern St. Petersburg have not dimmed the ancient spell of Moscow, and the traveler, even while he gazes on the granite miracles of the Nevskoi Prospect, dreams of the golden domes of the Kremlin. So, too, in crowded Germany, there is one glory of Vienna, and another of Berlin, and another of Munich, and still another of Frankfort, though, among them all, the Austrian capital rise first and fairest upon the fancy or the memory. And who does not know that, while London has been dwarfing the traditions of antiquity, and astounding the boldness of modern speculation, a brood of rich and flourishing cities has been springing up and waxing mighty over all the soil of Britain, from the Tay to the Channel?

It is, indeed, in every possible respect, desirable that every nation should possess one city in which every interest of man and of society is adequately represented and cared for. There may well be other places in which this or that industry, this or that science, this or that art, shall be carried to the highest degree of special perfection, but it is hardly conceivable that there should be more than one great capital in which the importance of every branch of human effort shall be at once acknowledged in action, and balanced by the presence and vitality of all other branches of human effort.

The tone of such a capital must tend toward common sense and impartiality, and the exaggerated estimate which men are quite as apt to form of their parties, their pursuits, and their professions, as of their personal qualities and merits, will always be sagely chastised by metropolitan criticism. We are continually prone to forget

that the world is large enough for several persons beside ourselves, and that the Creator, in summoning into existence the eight or nine hundred millions of our fellow-men, may have intended to indicate that there were some objects worthy of attention and aspiration, beside those which happen to be dictated to ourselves by our particular tastes, and temperament, and training.

From this unfortunate proclivity, men and communities are continually recalled by the voice and the example of a great capital. When our streets were crowded a month ago with all manner of clergymen and clergywomen, with reformers and philanthropists, from the east and west, and delegates of every degree of orthodoxy and heterodoxy known to Christendom, a friend of ours, meeting us one day, said: "I begin to perceive, now, that New York is really a metropolis, for the conventions of the old school Presbyterians and the new school Presbyterians are both open at the same time, and their proceedings are reported in the same papers!"

In the spirit of this remark lies the gist of all the just praise of great cities. "And of all the just blame of great cities, too," do you say? Ah! we know that impartiality is the next neighbor of indifference, and that eclectic amiability is the mortal foe of that enthusiasm without which no great thing is possible. But we shall see whether our great city is so cosmopolitan as to care for nothing. Our own private conviction is, that such a charge (and it is very often made) is really the extreme of injustice. Many a good thing goes unnoticed and unrewarded in New York, no doubt (as where does it not?); many a laudable enterprise comes to shame; many a flower blooms just as much unseen, and just as easily wastes its sweetness, as if it had sprung up in the desert and not beside the daily walk of a hundred thousand men. But, not seldom, the flower itself is at fault, and, more often still, the flower's friends, who will choose ill their season and their place. For, of all the charities and of all the graces of life, we believe, there is not one which might not now take firm root among us, and grow thriftily and well, and find favor abundantly, would the right hands, directed by the right heads, but take charge of its fair fortunes.

This belief of ours will, no doubt, be re-

garded as a mild form of fanaticism, by many of our readers, native as well as foreign, who will pooh-pooh us with allusions, for instance, to the forlorn retreats in which the National Academy of Design is yearly compelled to hide itself, and to the successive shipwrecks to which gallant steersmen have conducted the Italian opera. And it is but a little while since an accomplished stranger, M. Tajan Rogé, took the pains to demonstrate to a limited audience, in Clinton Hall, that the arts in America were, and always would continue to be, exotics, hardly to be kept alive in glass houses and with a liberal expenditure of artificial heat. Now M. Tajan Rogé is a clever man and said many witty things, and the opinions of a gentleman who tried, for twelve years, to naturalize the French Theatre in St. Petersburg, ought to be received with attention when he speaks of exotics.

But does even the history of the opera in New York support such melancholy conclusions? Who that recalls those lovely summer nights at Castle Garden, who that remembers the gracious circles of Astor Place, the Parma violets, and the brilliant arrays of beauty, recurring with a regularity which enforced respect even from the world of fashion, and made the most domineering of ball-givers bow to the supremacy of art, will hazard the assertion, that the opera, wisely conducted, cannot flourish in Gotham?

Or consider the Academy itself, whose very vastness testifies to an ambitious enthusiasm which, if it overshot its mark, did so by reason of its too high-vaulting force.

The season just past, witnessed, indeed the failure of the public to support the enterprise of one of the most enterprising impresarios who had ever attempted to manage our lyric drama. But was the public wholly to blame?

We owe much to Mr. Paine for the spirited and resolute temper in which he undertook his task; but must we not own, however reluctantly, that neither in the composition of his *corps*, nor in the production of his operas, did he exhibit a judgment equal to his enterprise. Had he sacrificed certain superfluous singers to secure for us the services of such a tenor as Mirate, and such a contralto as Didée; had he not dulled the edge of the public

appetite, in the opening of the season, with unfortunate disappointments; had he even delayed the opening of the season for a fortnight, till the opera-going people had fairly shaken off the spell of the summer, and settled themselves once again to the realities of their city life, his accounts might have told a very different tale, and he might have achieved in New York such a success as he won in Boston and in Philadelphia, at a later period. These things we note, not forgetting how much more Mr. Paine had to contend with in the inclemency of an unexampled season, and in what we must consider the slightly unreasonable conduct of the stockholders of the Academy.

The decided success which attended the management of Mr. Maretzek at the end of the season, when it was fairly announced that the opera was to make one last struggle for life, which unsuccessful, beds would immediately replace the boxes, and hospital-patients crowd in where ladies failed to come; the decided success which in these circumstances rewarded Mr. Maretzek's assumption of the risks and responsibilities of this ultimate attempt, distinctly proves, we think, that New York is not disposed to sacrifice the most refined and agreeable of dramatic entertainments, the most effective and graceful of all instrumentalities for cultivating and elevating the musical tastes of a community. For Mr. Maretzek gave us no specially attractive novelties. The most unfamiliar operas which he produced for us, Martha and Luisa Miller, were neither very remarkable in themselves, nor absolutely new to our opera-goers. Martha is certainly a very agreeable apotheosis of the "Last Rose of Summer," (why was it not given us, by the way, as an appropriate finale of the season?) and Luisa Miller is interesting as the attempt of the noisiest of modern *maestri* to prove that he could dispense with noise if he pleased, and charm the world he had so long confounded. What is falsely told of Raphael, that he tried in his picture of Isaiah to prove that he could paint in the manner of Michael Angelo, is true of Verdi in his Luisa Miller. He has deliberately abandoned his own field of triumph, in which he has so long lorded it over the nerves of his hearers, to seek his laurels in the ground where those of Rossini and of Donizetti grew; nor has he been wholly unsuccessful. But then a

dancer who awakens our astonishment while dancing on the tight-rope, loses something of his miraculous grace when he descends to the earth and appeals to our admiration alone. And the opera of Luisa Miller, despite the enthralling plot which Verdi has borrowed from Schiller's exciting drama of "Cabal and Love," is by no means such an opera as could create a *furor* in New York, and account for the success even of a brief season. The success of M. Maretzek (which no one questions) must doubtless be attributed to the real desire of the public that the opera should not be suffered to die, a desire real because rooted in a genuine love of music. So genuine is that love among our people, that of all the operas which M. Maretzek gave us, no one attracted so vast an audience as the charming, inexhaustible, forever repeated and forever unhackneyed *Sonnambula*. Forever repeated, we have said; but we are ashamed of ourselves for falling into such a commonplace, which is as false as it is trite. We could count on our fingers the number of the performances of the *Sonnambula* in New York during the last three years! How strangely we all surrender to an oft-repeated phrase! Everybody talks of "La *Sonnambula*" as if it were the stock-piece of every lyric company we have ever had, and when the vociferous boys besiege us on our way from Union Place, with their sharp cries of "Bk-the opera!" we wonder at the infatuation of the urchins, who might just as well, we think, be pressing upon public attention late copies of Mother Goose's Melodies, or Hall Columbia. But the truth is nobody hears or ever has heard the *Sonnambula* half as often as he would like to hear it. No wonder, then, that it filled Mr. Maretzek's seats for him, to that gentleman's huge content, and the great improvement of the appearance of the Academy.

Music neglected in New York! They stigmatize us abroad as a nation of stock-jobbers, and preposterous Gauls waste their wit upon "les dandys de comptoir" who come to Paris to worsen their French and their morals; but the truth is that, in numbers at least, the financiers of New York bear no proportion to its fiddlers. The German city alone which our fostering arms enclose (it numbers eighty thousand strong, they tell us) would redeem us from charges so extravagant. We shall next

winter see, not one but two prosperous opera houses, and Von Weber and Beethoven will become as familiar to us as Rossini and Verdi, Bellini and Donizetti.

Indifferent to music we certainly have not shown ourselves to be. Nor need the drama dwindle and die out among us for lack of the vital air of popular interest. The splendid success of *Mademoiselle Rachel* sufficiently shows that any really admirable dramatic artist might safely count upon discriminating admiration, and cordial sympathy from our audiences, and the three theatres which profess to furnish us with dramatic entertainments would unquestionably receive a much more generous support than they now command, if the managers would put confidence in the really advancing tastes of the community, and would elevate the standard of their plays and their performances to the level of the public demand. The truth is, our managers do not seem to understand that the decay into which the stage fell a few years since, was due to a decline in the character of the stage itself rather than to the indifference of its patrons. Every good actor who has appeared during the last winter, and every attempt at the proper production of a good play has been met with anything but indifference on the part of the critics and of the public. Which of our managers will be the first to avail himself of the abundant indication which this winter has afforded of a desire on the part of the public for a really high-toned, well administered, and satisfactory theatre?

Some of the London critics, and some, too, of our own have made themselves very merry over Mr. Charles Kean's magnificent "realisms" at the Princess's; but would it not be as well for Mr. Wallack, or Miss Keene, or Mr. Burton to emulate with discretion the perhaps extravagant attention to every detail of effect and of attraction which Mr. Kean has been bestowing upon his stage? The sufficient answer to this question, it seems to us, is to be found in the success which has attended Mr. Kean's experiments, a success utterly unexampled in the recent history of the theatre. Whatever may be Mr. Kean's faults and foibles, this much at least is certain, that he has treated his profession with the respect due from every artist to his art, he has trampled upon the tradi-

tions which condemned the stage to poverty in an age opulent in resources. It may be very true that Garrick was a greater actor than any man now living; but Garrick's greatness had no mysterious affinities with bobwigs and green baize carpets. The drama appeals to the living generation, and if the hearts of the living generation are to be reached by the appeals of the actor, these appeals must be made in forms and through shows which will not revolt the taste, or fail to fill the eyes of the living generation.

We are persuaded that it is always tolerably safe to assume that in a great community, like ours of New York, there is more of taste and feeling latent than has yet been touched, and every artist in whatever art will find his account in that assumption. That mysterious and incomprehensible entity the "public" is quite as often sinned against as sinning, and it is quite as possible for those who would reach the public, to miss their aim by striking below the average of the public intelligence or aside of it, as by striking above it.

In thinking upon these matters, we are often reminded of an old school committee man in a New England town, who used to say in answer to complaints of the dullness and inattention of the scholars, "boys are bad and stupid I know, and so are girls," (the wretch!) "but I have generally found that a clever teacher, somehow or other, made a clever school."

When we consider how enthralling are the mere material pursuits into which the fierce competition and the unspiritual temper of our times urge the vast majority even of our educated classes, we own that we are continually surprised at the vivacity rather than at the feebleness of the interest which can be excited in such a community as ours, by objects which appeal to the finer and higher nature of man. How impressive, in this respect, was the feeling aroused among us by that atrocious outrage upon decency, justice, and freedom, which has made the present session of our National Congress infamously memorable!

After all that has been dinned into our ears of declamation against the debasing influences of trade and city life, who could have expected to see such a sight as was presented in the Tabernacle, when citizens of every class and calling met together, not by hundreds, but by thousands, to utter

the voice of New York in indignant condemnation of the cowardly violence which had stricken down an American Senator in his seat, and prostrated the honor of a state long renowned for chivalrous gallantry! Tradesmen and men of fashion, scholars and lawyers, politicians and preachers, "theoretical" men and "practical" men, caught from each other the glow of a healthy manhood, and it was not possible to stand in that atmosphere without a kindling sense that whenever freedom and honor spoke, the heart of the busy metropolis would answer as the war-horse answers the trumpet. One such experience must forever dissipate the vulgar fancy that industry makes men ignoble; that the refinement of the intelligence absorbs the grand old instincts of manliness; that commerce makes cowards of us all.

But we touch on matters of an interest too painful and too passionate for us to treat them here. Yet was not this passing allusion incongruous with our theme, for with Schiller we believe that the root of all things beautiful is in the moral sentiments and the generous impulses of men; and it revives our confidence in the intellectual destiny of America, for us to find how warm and living in our people are the great qualities that constitute a state.

It was our purpose still further to have illustrated the growth of New York into metropolitan dignity, and its worthiness to fill that high and useful post, by some words with you upon the state of the fine arts and of literature among us, but these are themes too vast and noble to be dismissed in a paragraph, and, as we hope to meet you again one of these days, we shall not touch upon them now. Else would we have bid you mark, as a good and graceful sign of the temper of our city, the quiet and hearty homage rendered during the past month, by some of the best and wisest of our citizens, to the accomplished and energetic gentleman to whom we are so largely indebted for the present usefulness and the noble promise of our finest library. The day is not far distant, when all the land will begin to reap in the rich harvests

of a riper literature, the fruits of that unobtrusive zeal and industry which are steadily building up for us a mighty storehouse of the seeds of thought, and it is pleasant to see that those who can best anticipate the future, must justly estimate the labors which prepare it.

Nor, since we are to-day in the mood of praising, should we slight the stately show that glittered over all the Bay when the yachtsmen went forth, "sailing and to sail." Just for their beauty alone, those light, swift, careering vessels, pressing so closely one upon another in emulous flight over the glancing waters, sometimes with the swaying, graceful movement of birds, sometimes leaping suddenly, like racers at the touch of the spur, (one could not help the fancy,) seeming instinct with the healthy passion of the human wills that guided their course, and ardent as their owners in the generous rivalry, just for their beauty they were a pleasant sight for our eyes to rest on when we cease from our talking together. But when you reflect how those light yachts are in a manner the studies for the grand triumphant miracles of naval art which bear the glory of our nautical genius and courage and skill, into every sea, the pleasant spectacle assumes a higher claim, and takes upon itself something of the old Olympic quality.

Not that the yachtsmen fancied any such thing, or supposed themselves contending in the sight of all assembled Greece. In fact we doubt whether most of them so much as thought of Greece, or national games, or even of the many lovely eyes that watched their fine contention from the decks of exclusive steamers, or the heights of promiscuous headlands! Their souls were in their sails that day, we opine, and just as wholly there as was the soul of Horace in the trifles which he meditated, walking on the Sacred Way. Nor are they to be the worse considered for that. A good hearty manly excitement it is, that of a yachting race, and we most devoutly wish that of this and kindred masculine sports our world of New York were a hundred times more fond than it is!